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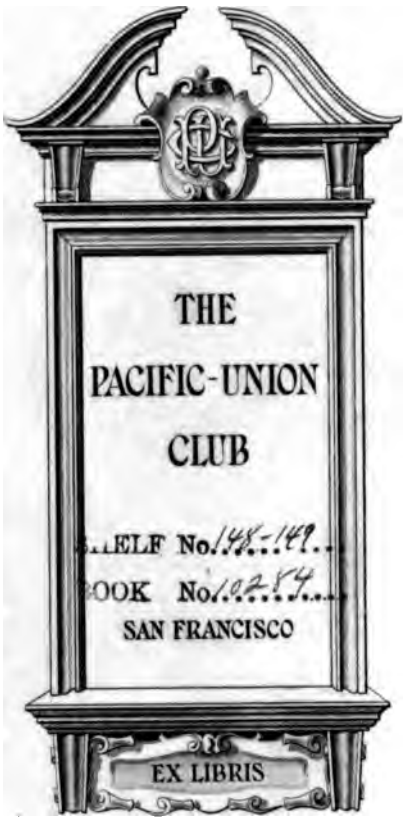

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VOLUME XIV

CHRISTIAN REID

TO

WALTER SCOTT

The party was attacked by Rob Roy and his men and the prisoners were rescued (*Rob Roy*, p. 349)

Hand-colored photogravure on French Plate Paper from an engraving drawn by J. B. McDonald for the Society for Promotion of Art in Scotland

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The party was attacked by Rob Roy and his men and the prisoners were rescued (Rob Roy, p. 340)

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CHRISTIAN REID

(MRS. FRANCES FISHER TIERNAN)

(United States, 1846)

MORTON HOUSE (1871)

We present here the author's own version in brief of this very popular romance, which has gone through several editions and remains to-day a general favorite, especially among Southern readers.

TOWARD the close of a soft November day, in the fourth decade of the nineteenth century, Katharine Tresham, a young English governess in the family of Mr. Marks, a banker of the small Southern town of Tallahoma, stood in the garden of the Marks home with Morton Annesley, the owner of a large estate in the neighborhood, and answered his pleading that she would accept certain attentions which he desired to offer her by reminding him of the social gulf between them. While they were in friendly argument over this point a dusty traveling carriage passed along the road, the occupants of which were sufficiently remarkable to attract attention. The principal person was a worn but strikingly beautiful woman in deep mourning. There were also a handsome boy, a French *bonne*, a monkey, and a dog.

Some hours later in the same evening Mr. Warwick, the foremost lawyer of Tallahoma, a brother of Mrs. Marks, astonished his sister and her husband by the announcement that he, too, had seen the traveling carriage, and that it contained Pauline Morton, of Morton House, who twenty years before had gone abroad, had there married an officer in the British army named Gordon, and was now returning with her child, alone and un-

protected, to her neglected estate. The degree of interest and emotion which this news excited seemed to Katharine rather extraordinary until she was told by Mrs. Marks that her brother had once been deeply in love with Pauline Morton, and that she did not think he ever had forgotten her, or ever would. She was still talking of the old story when Mr. Warwick reëntered the room with a letter for Miss Tresham, which he apologized for having forgotten to give her earlier. He was startled by the agitation she displayed, but did not explain, as soon as she saw the handwriting of the address; for he was aware that since her coming to Tallahoma, two years before, the girl had maintained a profound reticence about her past life.

The unannounced return of Pauline Morton to her old home caused the greatest possible excitement among the friends and connections of her family; but the person most deeply interested and concerned was her cousin, Mrs. Annesley, who had hoped that her son might eventually become the possessor of Morton House. Although the two cousins had grown up together, they thoroughly disliked each other, and therefore when Mrs. Annesley, after considerable delay, went to Morton House, she was received very coldly. But, conscious of her strong position as a woman of wealth and a leader of society, she did not hesitate to intimate to her cousin that some explanation was necessary of her appearance without her husband. To this Mrs. Gordon haughtily replied that she had no intention of giving an account of her private affairs to anyone; that if the old friends of her family chose to doubt or ignore her they were entirely at liberty to do so, since for herself she desired no social life, and had already given orders that she was to be denied to any visitors that might come.

When Mrs. Gordon had thus made her opening move toward, as she hoped, isolating her cousin and rendering Morton House intolerable to her, Mrs. Annesley took her departure and later made every effort in her power to dissuade her son from visiting his kinswoman. But Morton's chivalrous spirit refused to yield to her wishes, and, ordering his horse, he set out for Morton House, overtaking on the way a party of young people who were full of gossip about the beautiful recluse. Among the group, but taking no part in the offensive gossip, was Irene Vernon,

the girl whom his mother ardently desired that he should marry. Appreciating her reticence, he thanked her for it, and felt moved to admire afresh the charming distinction of her character. His mother had predicted that the doors of Morton House would be closed to him, but an accident made him certain of welcome. For on reaching the grounds he was able to rescue Felix, the little son of Mrs. Gordon, from a position of great danger.

As a result of this he had a touching interview with Mrs. Gordon, in which not only did she acknowledge him as a kinsman, but a bond of friendship was established between them. When he left Morton House Annesley was unable to resist the temptation of riding into Tallahoma to see Miss Tresham. She was in the schoolroom when he arrived at the Marks house, but kindly Mrs. Marks insisted on his remaining to dinner, and after dinner he was left alone with the young governess. He asked her to sing, and as he was looking over some music an open letter fell to the floor. The few words that he could not avoid seeing startled him painfully, and he felt constrained to call Katharine's attention to the letter. She was deeply agitated, and exclaiming that she must have been mad to leave it in such a place, she burned it before his eyes, while her manner as well as the action chilled the ardor with which the young man had just before been ready to offer himself to her.

Not long after this Mr. Warwick, observing the cloud of depression that had obscured the brightness of the young governess for some time, made an effort to overcome her reserve, asking her to allow him to help her in any difficulty that troubled her. She thanked him, but gently declined his friendly interest. At the time of this conversation they were walking toward a pond that had lately frozen over, where many persons were enjoying the pleasure—not usual in that climate—of skating. As they approached this gay scene Katharine observed Mr. Annesley standing with his sister, Mrs. French, and her friend Miss Vernon. Mrs. French, after one quick, supercilious glance in her direction, pointedly turned away, but Mr. Annesley bowed and a moment later came toward her, accompanied by Miss Vernon, whom at her request he introduced to Miss Tresham.

Meanwhile Felix Gordon, whom Annesley had brought with

him to the pond, on the promise to Mrs. Gordon to take care of the child, had joined the skaters and was skimming daringly over perilously thin ice when Annesley became aware of his danger, and, hastily putting on his skates, pursued the truant. The chase was exciting, until the ice broke under Morton's weight, and he was with difficulty rescued from drowning and taken insensible from the water. On partly recovering consciousness he opened his eyes and uttered the one word "Katharine!"

As soon as possible he was hurried away, and then Mr. Warwick, to whose care he had entrusted Felix, asked Katharine to relieve him of the duty of returning the child to his mother, and she reluctantly consented.

Mrs. Gordon was in the library, deeply absorbed in business calculations connected with the involved condition of her estate, when Katharine and Felix arrived at Morton House. Although shocked and agitated by the story of the afternoon's accident, she received Katharine very cordially, and with hospitable warmth detained her so long that Mr. Warwick came to seek her. The meeting between him and Mrs. Gordon was not at all embarrassed, as Miss Tresham had feared it would be, and at parting Mrs. Gordon surprised her by inviting her to visit her again.

On the day following his escape from drowning, Morton Annesley, feeling that the exclamation that had escaped him when he was half conscious had compromised him beyond recall as regarded his position toward Katharine, went to his mother and told her frankly that he intended to ask Miss Tresham to be his wife. Horrified beyond expression at the idea of such a marriage, Mrs. Annesley exhausted herself in the endeavor to dissuade him from the thought. But finding argument and entreaty alike unavailing to shake his resolution, with the characteristic insincerity of her nature she changed her tactics and seemed to yield to his wishes. Morton, knowing what this concession must have cost her, was very grateful and embraced her warmly with many expressions of affection.

Just before the Christmas holidays Mrs. Marks was amazed one day when the elegant Mrs. Annesley called to see Miss Tresham. Katharine herself was rather startled by such a

condescension, and was greatly surprised by an invitation from her visitor to spend the approaching holidays at her house, where a large party was expected. The whole Marks household, excited and enthusiastic over this flattering attention, urged Katharine to accept the invitation. But she had reserved her decision in order to consult Mrs. Gordon on the subject, and this she did the next day. Mrs. Gordon, aware of Morton's admiration for the girl, and approving it, advised her to go to Annesdale.

On her return home after seeing Miss Tresham, Mrs. Annesley told her son what she had done, but exacted from him a promise that if Miss Tresham accepted the invitation he would not pay her any marked attention. Though he disliked the restriction this would place upon his manner, he was too grateful to his mother to resist her appeal, and gave the promise she demanded.

Having gained this point, Mrs. Annesley spoke jubilantly to her daughter of a plan long laid, by which she expected to prove Miss Tresham to be an unscrupulous adventuress. Through an agent, she had inserted in the London *Times* an advertisement to the effect that anyone wanting information concerning the whereabouts of Katharine Tresham could obtain the same by addressing "R. G., P. O. box 1084, Mobile, Alabama." By this means she hoped to gain a knowledge of Katharine's past. In so far her effort had been successful, as a man named St. John had written to ask for the present address of the governess. The address had been given, and Mrs. Annesley, through her Mobile solicitor, hoped to obtain some light on the character of this St. John and of his connection with Miss Tresham.

Encouraged by Mrs. Gordon's advice, Katharine accepted the invitation to Annesdale and arrived there on Christmas Eve. Among the thirty or more guests in the house, she was glad to meet again Miss Vernon and to make the acquaintance of a Miss Lester, both of whom were extremely pleasant and cordial to her. Casting off for the time the thought of her troubles, whatever they were, she entered fully into the holiday spirit of the occasion and found the relaxation very enjoyable.

Meanwhile Mrs. Annesley received a letter from her Mobile lawyer. But he had ascertained nothing further than that Miss

Tresham was born in the West Indies, and had satisfactorily filled the place of governess in a family at Donthorne Place, Cumberland. As for the man St. John, he was simply secretary to a wealthy Scottish gentleman, whose name the English attorneys, through whom this scant information came, refused to give. As all this afforded no positive information of the character she desired, Mrs. Annesley was bitterly disappointed.

But on the very day of the ball that was the climax of the holiday celebrations, Katharine, while walking in the extensive grounds surrounding the house, encountered a stranger, a man whose appearance evidently shocked and embarrassed her greatly. She addressed him as St. John, and made an appointment to meet him in Tallahoma and give him the money she had saved from her salary as governess, on condition that he immediately left Tallahoma and did not further molest her. The man, though sneering at her wish for secrecy, agreed to these terms and left the grounds.

The interview had been witnessed by Mrs. Annesley from an upper window, and after trying in vain to gain any information from Miss Vernon, who was with Katharine when the man appeared, but who, seeing Katharine's embarrassment at the encounter, had considerately withdrawn, she hastened to tell her son of what she had seen. But she spoke to no effect, so far as causing him to distrust Katharine.

Despite the wretchedness into which the appearance of St. John had thrown Katharine, she compelled herself to attend the ball that night, and to her the only noteworthy happening in its whirl of gaiety was that Mr. Warwick was one of the guests. At a glance he saw that something was very wrong with her, and, taking advantage of a moment when he could speak to her alone, he once again offered any assistance he could give; which she again, but almost tearfully, declined.

On parting from Katharine St. John was returning along the country road to Tallahoma, when to his great amazement he met Babette, Mrs. Gordon's French *bonne*. Apparently the servant was terrified at sight of the man, who questioned the bewildered creature sharply, endeavoring to find out where her mistress lived. The faithful *bonne*, however, refused to give any information.

When Mrs. Gordon learned of this encounter she was seized with a paroxysm of faintness that very much alarmed her faithful servant. But soon controlling herself, she ordered her carriage, drove to Mr. Warwick's office and told him the story of her life, of the years of suffering she had endured at the hands of her husband, from whom at last she had fled. The appearance of St. John necessitated her applying to her old friend for assistance, as she was sure that St. John, who she said was her husband's creature and tool, had come to Tallahoma in search of her. Having found her, he would notify her husband, whose object was to take Felix from her. Therefore she asked that Warwick would put the boy at once in a place of safety where he could not be found. This, after some hesitation, Mr. Warwick consented to do.

The morning after the ball, Katharine having expressed a wish to go into Tallahoma, Mrs. Annesley ordered the carriage for her. Just as she was setting out, Mrs. French joined her, and with a slight apology drove in with her.

Katharine went to the bank, and obtained from Mr. Marks the money due her on her salary, a thousand dollars. To Mr. Marks's surprise, she asked him to give it to her in gold. She then despatched a note to St. John, who answered her summons, and to him she gave the money in a private room adjoining the bank. With the money in his hand, St. John told her that he should not leave Tallahoma as he had stipulated, since he had found important work to do there. The sudden return of Mrs. French, who after setting Katharine down at the bank had driven away, but now reappeared unexpectedly, prevented further explanation. Katharine left St. John hastily, after saying that she would meet him the next day in the Annesley grounds.

When she kept that appointment he told her of a plan that concerned Mrs. Gordon; but their conference was again interrupted, this time by the appearance of Miss Lester and Morton Annesley, who had come in search of her. There was a scene of painful embarrassment on her part. Annesley, having requested her to introduce her friend, invited St. John to return with them to the house, but, to Katharine's relief, St. John declined the invitation.

On returning to the house Katharine told Annesley that Mrs. Gordon was threatened, if not with danger at least with serious annoyance, and that she thought he might be of service to her. Annesley went at once to Morton House, where he found the servants in a state of wonder and perturbation because Felix had been sent away, but Mrs. Gordon calm, seemingly with the calmness of despair. She told him her story in more detail than when relating it to Mr. Warwick, and he heard it with the greatest sympathy and the utmost indignation. But when she spoke of St. John a sudden chilling conviction struck him that this St. John and the man who had been with Katharine that morning were one and the same. Mrs. Gordon was firmly of the opinion that St. John had come to Tallahoma for the purpose of abducting Felix; and he did not mention Katharine in connection with the matter.

A letter from Mr. Warwick awaited Katharine on her return to Tallahoma. He had written merely to tell her that Mrs. Gordon was in great trouble, and to suggest that it would be kind to visit and cheer her if she could. St. John called at once, and endeavored to induce her to assist him in finding out where Felix had been taken. On her refusal to do so he pressed the point threateningly, saying that he had written to the boy's father, who would certainly be in Tallahoma very soon, to take possession of the child. While St. John was urging and threatening her Mrs. Gordon walked in upon them. At sight of St. John she for a moment lost self-control. But, recovering herself, and inferring instantly, from his presence there, that it was through Katharine he had learned of her presence in Tallahoma, she turned with scorn and incredulity from the explanation that Katharine would have made.

Overwhelmed by a sense of utter weariness and despair, Katharine borrowed ten dollars from Mrs. Marks, saying that she was going to Saxford, a neighboring town, to which she was in the habit of going once a month to see a mission priest, but would return on Monday.

Meanwhile Mrs. Gordon had sent a note to Morton Annesley, entreating him to come to her at once. He lost no time in complying with this request, and she informed him of the suspicious connection that existed between Miss Tresham and St. John,

adjuring him to resign all thought of marrying the girl, as her association with such a character as St. John proved that she was herself unworthy. But Morton's faith in Katharine was not shaken. Parting somewhat coldly with Mrs. Gordon, he went straight to Tallahoma, resolving to speak frankly to Katharine. To his intense disappointment, he heard that she had gone to Saxford for the week's end, and he was both surprised and shocked to learn that Mr. Marks was very much of Mrs. Gordon's opinion about Miss Tresham, considering that her having anything to do with the kind of person he took St. John to be was suspicious, and her going away just at the end of the holidays inexcusable.

Hardly had Annesley left the gate of Morton House when his mother drove up. It was her turn to hear Mrs. Gordon's unhappy story, and to have her distrust of Katharine confirmed by the opinion of her cousin. Describing her own unavailing attempt to convince Morton that he ought not to waste another thought on the girl, Mrs. Gordon expressed her conviction that he was immovable on this point, unless he could be convinced that Miss Tresham was unworthy of respect. He had now gone to Tallahoma to see her, and Mrs. Annesley followed, hoping to overtake him on the way. But on arriving she startled the disconsolate Mrs. Marks only to find Katharine flown, and her son also gone. While hesitating what further she could do, she caught sight through the window of a man standing in the garden. With an instinct that this was St. John, Mrs. Marks at that moment being called out of the room, she stepped into the garden, accosted St. John, and artfully endeavored to obtain from him some information against the character of the governess. But she failed, for St. John was as clever as she at verbal fencing.

Two weeks after these events, Mr. Warwick, stopping at a hotel in Hartsburg, thirty miles from Saxford, found Miss Tresham lying desperately ill there of brain fever. Dismissing a quack doctor who had been mistreating the case, he called in a physician of character, who pronounced the illness critical. This same day Morton Annesley, unable to endure the suspense of not knowing what had become of Katharine, went to Saxford, determined to hear his fate, whatever it might be, from her own lips. The first person he saw there was St. John, of whom,

however, he took no notice. St. John was surprised to see him, and more surprised to meet a former friend, or pal, of his own, a shifty-looking adventurer who had been unceremoniously invited to leave Hartsburg for practising medicine illegally. The man, Joyner by name, took St. John to his own room for a private conversation, which ended in an agreement between the two to rob the bank at Tallahoma.

Seeking Father Martin the morning after his arrival in Saxford, Annesley found that St. John had preceded him in a visit to the priest, who was unable to afford him the information he sought. He had neither seen nor heard of Katharine, having been absent on a distant mission. As he and Annesley talked, a messenger arrived with a note from Mr. Warwick, telling the father that Katharine was in Hartsburg, apparently dying. The priest and Annesley went at once with all possible expedition to Hartsburg, and found Katharine hovering between life and death, but in the hands of capable friends and nurses, Miss Vernon and Miss Lester having accidentally stopped at the hotel and remained when they found her so ill. After hours of suspense, during which she lay in a deathlike coma, Katharine finally rallied, and in a few days was out of danger.

As soon as he was assured of this fact Mr. Warwick returned to Tallahoma, where he was met by the disastrous news that the bank, of which Mr. Marks was manager and cashier, had been robbed of about a hundred thousand dollars. The whole town was in a state of consternation, and Mr. Marks in despair. Mr. Warwick alone remained collected and cheerful, confident that he would be able to trace the thieves and recover the money. After a hasty visit to Mrs. Gordon to satisfy her anxiety about Felix, he set to work to investigate the circumstances attending the robbery. In his conversation with Mrs. Gordon she had expressed a suspicion that St. John was concerned in the business, either as principal or as accomplice. The first clue that Mr. Warwick discovered was the broken blade of a penknife found in the bank. The description given of the purchaser of the knife by a dealer of the town who had sold such a knife the day before the robbery, recalled to his mind the quack doctor whom he had dismissed in Hartsburg. Adroit questioning of a hackdriver elicited the further fact that a man wearing goggles

(as a disguise, Mr. Warwick had no doubt) had entered the hack some distance from Tallahoma and gone to Chesselton, an adjacent town, the morning after the robbery. This was enough for Mr. Warwick. In an incredibly short time he had run the thieves to earth, and they proved to be the quack doctor and St. John. Having recovered the money, he on Katharine's account permitted St. John, and necessarily also his accomplice, to escape on condition of their leaving the state.

Katharine, who had been taken to Miss Lester's home, was recovering rapidly when first Annesley, and then Mr. Warwick, in succession appeared and asked her hand in marriage. She declined both proposals so decidedly as to leave no shadow of hope to either that she would ever answer differently.

Notwithstanding all the circumstances of the illness that had prevented Katharine's return to Tallahoma at the time she had set, Mr. Marks was immovable in his resolution to have nothing more to do with her, and, while waiting to obtain another place as governess, which Mr. Warwick thought he could secure for her, Katharine accepted the invitation of Miss Vernon's sister, Mrs. Raynor, to spend some time with her, and was soon engaged as governess to the Raynor children.

Just at this time the blow that Mrs. Gordon had been expecting ever since St. John's appearance in Tallahoma fell. Her husband suddenly entered her presence one day and proposed a reconciliation. On her refusing to entertain the idea for a moment, he demanded Felix, expressing his determination to take him by force, if she did not surrender him quietly. Infuriated when he heard that the boy had been sent away, and by the defiance hurled at him by his wife, he told her that Felix never should inherit the Gordon estates unless she surrendered him at once. Again she defied him and laughed him to scorn, telling him she was aware that the estate was entailed. Then came the revelation that, when a very young man, he had married a girl in the West Indies; that St. John was one of the two children of that marriage, and consequently his eldest son, the other child being a girl. Aghast though she was at hearing this, Mrs. Gordon still refused to surrender Felix, and her husband, with a parting assurance that he would find Felix, and then in her hour of defeat and humiliation see her once more, left the room.

It chanced that Annesley, riding past the grounds of Morton House shortly before this scene in Mrs. Gordon's boudoir, had seen St. John loitering beside the road, almost opposite the gates. He distrusted the man, and hesitated whether he should not go in and warn his cousin, but, fearing to startle her, he decided not to do this. Then he thought of Warwick and hastened to consult him. He explained his apprehensions, which Mr. Warwick shared, and they rode rapidly to Morton House. As they galloped up the avenue, they heard three pistol-shots in quick succession, and at the foot of the terrace found Gordon lying dead and St. John mortally wounded. There had been an altercation, a struggle between the two, a pistol in St. John's hand had gone off accidentally, sending a bullet into his own lung, and, maddened by rage and pain, he had turned the weapon on Gordon and shot him dead.

In the early gray of dawn the next morning Mrs. Gordon repeated to Mr. Warwick what her husband had told her of the parentage of St. John and Katharine; and, Katharine being sent for, they verified the truth of his story by her relation of her own and St. John's childhood. Then Mrs. Gordon led her to the room where the body of the husband and father lay, and, standing together beside that cold form, they uttered words of solemn forgiveness of the injuries he had done them both.

After the double tragedy at Morton House things quickly arranged themselves. Mrs. Gordon prepared to go abroad at once with her son and claim his inheritance. It was decided that Katharine should accompany her, and Morton House was transferred to Morton Annesley, who meanwhile had turned his fancy toward Irene Vernon. All these matters finally settled, the eve of departure for Mrs. Gordon and Katharine came, and the latter walked into Tallahoma to bid the Marks household good-by. She was returning to Morton House when she met Mr. Warwick. As they walked she expressed such intense regret at leaving a place she had grown to love so well that he could not refrain from telling her there was a way in which she could remain with him. He had spoken without hope, and his surprise was equal to his joy when Katharine accepted him, and he knew then that the happiness of his life had come to him at last.

FRITZ REUTER

(Germany, 1810–1874)

IN THE YEAR '13: A TALE OF MECKLENBURG LIFE (1860)

This story, translated from the Low Dutch, made the author's name famous. It is one of a series to which Reuter gave the general name of *Old Camomile Flowers*, signifying tales useful for home remedies. The scene is laid in the author's native town of Stavenhagen and the characters are real persons, retaining their real names. The story is a presentation of the state of feeling among the people against the French in the time of Napoleon.

AMTSHAUPTMANN WEBER was large and tall. He wore a blue coat and yellowish trousers. Every look indicated that he feared God, but not man. One day—it was the time when the French had just come back from Russia—the old miller Voss came to Amtshauptmann Weber and said he wished to be declared a bankrupt. The Amtshauptmann declared that he was too old for that business; and the miller, looking down, assented. Then the old Herr questioned him. The miller confessed that he was tortured by an old Jew as well as by a lawsuit, which had been on the docket for years. It was a family affair and threatened him with beggary. "But that Jew!"

"What Jew is it?" asked the old Herr.

"The old Jew Itzig," the miller answered. "I borrowed two hundred thalers two years ago, and now it has crept up to five hundred, and in two days it must be paid."

The Amtshauptmann could only repeat that since it was signed for it must be paid. With this answer the miller bade him good morning.

After the miller had left seven marauding French chasseurs rode in at the gate, fastened their horses, and the leader entered

the house. The old Herr sent for Fritz Sahlmann and for Herr Burmeister, the Mayor. He himself was chief magistrate of the bailiwick. The leader of the troop made demands for cattle, corn, cloth, and money. A council was held, and a plan was made to outwit the marauders. Wine was ordered; and relays of drinkers were summoned to drink down the leader. The watchmaker of the town, Herr Droz, who was once in the French service, dressed himself in his old uniform, went to the stable where the six chasseurs were guarding the horses and spoke of his regiment as being on the way to capture marauders, and how his captain had recently ordered two of them shot. At this they turned pale, and in less time than the telling the courtyard was empty and the leader was left behind in the house, drinking wine.

At this deliverance, Ma'mselle Westphalen, housekeeper for the Amtshauptmann, felt gratitude toward the watchmaker and feasted him. Miller Voss came in, and he and the Frenchman indulged deeply in their wine together, until by contrivance of Ma'mselle Westphalen, with the aid of Fritz Sahlmann and the miller's man, Friedrich, the two revelers were despatched to the miller's home, Friedrich driving the horses. Rather than take two to the miller's house in such a condition, Friedrich deposited the Frenchman in Stemhagen Wood, covering him with straw; then he hastened home with the miller, whose wife and daughter were anxiously waiting his return, hoping that he had found some way to avert the financial crisis that overshadowed them.

After the miller and the Frenchman had left Ma'mselle Westphalen thought it wise for the watchmaker to remain at the Amtshauptmann's house for the night, and she sent word to his wife that he was there and would be cared for.

When this was settled, and after she had surrendered her room to Herr Droz for the night, a neighbor brought the news that the market-place was full of the French soldiers; and that the Burmeister had sent word to the neighboring villages for the peasants to gather in the town, with their wagons, at noon the next day; furthermore, that she might expect to have some Frenchmen quartered on her for the night. While they were talking, sure enough, there came the French Colonel with his adjutant and two orderlies. The blue room was soon ready,

and supper was served to them in the Amtshauptmann's room. The watchmaker in his French uniform feared to meet the French officers, and so Ma'mselle arranged for his retirement in her four-post bedstead at once. They had stepped out of the room a moment, after inspecting his night quarters, when the rogue, Fritz Sahlmann, entered, deposited a cake of ice on the bed, and hastened out again. Herr Droz presently returned and went to bed. Soon he heard taps—tap—tap—tap—which he thought were in the blue room where the Frenchmen were. After much suspense and tribulation, he discovered the cause and attempted to reach the ice; but in reaching he, with the ice, bed and all, came tumbling to the floor in a heap. The door opened, and in walked the French Colonel and his adjutant. They discovered the watchmaker and his whole outfit of French weapons, hat, black leggings, sword, helmet, and saber. The house was aroused. Ma'mselle and her housemaid came, decked in scant apparel. They each looked at the other, and the Colonel at his own meager covering, and then he burst into laughter. Leaving his orderlies in the room the Colonel and his adjutant withdrew, but not before he had made a most courteous bow to Ma'mselle.

When the miller awakened in the morning he felt the effects of the deep draughts he had indulged in the night before. The first thought was to find his man, Friedrich, and ascertain where the Frenchman was.

"You vagabond!" the miller exclaimed, as Friedrich entered with the Frenchman's leather bag and threw it on the table.

As soon as the miller saw this, however, he seized and opened it. It was filled with treasures—silver spoons, gold, precious ornaments, and money. Fieka saw all these, and threw herself over them as they lay on the table, crying to her father that they were not his. Friedrich was questioned, and answered that he had laid the Frenchman in Stemhagen Wood when the latter was dead drunk, and that he himself was neither murderer nor robber, "but, Miller Voss, if you deliver this bag to the old Herr Amtshauptmann, say that I have taken my share."

Friedrich had been robbed two years before of eight groschen, and this was the share he had taken. The argument that the money was not the Frenchman's seemed to satisfy the

miller. He could now pay the Jew's debt, which came due the next day.

"Now we are out of our troubles," he said.

But Fieka rose from her seat and replied, in a low voice: "Our troubles are only beginning. You can bury the money, and bury your own good name with it."

"No, indeed, I shall pay my debts with it honestly."

"Honestly, father? Would not the old Herr Amtshauptmann ask you what money you paid the Jew with? And would not the French ask where you got the horse? And how can you be sure that Friedrich will not tell?"

These questions nonplussed Miller Voss. Just then a man passed the window, to enter at the door. The mother let him in; he was a fine young man of about two-and-twenty. The father replaced the money in the bag, and called to Friedrich to harness the horse in the cart, and to fasten the Frenchman's horse behind.

"We are going to the bailiff's," the miller said.

The young man was the miller's nephew, the son of his twin brother, whose lawyer had kept the lawsuit on the docket so many years. The son had come now, after his father's death, to offer an amicable settlement with his uncle. The miller received him kindly and bade him remain until he should return.

On the way to the bailiff's Friedrich endeavored to confirm the miller's belief that the Frenchman's money was his own, and that he had better keep it; but his daughter's plea had made a deep impression on him, and he had almost determined to surrender all. Their chief purpose now was to avoid the French chasseurs who were about the town. They passed the spot where the Frenchman had spent the night in the wood, but he was gone, and they were fearful that, through him, they might get into difficulties; but the miller persevered and finally reached the schloss with the valise. The peasants were in town in great numbers, and were hiding their horses and carts from the French.

Ma'mselle Westphalen the next morning visited her own room, where Herr Droz had lodged the night before, and found it in a state of complete chaos. She was angered, and visited on his innocent head her severest rebukes. The Colonel questioned the watchmaker about his French uniform and equipment, and

then told Ma'mselle that he wished to see the Amtshauptmann. Ma'mselle demurred; it was too early by an hour. The Colonel persisted, and finally went himself to the old magistrate's room and aroused him. He told him of the events of the night, and about Herr Droz; then questioned him until the old Herr stood squarely on his dignity.

"Why may not a Frenchman wear a French uniform for pleasure, when so many Germans wear it for theirs?" he asked.

At this the Colonel turned on his heel; for he was a German in the French service. The Colonel returned to the Amtshauptmann and told him of the Frenchman Droz, about his sleeping in Ma'mselle's room; which the old official would not believe. Then the Colonel ordered the arrest of Herr Droz; and having heard of the French marauder's presence, and afterward of his sudden disappearance with the miller and Friedrich, he ordered two gendarmes off to the Gielow mill to find them.

Rathsherr Herse was an enthusiastic patriot; and when he heard the talk about Ma'mselle Westphalen, and saw the French blustering about the town, he snuffed danger. Dressing himself in his German uniform, he laid his plans to circumvent the Frenchmen. He sent Fritz Sahlmann to Ma'mselle to inform her that help was near, and that the password was "Pickled pork." Fritz forgot the password. When Ma'mselle heard this message she began to be fearful, for he had sent word for her to hold the kitchen until he came. She guarded the doors with her servants. At last Herr Rathsherr came, and called out the password, "Pickled pork." Not knowing, and seeing the red uniform and trappings, the servants thought the French were upon them, and soon had him jammed in the door, and Ma'mselle herself joined in the defense. They soon discovered their mistake and made humble apologies, but not until he was badly bruised. Herr Rathsherr, however, forgot his discomfort in his zeal, and with the aid of Fritz Sahlmann succeeded in safely hiding Ma'mselle behind the chimney-casement in the garret.

After much ado the Rathsherr left the house, only to frighten several peasants with his uniform, who started an alarm that resulted in a stampede of peasants and horses in every direction. At this moment Miller Voss appeared with the long-delayed

valise, on his way to the schloss. He had left his horse in hiding, and he asked the Rathsherr to secure it for him against capture by the French. The Rathsherr found the animal and began to drive it to a place of safety, when he met the French chasseurs, who, because of his uniform and the horse, took the horse, arrested him, and went their way.

Ma'mselle Westphalen, after all her adventures, feared meeting the Amtshauptmann, who, between the extraordinary domestic episodes and the invasion of the French, was somewhat upset. The old Herr called for his pipes, and was told that Fritz Sahlmann, in the excitement, had dropped and broken them all. At this juncture the miller presented himself, with the Frenchman's valise.

"What is it?" asked the Amtshauptmann.

"It is stolen goods."

"How do you come by stolen goods, Miller Voss?"

Then the miller told the whole story, and the old Herr said: "If your man Friedrich doesn't catch the Frenchman, it may cost you your head."

"Lord bless us!" cried the miller.

"And you say there is nothing but gold and silver in the valise?" asked the old Herr.

"Nothing but gold and silver," and he opened it.

"Heavens!" exclaimed the old Amtshauptmann. "That's a treasure. I have always held you to be an honest man. Why, you can hardly live from one day to another; and yet from pure conscience you give up a sum of money like that!"

Then the miller confessed that it was the pleading of his daughter that led him to surrender the valise. The Amtshauptmann instructed the miller to take the valise to the Rathhaus and ask for the Burmeister, adding: "I shall be there soon."

After the miller had gone the old Herr hastily examined the sleeping-room and kitchen of Ma'mselle Westphalen, and was puzzled to know the meaning of their chaotic condition. He resolved to investigate, and called for Hänchen. She came and was questioned.

"What do you know of Ma'mselle Westphalen?"

Hänchen told him what the reader already knows, of Ma'mselle in hiding. Then the old Herr insisted that he must have

her and Fritz as witnesses for the miller and the watchmaker, or their necks would be in danger. Just then Hänchen saw Fritz Sahlmann in the garden, and ordered him to his room. The Amtshauptmann examined him and found that he had been purloining sausages from the smoking-garret, with the aid of Ma'mselle, whom he had just testified that he knew nothing about. So the old Herr prepared to punish Fritz for lying. Just then the town messenger entered with word that the old magistrate was wanted, as the miller and the watchmaker were being pressed hard by the French. He sent for Ma'mselle Westphalen, and after much coaxing she made a clean breast of her shortcomings, and with the promise that Hänchen and Corlin would go with her, she finally set out for the court with the old Herr.

The French had stirred the whole of lower Germany, and plundered until the Germans defended themselves. The excitement was greatest in Mecklenburg. The magistrates were beginning to assert themselves. The townspeople and the peasants revolted. Still the French laid on their hands the more heavily, and carried off all they could get.

The French, in our story, had borne a high hand with the baker, and before the Amtshauptmann arrived with the witnesses for the miller and the watchmaker a fierce fray took place between the French and the townspeople. After quiet had been restored, the old Herr came to offer his testimony for the miller, with the three women in his wake. The judge laughed scornfully that the Burmeister should interfere in behalf of his baker, and the Amtshauptmann in behalf of his miller; but the old Herr stepped with great dignity to the table and drew out one of the spoons with the name on it, confronting the court with it as having belonged to a family that did not sell its silver. Then, when Ma'mselle Westphalen took the stand, she manifested the spirit of the Amtshauptmann and answered with great shrewdness in her defense of herself and the watchmaker.

The Burmeister lived near the court, and the old Herr went to the house of this official to inquire about the wife, who was an invalid. While he was there the French Colonel came in to speak with him. This officer had discovered, engraved on the Amtshauptmann's cane, a name that had aroused his warmest feelings; and in conversation with the old magistrate he found

that his own father and the Amtshauptmann, in their student days, were the dearest of friends. This fact his father had spoken of many times to him. The mutual regard that was at once felt between the two served to soften the animosity which the presence of the French had created. When the Colonel returned to the court, he ordered that no restraint should be exercised toward Ma'mselle and the maids that were with her.

The Burmeister, who had defended the miller, the baker, and the watchmaker, stepped forward and said to the adjutant, in behalf of Herr Droz: "The man is innocent; and if anyone here is guilty, it is I, for it was at my command that he acted. If anyone is to be arrested for it, you must arrest me."

On this statement the Colonel ordered the change made. The watchmaker was set free and the Burmeister was arrested. Hearing of this act, the Amtshauptmann protested; but the Colonel simply said: "My duty." The Burmeister asked the old Herr to console his wife concerning himself, and then he marched with the troops as prisoner. Herr Rathsherr Herse was also detained and added to the list of prisoners.

The troops had not gone far with their artillery when it was deeply embedded in the mud. At this point the rogue, Fritz Sahlmann, laid a plot for effecting the escape of the Burmeister. By skilful maneuvering he managed to secure a horse from one of the neighbors, rode him as near the Burmeister as he could, dismounted, and having previously given him a signal to watch the horse, left the animal within easy reach. The Burmeister, taking advantage of a chance opportunity, sprang on his back and was off before he was discovered. The French attempted to discharge their old [illegible] at him, but the powder was soaked with the rains, and soon the Burmeister was out of sight, dashing away at a high speed.

A little later, as the miller was looking out over the hills, he saw a horse and wagon approaching, and recognized his daughter Fieka and her cousin [illegible] in the vehicle. They had come to be of service, if possible, to her father, and she bore a letter from the Amtshauptmann to Colonel von Voll. Meantime the news spread that the Burmeister had escaped, and when it reached his wife, who was lying ill, and the Amtshauptmann, there was great rejoicing. The old Herr sent the Fritz Sahl-

mann and heard the tale from him. Plans were at once made for finding and aiding the Burmeister, and Luth, of the Fire Brigade, was deputed to lead the hunt.

Fieka and her cousin reached the Colonel and delivered the letter from the old Herr. Fieka saw his face harden as he read it, and cried out: "Sir, it is my old father, and I am his only child." These words melted his heart. He ordered the father to be placed in the wagon with the daughter, and instructed her to speak again with him when they should reach Brandenburg.

Friedrich, the miller's man, meantime, was sent to search for the French chasseur through the Gülzow Wood. When he reached Gülzow he met the bailiff of Gülzow, Besserdich, the father of Hänchen, who joined him in the search, and from whom, before they found the Frenchman, Friedrich received consent to marry the daughter.

With all this new zest given to the search, they soon captured their man, finding him in a public oven in the fields. On their return home, whom should they meet but the Burmeister on Inspector Brasig's brown mare! After drying and refreshing themselves they set out for Stemhagen. Luth, who had been out in search of the Burmeister, was sent by the latter to Kittendorf, concerning the valise and its stolen treasures; for the French had taken it away when they marched from Stemhagen, and the Herr Landrath von Uertzen, at Kittendorf, should be informed of it, as the marauding French chasseurs had passed through that place for Stemhagen. The Landrath, on hearing of this, sent a representative to Stemhagen who could swear to the identity of the spoons. When the searching parties arrived at Stemhagen they took the Amtshauptmann and the rest of the anxious friends by surprise. The Burmeister now despatched Luth and Friedrich, with the Frenchman, and a letter from the Amtshauptmann to Colonel von Toll, at Brandenburg.

With the Frenchman safe and sound in his hands, the Colonel acquitted the miller and the baker and set them free. The Landrath von Uertzen came to his own again through the confession of the Frenchman. The Colonel took the valise, when the judge was going to keep the money as unclaimed property, and sent it, sealed, to the Herr Amtshauptmann, requesting, if he found no owner for the money, that he would give it to the

young girl who had brought him the letter yesterday. The messenger selected to convey this communication to the old magistrate was Rathsherr Herse, whom, as being the only prisoner remaining in the hands of the Colonel, he determined to liberate with this added service, and thus soothe his ruffled dignity against the discomforts of his imprisonment. Fieka was a little distance away with her father, shedding tears of joy at his deliverance. The Colonel took her hand in his and kindly bade her farewell as they parted.

The old miller had yet to meet his obligations to the Jew, Itzig; but Rathsherr Herse told him, confidentially, that he held a secret of the Jew's, and would make him postpone his claim until Easter; meantime he himself would be surety for the miller. The young rascal, Fritz Sahlmann, was on the lookout for the return of the prisoners, and heralded their coming through the town. When they reached Stemhagen they were everywhere welcomed and feasted. The Herr Rathsherr was more important than ever.

After the Amtshauptmann had settled the lawsuit with Heinrich, the miller's nephew, with whom he had been negotiating, Rathsherr Herse remembered the message to the Amtshauptmann from the Colonel, which was to be given confidentially, and, drawing the old Herr aside, he delivered it with all the dignity of an ambassador. He also saw the Jew Itzig and secured his consent to a further extension of time for the settlement of his claim against the miller; then he went with his papers to the miller's. They read over the miller's contracts with the town and bailiwick of Stemhagen; suddenly Herr Rathsherr Herse jumped up, exclaiming:

"Why, what's this? In two years you will be a millionaire! Hear this: 'For every bushel that the miller grinds he has a right to take a bushel in payment.' "

"A pint," interposed the miller.

"No—a bushel!" Rathsherr Herse exclaimed.

It was then agreed that Itzig, the Jew, must settle in corn in place of money. This done, the Herr Rathsherr, after enjoining secrecy, returned home.

Still the miller was uneasy lest all was not right. Then, too, it occurred to him that if he were wealthy his daughter might

be a fine lady. Then came up the contract again in his mind. The miller said to himself that the Amtshauptmann had always said: "What is written is written." And the Herr Rathsherr seemed so sure.

This dream of wealth made him overbearing with his nephew, who, when he asked for Fieka's hand, was given to understand by the miller that he was not in any need of terms, that he should not lease him the mill, nor would he give him his daughter. So Heinrich left the house and went to Stemhagen to see the Amtshauptmann. Later, he returned to the baker's, where he met Friedrich. Hänchen had refused Friedrich on the plea that he was too old; and now he was off for the wars. Heinrich's ill success with the miller, though he and the daughter had their secret attachment, had determined him to join the army, too, and he had come to ask the baker to dispose of his horse for him before he left.

While the French came no more into lower Germany, yet the country was in great disquiet. The Landsturm was called out, with the Amtshauptmann as commander-in-chief. The whole section was still alarmed by rumors of French invasion, and a general armament was ordered. The Rathsherr organized a company of sharpshooters, who drilled with fowling-pieces. Herr Droz and the miller's Friedrich were to train the companies otherwise organized, as the only ones qualified for drilling troops. When the men were ready to march the Amtshauptmann confessed his lack of military knowledge; but as they found no enemy, they returned from Ankershagen none the worse for their adventure.

The miller, under Rathsherr Herse's interpretation of his contracts, was paying off Itzig at a fast rate with his grain, while those who brought corn to his mill were receiving no flour. All this time the miller was not cheerful. At last baker Whitte insisted on having his flour, and the sheriff's officer ordered the miller to appear the following day before the Amtshauptmann, and Friedrich was cited to appear with him. The next day they went, as ordered, to Stemhagen. Fieka, fearing that something was wrong, followed her father. She went to Whitte's house as usual, and there she found Heinrich, who was now enlisted for the wars.

"O God!" Fieka exclaimed, "this, too, is my old father's fault."

"You know how I love you," Heinrich answered, "and yet if you would give me your hand to-day, I could not take it. I must go, but I take your heart with me!"

The miller entered the court and found his accusers there, and his heart sank into his boots as they all shrank from him. He read his dishonor in their faces, and so he clung to the Rathsherr. And now the Rathsherr began to have dim forebodings. When the miller was called to the bar and the Rathsherr appeared with him, the old magistrate came upon the latter with a grave question:

"To what do I owe this honor, Herr Rathsherr?"

In reply the Herr Rathsherr offered his commission as notary public. The miller was now examined by the Amtshauptmann, and offered his lease in evidence; at the same time citing the words of the old Herr, that "what is written is written." The old Amtshauptmann read the lease, sent for Fritz Sahlmann, and called his attention to the fact that he had written "bushels" in place of "pints," as compensation for grinding a bushel of corn. He had the word changed to *pints*, reprimanded Fritz for his heedlessness, and handed the lease back to the miller.

"There, Miller Voss, it is all right now," he said.

"But, Herr Amtshauptmann?" cried the miller.

"I will speak to your creditors," said the old Herr, "that they give a week's respite; but you must get the corn or the money in that time, else it will go ill with you."

"But, Herr Amtshauptmann!" cried the Herr Rathsherr.

The Herr silenced him by forbidding him hereafter to exercise his notaryship within his district. Then the magistrate called Friedrich Schult to the stand. And now he did a very unexpected thing. He showed Friedrich the Frenchman's valise with the money in it. As no claim had been made for the money, the Amtshauptmann said: "Friedrich Schult, the valise and the money are yours." Friedrich stood still and looked at the old Herr.

"Well," said the Amtshauptmann, "what say you, Friedrich, eh?"

The old Herr stood still in front of Friedrich and said slowly:

"There is a father of a family wringing the very skin of his fingers, and his wife and child sit in tears!" Friedrich looked up, comprehended the old magistrate, snatched up the valise and said: "I know what to do with it. Good day, Herr."

The miller had gone to the baker's, but Rathsherr Herse remained outside. Heinrich stood in the baker's stable, saddling and bridling two horses. Friedrich came in and threw the valise into the crib. The Rathsherr was there.

"Good morning, Herr Rathsherr," said Friedrich. "Will you tell the miller that I will lend him the Frenchman's money until I come back; for they gave it to me at the schloss to-day."

Then Heinrich and Friedrich sprang on their horses and were off.

They returned in a year and a day, and again in a year and a day. Friedrich had won great credit; for rumor had it that Friedrich Schult, corporal, had originated the plan that was crowned with victory at Leipzig; that when it was shown to old Blücher he said: "Friedrich Schult is right."

Then, after the war, came the preparations for the wedding at the miller's house, and all Steinhagen was invited. The Amtshauptmann and his frau, the Burmeister, Herr Droz, Fritz Sahlmann, Ma'mselle Westphalen, and hosts of others, including Colonel von Toll and his beautiful lady, were present. The Rathsherr came, unexpectedly, with his band of music. The ceremony was performed in great state, and Fieka and Heinrich were the happiest of them all.

REYNARD THE FOX (1498)

This is one of the cycle of animal-legends that had their rise in the Orient and have been adopted into the Germanic languages. The cloistered monks along the banks of the Mosel and the Maas first gave these stories to the Germans in Latin versions. This was in the tenth century, and by the twelfth they had become familiar to France under the name of *Le Roman du Rénard*. Heinrich der Glichesäre in 1170 first gave the material a definite form in an epic of twelve "adventures" in Middle High German. In the old versions there are always satirical allusions to the priests and monks, and usually there is a moral, for society is read into the actions of the animals. In 1498 a Low German version appeared, the famous *Reinke de Vos*, printed anonymously in Lübeck. Nearly three hundred years later Goethe gave the epic its most famous form in his *Reineke Fuchs*, written in hexameters and divided into twelve cantos. A recent *édition de luxe* of this poem, with illustrations by the noted German artist, Wilhelm Kaulbach, has revived the public interest. The English version is taken directly from the Low German, and the consanguinity of the two languages has made it possible to retain almost all the humor and homely wit of the original. Reynard, the hero, has by some been identified with a certain Earl Reynard or Reginard, a sly and subtle retainer of King Sventebold of Lorraine, who lived in the tenth century, and, being outlawed by his sovereign, was yet able to reinstate himself in the favor of his monarch despite the efforts of numerous and powerful enemies, by methods not unlike those employed by the famous Fox of the legend.

IT was a fine, spring day, a Whitsunday, when Noble, the King of Beasts, proclaimed a court and a public feast. All the animals, in grand attire, followed by attendants, responded to the summons—every beast and bird, except Reynard, the Fox. His evil deeds had earned him so notorious a reputation that he feared to appear before the King.

First Growler, the Wolf, rose to present his accusation. Reynard, he said, had beguiled his wife and defiled his whelps. He brought up numerous other offenses, but would forget all, save one; his wife must be avenged.

Then rose the Leopard and told of Reynard's transgressions against Puss, the Hare. Reynard had promised to make her a nun, and, pretending he would teach her to sing mass, persuaded her to kneel. Whereupon he seized her by her throat and

would have killed her, had he, the Leopard, not interfered and driven Reynard off.

Then Gray, the Badger, Reynard's nephew, spoke in his uncle's defense. He reminded Growler that on many occasions Reynard had not been the aggressor. There was that incident, he would remind them, when Growler and Reynard, being out foraging together, met a peasant bringing mackerel to market. Reynard had laid himself in the road, feigning death, and the peasant, meaning to flay him later, had thrown him into his cart. Reynard had then quietly slipped mackerels over the edge of the cart, when, coming suddenly to life, he sprung off the cart and escaped, only to find that Growler had devoured all the fish, leaving none to his partner in the enterprise.

Reynard, he added, respected the King's law. He had left his house and now lived in a cell, where he prayed and fasted, so pious had he become.

The debate was here interrupted by the appearance of Chanticleer, the Cock, in deep mourning, followed by a procession of his family bearing two biers. His voice rose in protest, too; Reynard had come among his brood of little ones in the guise of a hermit, and had then devoured twenty-four of his chicks.

The King rose in righteous indignation. Reynard must be summoned to appear at court to be judged, and Brown, the Bear, was sent to execute this mission.

Brown arrived at Reynard's house in Malpertouse in high spirits. He knocked, and Reynard appeared at a window. Brown informed him of the King's summons, which he must obey or be hanged or flayed. Hiding his anger, Reynard let Brown into his house, and, protesting his innocence, declared that he would depart at once, but, having renounced meat forever, he had eaten too heavily of honey, so that his stomach was painfully swelled.

Brown pricked up his ears. Honey—could they not have some? The departure could well be delayed till morning. Surely, honey there was in plenty. Reynard would accompany Brown to a near-by farm, where it was to be had.

They arrived in the farmyard, where lay a felled log, split open with a wedge.

"Here in this cleft, friend Brown," said Reynard, "is the honey." Brown inserted his paws and head, when Reynard withdrew the wedge and the log snapped together, holding Brown fast. The Bear's roars brought out the farmer and his family, who attacked him with clubs and pitchforks. With a desperate effort Brown freed himself, but at the cost of his claws and an ear. He burst through the crowd of rustics and leaped into the river, escaping, badly bruised and wounded, to the rushes along the opposite shore. Reynard's jeering taunts from the bank roused him to further effort, and he limped away to return to court.

Noble, the King, was highly incensed, and he called a council. It was agreed to send Gil, the Cat, on a second summons.

When Gil appeared at Malpertouse, he greeted Reynard respectfully, and delivered the King's message. Reynard expressed willingness to come, but suggested that they eat first. What would Gil have, he asked, some honey? Gil preferred a nice, fat mouse. Reynard would show him where one was to be had.

They repaired to the curate's barn, and Gil crawled into the hole that Reynard showed him, when, click! he was caught in a trap.

The household was aroused by Gil's agonized mewings. They came out—the priest, the nun-servants, and the maids—and belabored poor Gil, until, with a frantic effort, he freed himself and escaped, sorely bruised and beaten.

The King's anger was now doubly roused, especially as new complaints against Reynard's perfidy were coming in. Just then Gray, the Badger, volunteered to bring Reynard to court.

Gray came to Reynard and advised him to come to court to defend himself, otherwise he would be outlawed. Reynard saw the fitness of this advice and set out for court with his nephew Gray. On the road he had Gray shrive him for his sins, and expressed sincere repentance for all his past offenses.

At court all assembled to see Reynard. He made an artful, eloquent speech for himself, but the jury brought in a verdict of "Guilty" and a sentence of death.

Reynard's undoing now appeared to be certain; but at the last moment, just as the noose was to be tightened about his

neck, he begged of the King a moment's respite, that he might confess all his misdeeds, for fear the innocent should suffer for them. The request was granted.

Reynard confessed he had done wrong. Growler and Brown had taught him artful tricks in his youth. He had not always been scrupulous to gain his livelihood, which was deplorable, since he had a large, rich treasure to support him. This treasure he and his wife had stolen from those who wished to use it to bring about the King's downfall. The King and the Queen, anxious to hear further details of this plot, granted Reynard a reprieve.

Reynard, with deep grief and regret, began by protesting his desire to tell the truth. Even at the cost of the reputation of his own kin, he would speak the truth. His own deceased father had found the treasure, and meant to use it to install Brown as King. Growler, Gil, and Gray had met, and they conspired to murder Noble. His father meant to purchase votes in Parliament to silence protest.

Reynard's wife had learned this from Gray's wife. Reynard, ever loyal to his King, foiled the plot by robbing his father of the treasure.

Noble asked him to reveal the hiding-place of this treasure. But Reynard, seeing he was about to die, said, since the King believed the words of the traitors, and not his, he preferred to keep the secret.

The King promised him a pardon, and Reynard said the treasure was far up in the north, buried under a tree. The King wished him to show the way; but Reynard, saying the Pope had excommunicated him, expressed his sense of unworthiness to accompany his Majesty, asking that he might first go to Rome to sue for a pardon. The King could not well deny him the right to perform so pious a pilgrimage, and gave his consent. Growler and Brown were at once seized and imprisoned.

Reynard now asked the King to command Simple, the Ram, the royal chaplain, to give him a benison. Then Reynard, inviting Simple and Puss with him, departed for Malpertouse.

Arriving home, he asked Simple to wait outside, while he went in with Puss. Reynard's wife was overjoyed at seeing him again; and suddenly Reynard turned on Puss and killed her.

Meanwhile, Simple, tired of waiting, began knocking. Reynard put Pussy's head into a knapsack, took it outside, and asked the Ram to deliver this knapsack, containing letters, to the King.

Simple arrived in court, and presented the knapsack, saying it contained letters written by Reynard, but dictated by himself. The knapsack was opened, and Pussy's head rolled out.

The King was greatly enraged at Reynard's treachery, and now regretted having imprisoned Growler and Brown. Simple's boast cost him dear, for he and his family, as Reynard's accomplices, were handed over to Growler and Brown. And ever since wolves and bears have been the enemies of sheep. Reynard was now declared an outlaw.

In honor of the Wolf and the Bear, the King prolonged the festivities for another twelve days. Meanwhile came news of Reynard's renewed outrages, and the King gave an order that all prepare to organize an expedition to capture him. Gray hurried off to warn Reynard, and next day he returned accompanied by Reynard.

The rascal was now much frightened, and would have turned back; but they met Pug, the Monkey, on his way to Rome. Pug spoke encouragingly to Reynard, promising that if he were again condemned he (Pug) would use all his influence with the Pope to have the King excommunicated.

When Reynard arrived at court and saw himself surrounded by enemies, his courage failed him. Again he spoke flattering words to the King, but in vain. He declared his innocence of having slain Puss. He had entrusted her with jewels as a present to the King, and undoubtedly the Ram had killed her to obtain them.

Impressed by Reynard's description of the magic value of these jewels, the King again pardoned him on condition that he search for them.

Growler protested, and finally, throwing down his glove, challenged Reynard to fight him. Reynard, frightened at the thought of an encounter with Growler, attempted to bluster himself out of it, but was finally forced to give bail for his appearance next day to meet Growler in combat.

In the night Mistress Pry, the Monkey's wife, gave Reynard

a charm that would render him invulnerable in the coming fight. She cut off his fur, and greased him well; and the next day, after a good meal, Reynard appeared in the lists.

The trumpets sounded, the wardens appeared, and the champions were sworn. Growler swore that Reynard was a rake, a murderer, and a traitor. Reynard swore that Growler was a perjurer.

The lists were cleared, and the combatants entered. The Wolf, confident of his superior strength, attacked the Fox, who dodged him and ran. Whenever Growler snapped at him, he flicked dust into his eyes with his tail. Suddenly Reynard caught Growler by the throat and strove to choke him. But, though he almost lost an eye, Growler's strength prevailed, and Reynard felt that his end was come. He began suddenly to beg for mercy, promising to be Growler's friend forever. Growler, knowing he could not trust him, caught Reynard's paws between his teeth; but with the energy of despair Reynard fought so vigorously that the Wolf's friends asked the King to part the combatants.

Reynard now strutted about, declaring he had won the fight; and the King, pleased with his prowess, granted him a pardon and even made him Chancellor of State.

Poor Growler was sorely wounded, but with skilful surgical treatment he began to recover. Reynard was granted leave to return home on a visit, where he related to his wife how he had defeated his enemies and even been raised to an office of high trust in the kingdom.

Here ends the fable, meant to show, what the adage says of old, that wit is better than gold.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON

(England, 1689–1761)

PAMELA (1740)

In 1739 Samuel Richardson was requested by his publishing friends, Messrs. Rivington and Osborn, to prepare for them "a little volume of letters, in a common style, on such subjects as might be of use to those country readers who were unable to indite for themselves." While engaged upon this work, the writing of several letters to instruct young serving-maids how to preserve their virtue when tempted brought to mind a story heard long before, "and hence sprung *Pamela*." This, Richardson's first novel, was begun November 10, 1739, and finished January 10, 1740. It was written at his Hammersmith home and was published in November, 1740: a second edition appearing in February, 1741 a third in March, and a fourth in May. On the title-page the contents were summarized as follows: PAMELA: *or, Virtue Rewarded. In a series of Familiar Letters from a beautiful Young Damsel to her Parents. Now first published in order to cultivate the principles of Virtue and Religion in the Minds of the Youth of both Sexes. A Narrative which has its Foundation in Truth and Nature; and at the same time that it agreeably entertains, by a Variety of* curious *and* affecting *Incidents, is entirely divested of all those Images, which, in too many Pieces calculated for Amusement only, tend to inflame the Minds they should* instruct. In September, 1741, a worthless sequel appeared, entitled *Pamela's Conduct in High Life*, which stimulated Richardson to issue two additional volumes of his own in December following, intended to depict his heroine "in her Exalted Condition." The novel was soon translated into French and Dutch, and was dramatized as *Pamela, a Comedy*, by James Dance, *alias* Love, in 1741. The work furnished the material of the comic opera, the *Maid of the Mill*, in 1765, and was made the subject of two plays in Italian by Goldoni: *Pamela Nubile* and *Pamela Maritata*. In France Louis de Boissy's *Pamela, ou, La Vertu Mieux Sprouvée*, was acted at the Italiens in 1743, in which year, also, Nivelle de la Chaussée composed a five-act play upon the book. From the same source was derived *La Déroute de Pamela*, a one act comedy by Godard Dancourt, and Voltaire's three-act play in verse, *Nanine, ou le préjugé vaincu*, was suggested, through La Chaussée, by Richardson's narrative, and brought out at the Comédie Française in 1749. In April, 1741, a parody of *Pamela* was put forth, entitled *An Apology for the Life of Mrs. Shamela Andrews*, purporting to be by "Mr. Conny Keyber"

(Colley Cibber), which has sometimes been ascribed to Fielding; but in February, 1742, Fielding published his *History of the Adventures of Joseph Andrews*, with the direct intention of parodying Richardson's famous narrative.

PAMELA ANDREWS was the youngest child of a worthy but unfortunate couple, who from a comfortable living had been brought to a very low estate through no fault of their own and were forced to undertake hard labor in their old age. Pamela, who was a very pretty, attractive girl and had been well brought up, was taken into the family of Lady B——, a wealthy woman of quality living on her estate in Bedfordshire. This event happened when Pamela was about thirteen, and as her mistress soon became very fond of her, the girl enjoyed unusual advantages for one in her station.

As Pamela presently developed uncommon powers of memory and judgment, Lady B—— had her taught to sing and dance as well as to play on the harpsichord, her constant improvement in these matters delighting both her teachers and her mistress. When Pamela was about sixteen her mistress died, leaving as heir to great estates in Bedfordshire and Lincolnshire her only son, Mr. B——, a handsome, unprincipled libertine, who had long admired his mother's waiting-maid and intended at some time to effect her ruin. Mr. B—— was not without some misgivings as to his intended purpose, but his concern for his mother's failing health long withheld him from attempting to carry it out. Among his mother's last words were injunctions to "remember Pamela"; but by this time the strength of his desires had so greatly increased that these words made but a fleeting impression upon him.

In her first letter to her parents after Lady B——'s death, Pamela expressed unfeigned sorrow for her loss, but added that her present comfort was that she would not be obliged to return home to be a burden upon her father and mother, for Mr. B—— had said to all the servants that he would take care of them. He had taken Pamela's hand before them all, saying that for his dear mother's sake he would be a friend to her if she would be faithful and diligent. While she was writing this she was interrupted

by her young master who asked to see what she had written, praised her for her dutifulness to her parents, but cautioned her about tales she might send out of the family in her letters. His kindness of manner filled her with awe and confusion at what she called his goodness, and she closed her letter with the words: "He was once thought to be wildish, but is now the best of gentlemen, I think."

Pamela's letter gave her parents some anxiety, for they were suspicious regarding Mr. B——'s actions as related by her, and her father charged her to return home if there were the least appearance of design against her on Mr. B——'s part. Pamela was thus put on her guard, but she wrote that although her master continued very affable to her she as yet saw no cause to fear anything. She kept up a constant correspondence with her parents, giving them descriptions of all that happened; these missives being conveyed by John, the footman, but, as she did not then know, being first shown to Mr. B—— before reaching their destination. Mrs. Jervis, the housekeeper, proved very well disposed to Pamela, giving her much good counsel and keeping her for the most of the time in the housekeeper's apartments.

In her fifth letter home Pamela recorded new kindnesses of her master's, he having given her a suit of her former mistress's clothes, with various other garments, all of the finest quality. Lest the parents should imagine Mr. B—— had some design upon her, Pamela added that the gift was made in the presence of Mrs. Jervis, who also received similar presents with injunctions to wear the garments in remembrance of his mother. "Mrs. Jervis says he asked her if I kept the men at a distance; for, he said, I was very pretty; and to be drawn in to have any of them might be my ruin."

Her sixth letter chronicled a further gift of clothing once worn by her late mistress, but on this occasion Mrs. Jervis was not present and Pamela was much embarrassed. "I believe I received them very awkwardly, for he smiled and said: 'Don't blush, Pamela; dost think I don't know pretty maids wear shoes and stockings?'"

Pamela had hoped to have been preferred to the service of Mr. B——'s sister, Lady Davers, as that lady had requested,

but at the last her master would not consent. Lady Davers's nephew might be attracted by Pamela, who might draw him in or be drawn in by him, and as Mr. B—— said that his late mother had loved Pamela and committed her to his care, he felt that the maid should continue in his household where Mrs. Jervis would be a mother to her.

Pamela herself was now a little uneasy, but concealed her fears from the housekeeper lest Mrs. Jervis should think her presumptuous on account of the great distance between such a gentleman and a poor serving-girl.

Pamela's next letters revealed a sad change in the situation and justified the fears of her parents and her own growing uneasiness as to Mr. B——'s intentions. On one occasion, while she was sewing alone in a summer-house in the garden, her master approached, saying: "Don't go, Pamela. I have something to say to you, and you always fly me when I come near you." He then asked her whether she would not rather remain in his service than go to Lady Davers, and when she said she "would rather wait upon Lady Davers *because*—" he interrupted: "*because* you are a little fool and know not what's good for yourself. I tell you, I will make a gentlewoman of you, if you are obliging and don't stand in your own light."

He then kissed her, and before she could escape he shut the summer-house door. In tears she reproached him for being so free with a poor servant, and he replied that all this was but to try her. Should she keep the matter secret he should have a better opinion of her prudence; and he then offered her money in amends for her fright. This she indignantly refused and left him.

Her first thought was to go to the next town and from there return home as opportunity offered; but as this involved the chance of many perils on the way she resolved to confide in Mrs. Jervis and follow her advice. The housekeeper was much distressed but counseled her not to give up her situation, for since Pamela had behaved so virtuously Mr. B—— would most probably be ashamed of what he had done and never offer similar insult again. This advice was taken and for some weeks all went on smoothly, Mr. B—— being much of that period absent at his Lincolnshire estate, Brandon Hall.

On his return he sought out Pamela, addressing her with great harshness, and reproaching her with having informed her parents and Mrs. Jervis (as he had learned from intercepted letters) of the interview in the summer-house. He assured her that she was her own enemy and that her perverseness would be her ruin; that he was displeased at her freedoms with his name in confidences to her parents and to Mrs. Jervis, and that she might as well have *real* cause for such freedoms as to make his name suffer for imaginary ones.

Upon this she managed to escape from him but soon after this she swooned; Mrs. Jervis was summoned, and to her Mr. B—— declared he had done nothing to alarm the girl, who was a prating, perverse little fool. He ordered that Pamela should attend him the next day and that the housekeeper should be present as a witness to the interview.

He renewed his reproaches of Pamela at this next meeting and declared she might return to her parents, at which news she was much delighted, thinking her troubles were now over. He subsequently told the housekeeper that Pamela would better remain until she had finished embroidering his white waistcoat, upon which she was then at work; so, reflecting that if she were to go home in the fine clothes that had been given her she would not be suitably attired for her changed situation, Pamela occupied a part of her time in making some plainer garments. This done, she purposed to leave all her master's presents behind her.

When Mr. B—— saw her in the new clothes, which, however, proved very becoming, he informed Mrs. Jervis that Pamela was to remain a fortnight longer till he could ascertain whether Lady Davers would take her into her service.

The housekeeper was alarmed at Mr. B——'s action but could not quite believe his intentions were entirely evil, though forced to do so at last.

Pamela and Mrs. Jervis occupied the same bedroom, and Mr. B——, having hidden in the adjoining closet one night, suddenly appeared as they were preparing for bed. Both women screamed and Mr. B—— was so enraged that he threatened to throw the housekeeper out of the window and turn her from the house in the morning. Pamela passed from one fainting fit to another, which so alarmed the intruder that he charged Mrs.

Jervis to say nothing of what had happened, on which condition he would not dismiss her from his service.

After this event Mr. B—— appeared to change his mind several times as to Pamela's going or staying, but at length the day was fixed for her departure, as she supposed, for her parents' home. Her master, however, finding Pamela would not yield to his wishes, and having unavailingly endeavored to overcome his own passion for her, had in reality sent for his Lincolnshire coachmen to assist in his designs, John, the Bedfordshire coachman, with all the other servants on that estate, being so much attached to Pamela that he dared not trust them in this particular. Forbidding any of the servants to keep her company for a part, at least, of the journey, Mr. B—— ordered the coachman to turn off soon from the homeward way and convey her to the Lincolnshire estate, which was accordingly done. He furthermore wrote to Pamela's father that the girl had a love-affair with a young clergyman for whom he intended to provide, but as she had fancied that everybody who saw her was in love with her he had placed her for a time with some friends of his with whom she would be out of the parson's way. Mr. Andrews, not doubting Pamela's innocence, felt sure that evil was intended, and set off immediately for Mr. B——'s, where in great distress he demanded to know what had become of his daughter. He was put off with various subterfuges, Mr. B—— declaring that Pamela was safe in care of a reputable family and that she would soon write; and finally he was persuaded to return home, though still in great anxiety. In the course of a week Mrs. Jervis received a letter in which Pamela stated that she had been taken to a place she was forbidden to name, but was not used unkindly, and this news was to be sent to her parents.

Pamela's account of what occurred was contained in a kind of daily journal addressed to her parents. She had very soon become aware that she was not being driven home the usual way, and at nightfall the coachman assured her that he had lost his way and that they must put up at a farmhouse close at hand. Much against her will she was forced to consent, but an unsigned letter from Mr. B——, handed to her at the farmhouse, to the effect that he should not approach unbidden the house to which she was going, somewhat allayed her fears.

On the morrow the coachman set off again with Pamela, pausing at an inn *en route*, where she was told she was expected. Here she was met by Mrs. Jewkes, the housekeeper at Mr. B——'s Lincolnshire estate, who accompanied her for the rest of the journey.

Mrs. Jewkes was a repulsive, loose-spoken woman, and Pamela bitterly reflected that if she had reason for apprehension when with good Mrs. Jervis, in a place where she was a favorite, what a dreadful prospect might await her in the hands of a wicked woman such as Mrs. Jewkes!

A close watch was kept upon Pamela at Brandon Hall. Pamela was obliged to share her sleeping-room with Mrs. Jewkes, and as the six servants were all devoted to the housekeeper she knew that it was useless to expect aid from them. She was allowed the use of the harpsichord and books from the library but was forbidden to go to church; and on one occasion, that she might not walk in the garden, her shoes were taken from her.

At the end of a few days another letter was received from Mr. B——, enclosed in which was a note which she was required to copy and send to Mrs. Jervis, this being the letter already mentioned as so sent.

Mr. Williams, the young clergyman of the neighborhood, visited her, and she ventured to hope that he might aid her in some way. Mrs. Jewkes usually kept by her side when Pamela walked in the garden, but on one occasion, when Williams was with them, and Mrs. Jewkes's back was turned, Pamela said to him: "I see two tiles upon that parsley-bed; might not one cover them with mold with a note between them?"

The clergyman assented, adding: "Let that sunflower by the back door of the garden be the place. I have a key to that door, for it is my nearest way to the village."

Mr. Williams subsequently assured Pamela in a note that he would look in that spot for letters twice a day; and by this means she was enabled to inform her parents at intervals concerning her condition.

By this time Mr. B—— was repenting his promise not to see Pamela till she should give him leave, and accordingly he wrote her that it was for her interest to give him dispensation from his

promise because her time of restraint would therefore be shortened. He likewise implored her to place confidence in him, adding that she should have no cause to repent it. At the same time she received word from Mr. Williams that various persons to whom he had applied in hopes of aiding her had repulsed him. In response to her master she wrote an imploring epistle asking why she was thus restrained if he meant honorably, adding that if rendered desperate there was no knowing what she would do rather than submit to dishonor.

Mrs. Jewkes now distressed her by hinting that Mr. Williams was in love with her, and this, indeed, soon after proved to be the case. Mr. B—— chose to assume that Pamela had entered into an intrigue with Mr. Williams, requiting her master's resolution not to come near her unbidden by practising her arts upon the clergyman, who was dependent for his subsistence upon her master's favor.

Pamela's persecutor, suspecting that Williams was the bearer of letters to her parents, contrived to have him robbed on one of his errands, but his captors failed to secure the letters. But the parson, on some specious pretext, was confined in Stamford jail, and Pamela was in despair at the misfortune of her only friend in that region.

A month of her captivity in Lincolnshire had elapsed when Pamela one night eluded Jewkes's watchfulness and escaped through an upper window into the garden, though not without difficulty. To her dismay her key would not fit the garden-door, and in attempting to climb over the wall a portion of it fell upon her, injuring her severely. The temptation to drown herself in the garden-pond entered her mind, but was soon dismissed; and after throwing some of her garments into the water to deceive her captors she managed with much pain to limp back to the house, where she found shelter in a woodshed. Her flight gave Mrs. Jewkes and the servants great alarm, and when she was at length discovered, bruised and faint from loss of blood, even the servants were roused to compassion. She soon recovered, however, and a few days afterward, while walking in the grounds, was supposed to be attempting another escape, and thereupon all the servants were sent after her to bring her back, Mrs. Jewkes even striking her in anger.

The next day Mr. B—— arrived, having heard of Pamela's attempted flight, and she was forced to wait upon him at table. He now, through Mrs. Jewkes, made her in writing seven proposals, the substance of which was that she should become his mistress. These proposals she declined, also in writing, to his great indignation.

Disguised as one of the maids, Mr. B—— next obtained entrance to the sleeping-room occupied by Pamela and the housekeeper, but on his disclosure of himself Pamela remained so long in a dead faint that both Mr. B—— and Mrs. Jewkes thought her dying. His purpose now appeared somewhat softened, and he subsequently said that his passion for her quite vanished in anxiety for her recovery. As she overheard him remark to Mrs. Jewkes that she might be subdued by kindness her apprehensions were not quieted by his changed manner. She nevertheless attended him when sent for, and he condescended to reason with her, declaring that the thought of marriage, even with an equal, was unendurable to him, but that he must have her and could not bear the thought of any other man possessing her affections. In return she begged him to let her return home, declaring that she would never suffer herself to become engaged without his approbation, and assuring him, moreover, that she had no love for Williams or any other man. He then inquired whether she thought it possible for her to love him preferably to any man. She evaded direct reply, but it was evident that this was not a remote possibility.

After sundry changes of purpose, his better feelings prevailed and arrangements were made for Pamela's return home. On the way she received a letter from Mr. B—— telling her that she might assure her father that all should end happily, and asking her to order Robin to discontinue her journey to her father's and bring her back to Brandon Hall. This request she obeyed, and on her arrival she found Mr. B—— ill, but much cheered by her obedience.

Her master had now nearly made up his mind to marry Pamela, and in the end this resolve was definitely arrived at, to their mutual satisfaction, since she found that she really loved him in spite of all that had passed. She was much overcome by what she now styled his great goodness to her, but she pre-

served her usual modest demeanor and did not allow her head to be turned by the change in her fortunes. Now that all his evil intentions were abandoned, Mr. B—— proved a most ardent lover. No admiration for Pamela's excellencies was too extravagant for him to express, and he very soon took occasion to introduce her to several titled friends of his as his intended wife. All were very gracious to Pamela, which much delighted Mr. B——.

Pamela's father arrived just at this time, in much anguish of mind at not having heard from his daughter for some days, and was overwhelmed with joy at hearing what was to happen. In order that Pamela's parents should be properly provided for, an estate in Kent was purchased for them, where they might live in great comfort.

The wedding took place in the chapel at Brandon Hall before a very few witnesses, as Mr. B—— wished to surprise his friends with the intelligence after it should all be over.

Mr. B—— expected much opposition from his sister, Lady Davers, and in a few days she appeared at Brandon Hall full of rage. Pamela was alone at her arrival and sustained the full brunt of her ladyship's anger. She would not believe that Pamela was really married, asserting that the ceremony must have been a sham marriage. After repeated insults offered to Pamela she locked the door of the room where they were, whereupon Pamela fled through the window and was quickly driven to Lady Damford's, where her husband awaited her. Highly indignant at his sister's treatment of his wife, Mr. B—— had a stormy interview with her the next day, but she at last relented, kissed Pamela, and in time became one of the bride's stanchest friends and commonly addressed her as "sister."

Soon after Lady Davers's visit Mr. and Mrs. B—— removed to their Bedfordshire estate, where they took an honored station among the gentry of the neighborhood. In the midst of Lady Davers's angry speeches her brief mention of Mr. B——'s relations with a certain Miss Sally Godfrey had aroused Pamela's uneasiness and caused the one flaw in her happiness. While visiting a small boarding-school for little girls in their neighborhood she was much attracted to one of the pupils, a Miss Godfrey, and when she heard the child call Mr. B—— "uncle"

she soon won from her husband the intelligence that the girl was his illegitimate daughter, her mother having been the Sally Godfrey already named. The mother was now living in Jamaica happily married, he explained. This knowledge made Pamela desirous to have the child under her care, and some time later this came to pass. As Lady Davers on one occasion assured Pamela that her brother really loved the child and would judge of his wife by her conduct in regard to it, Pamela, by merely obeying the natural dictates of her heart, gave him sincere pleasure.

Pamela became a great favorite wherever she and her husband appeared, her beauty and excellent understanding attracting the notice of all best worth knowing in her husband's rank, while her charities won for her the hearts of the poor.

Mr. B—— had an uncle, Sir Jacob Swynford, a rough old man who had been very angry with his nephew for marrying Pamela; and on his announcement of an intended visit to Mr. B—— it was arranged that Pamela should be introduced to him as Lady Jenny C——. This was done, and the old knight, while full of slighting references to his nephew's wife, whom, as he supposed, he had not yet seen, could not say anything too flattering of Lady Jenny. His amazement when the trick was explained to him was very great, but his admiration was sincere, and he told Pamela that he could not wonder at his nephew's loving her.

Pamela's first child was a boy, greatly to the delight of all, and four more sons and two daughters, not to mention Miss Godfrey, in time completed their happy family circle. Mr. B——'s reform was not quite so thorough as may be at first supposed, for not far from the time of the birth of his first child his attentions to an agreeable widow, first at a masquerade, and subsequently continued through several months, gave Pamela considerable uneasiness. She became melancholy, which vexed her husband and sometimes made him sharp with her. All this, however, was but a passing fancy. His heart was not really touched, and he subsequently made full confession of his fault to Pamela (an error involving nothing criminal), who readily forgave him.

CLARISSA HARLOWE (1747–1748)

In 1739 Samuel Richardson leased the northern half of a country-house on the Hammersmith turnpike now known as No. 111 (formerly No. 49) The Grange, North End Road, Fulham, and here the most of his writing, including *Clarissa Harlowe*, was done. The name, The Grange, dates only from 1836 and the appellation during Richardson's tenancy (1739 to 1754) is unknown, although one of the novelist's correspondents alludes to it as Selby House. From 1867 to 1898 Richardson's country home was occupied by the distinguished painter, Burne-Jones. *Clarissa* was begun in 1744, and of the seven volumes forming the first edition two were printed in November, 1747, two more in April, 1748, and the remaining three in December, 1748. The fourth edition, issued in 1751, is composed of eight volumes, the preface to which states "that it has been thought fit to restore many passages, and several letters which were omitted in the former merely for shortening-sake." An Italian translation of the work was issued in 1783, a French one in 1785, and a second French one, by Jules Janin, in 1846. In recent years an edition condensed by Charles Henry Jones has been published. H. D. Traill, the English critic, in writing of Richardson's characterizations, makes the interesting and pertinent observation that the father and mother of Clarissa "form a pretty exact replica of the father and mother of the heroine of Tennyson's *Aylmer's Field*." The novel is in epistolary form throughout, and the greater part of the action occupies nearly an entire twelvemonth.

AT the opening of the year 1715 a family of high station, named Harlowe, were living in a mansion at Hampstead, called Harlowe Place. The father, James Harlowe, was a country gentleman of a cold, despotic nature, disposed to exert his paternal authority in most positive fashion. He entertained extravagant notions of family aggrandizement and confidently expected that his children would add dignity to the family name whenever they should marry. His wife was naturally affectionate and amiable, but very much in awe of her husband. Their eldest son, James Harlowe, Junior, was a surly young fellow in whom were reflected his sire's faults of character in addition to his individual demerits. Arabella, the elder daughter, was both envious and spiteful, thus presenting a marked contrast to her sister Clarissa, who never harbored ill feelings against anyone. Clarissa, who had been brought up by a most

excellent woman, a Mrs. Norton, had a large property left her by her grandfather, and this, added to her great beauty, rendered her much sought in marriage.

Mr. Harlowe had two bachelor brothers of much the same stamp as himself, both of whom shared his jealousy for the Harlowe name. Clarissa had a dear friend in London, Miss Anna Howe, with whom she continually corresponded and to whom she imparted all that most nearly concerned her. Young Harlowe was at this time completing his college course, as was also Robert Lovelace, a wealthy young man with aristocratic kindred, but the two were not on friendly terms, although at the same college.

Lord M——, the uncle of Lovelace, was desirous of seeing his nephew well married, and being in company with Antony Harlowe, Clarissa's youngest uncle, heard so much of Harlowe's nieces as to make him wish that Lovelace might be introduced into the Harlowe family, and this introduction was in course of time effected by Antony. Clarissa and her brother were absent at Lovelace's first call, but their parents were much impressed by the visitor's manners, while Arabella was greatly taken with him. In his next two visits Lovelace made no open avowal of affection to Arabella, much to her chagrin, but on his making an offer on the next occasion she refused him in the petulance of the moment, as he expected her to do, his intentions in her direction having been only a pretense since his inclination had already turned toward Clarissa. Lord M—— soon made a formal proposal for his nephew, saying that he hoped Lovelace would not receive such an answer from the younger sister as he had had from the elder, to which Mr. Harlowe responded that to acknowledge Lovelace as Clarissa's affianced would depend on the sanction of her brother James, then in Scotland.

When young Harlowe returned home he expressed great disapproval of Lovelace, declaring that if Clarissa married him he would disown her as his sister, the secret of his dislike for Lovelace being jealousy of the other's attainments while the two were at college. With him in opposition to Lovelace was the spiteful Arabella.

Lovelace continuing to visit at Harlowe Place, James grossly insulted him, and in the subsequent duel was slightly wounded.

On the fourth day after this event Lovelace called to inquire after his antagonist, was uncivilly treated by the two uncles, and attacked sword in hand by Clarissa's father.

Clarissa was greatly affected by these violent episodes and still more disturbed by her brother's hints that he never should be satisfied till she should be married. She had already rejected three persons whom he had successively brought forward, and he was now urging the claims of a Mr. Solmes, who had little but his wealth to commend him. A correspondence between Lovelace and Clarissa had been opened, with the stipulation on her part that his letters should contain no protestations of love; and to his occasional transgressions of this kind she returned no answer.

At this state of affairs Clarissa was permitted to visit her friend, Miss Howe, but at the end of three weeks was summoned home, where she was at once accused by her brother of having received visits from Lovelace during her absence. To this she replied that he had called at her friend's house, always asking for Mrs. and Miss Howe, who would have preferred not to see him but were civil to him on account of his station. The family now showed great harshness toward Clarissa, her uncle Antony even threatening that the grandfather's will in her favor would be set aside, only her mother timidly venturing to say: "Let the child be heard."

Mr. Solmes was now continually at Harlowe Place, to Clarissa's great annoyance; and as she showed him no favor her keys were taken from her, her faithful maid was dismissed, and she herself subjected to much unkindness from her family, who were determined to carry their point in regard to Mr. Solmes, Clarissa's marriage with whom, it was expected, would increase the family importance, while their opposition to Lovelace was based on the ground of his loose morals. Her mother reminded her that the entire family connection desired the match, and said that it was hard if all conjoined could not direct her choice. "And well you know," said Mrs. Harlowe, "that were Mr. Lovelace an angel, and your father had made it a point that you should not have him, it would be in vain to dispute his will." She then asked Clarissa if she continued writing to Lovelace, whereupon the daughter showed her mother all the letters she

had received, with copies of her replies. Mrs. Harlowe, after reading them, admitted that Clarissa had written most discreetly, but still tried to secure her consent to marry the unwelcome Solmes. The daughter urged that it would be dishonest to marry a man she could not endure, but the persecution of her family continued, and the fact that Lovelace attended church and stared persistently at the Harlowe pew greatly augmented the father's ire.

In a letter to his closest friend, John Belford, Lovelace declared his hope of carrying off Miss Harlowe in spite of all her implacable friends, and asked for Belford's aid, if needful. In her perplexity Clarissa wrote to Solmes declaring her conviction that they were unsuited to each other and asking him to discontinue his suit; but that person replied that as her friends were determined she should not marry Mr. Lovelace he should persevere in his endeavors. Her brother hearing of her letter reproached her most bitterly by letter. By means of a spy Lovelace was kept informed of events at Harlowe Place and, employing a duplicate key, succeeded in entering the grounds, where he encountered Clarissa and told her of his sorrow that she should be so hardly treated by her family. He offered her the protection of his aunt, Lady Betty, which she declined, but in her letter to Miss Howe she intimated her apprehension that she should yet be obliged to be either his wife or that of Solmes, although a single life would be her choice.

As a last resort it was decided that Clarissa should be married to Mr. Solmes in her Uncle Antony's private chapel, her father declaring he would accept no plea nor hear further from her till her name was changed to his liking. Lovelace found means to let her know that he had reformed, and entreated for another meeting, which for the time was denied; but, driven to desperation at last by the cruelty of her kindred, she wrote him of her intention to throw herself upon the protection of either of his aunts who would receive her, and that she would see him at the garden-door on Monday, the marriage with Solmes having been fixed for Wednesday. She intended, she wrote him, to go to some private lodging near Lady Betty's that she might not seem to have "refuged herself with his family," and bade him not come near her there unless summoned.

The meeting took place, but after he had alarmed her by declaring that her family were approaching, her terror being augmented by the shouts of a confederate who unseen personated her pursuing kindred, she fled with him in his chariot to St. Albans, where he told the inn people that she was his sister. Full of joy, Lovelace wrote to Belford that night of his success. After various lodging schemes had been considered, Lovelace showed Clarissa a letter from a Mr. Doleman whom he had commissioned to secure a suitable lodging for her in London, stating that he had found such a place with the Widow Sinclair in Dover Street (though no person of that name lived in that street), and to this place Clarissa subsequently went willingly and in entire ignorance of the infamous character of the supposed Widow Sinclair.

All this Lovelace wrote to his friend Belford, who remonstrated with him, saying: "Be honest to her in *her* sense of the word." To this Lovelace replied that his friend must hereafter be sure himself of being in the right before judging him. To Clarissa he said: "I prepared the widow to expect that we should be here only a few days, till we could fix ourselves in a house suitable to our condition," adding that his friends in town concluded them to be married. "If you dislike what I have said, give sanction to it by marrying me at an early day."

Perplexed by this turn of affairs, Clarissa passively consented to pass for his wife for a short time, and was so addressed by Mrs. Sinclair. Although Lovelace's intentions may have been honorable in the beginning, they now underwent a change, and instead of marriage as their object conquest became his aim, and to add the beautiful Clarissa to the number of his victims was the goal of his desires.

From this time onward the girl was caught in a subtle web of intrigue and deception. In the presence of Mrs. Sinclair and other women, whose true character was unsuspected by Clarissa, four men in his pay were introduced to her as gentlemen of good family, all congratulating her on her marriage to Lovelace, and when this was known to Belford he again wrote to his friend begging him to desist from his unworthy purpose. It was now early in May, and at this time Clarissa received a most friendly letter from a cousin in Florence, Colonel Morden, who was the

trustee of her fortune. The letter had been forwarded from Harlowe Place, and as Clarissa read its kindly warnings against a man of Lovelace's known character she mourned her present state with no one near to counsel her.

Although her captor was continually imploring her to take the air in a coach with him, yet, as he had never since their removal to London mentioned the fulfilment of his honorable intentions toward her, she determined not to appear in his company in public without having an undoubted claim to his protection. Unsuccessful in procuring a reconciliation with her parents through the mediation of Miss Howe, she at length escaped from her lodgings and found temporary refuge in the house of a Mrs. Moore in Hampstead.

Lovelace was informed of her whereabouts through one of his paid spies and gained admittance to the house in the guise of an old man in search of apartments. He visited her there on several occasions, at one time telling her that his aunt, Lady Betty, and his cousin, Charlotte Montagu, were in town and longed to see her. She reluctantly consented to this, and accordingly a meeting was arranged to take place at Mrs. Sinclair's. Two worthless but gorgeously dressed women were introduced to her as Lovelace's kindred, and as they all drank tea together the pretended ladies were very assiduous in helping her to the drugged beverage. It had been planned, as she was told, that the ladies were to return with her to Hampstead, and as she went up-stairs to pack up some of her clothing the two women on various pretexts slipped away and she was left with Lovelace, who at last treacherously accomplished his purpose. "Thus was I," wrote Clarissa to Miss Howe, "tricked and deluded by blacker hearts of my own sex than I thought were in the world, who appeared to me to be persons of honor; and, when I was in his power, thus was I barbarously treated by this villainous man."

Lovelace's own relatives now openly reproached him for his baseness, assuring him that he had dishonored their family; and at this juncture Mrs. Sinclair caused Clarissa to be arrested for a debt for board and lodging. As soon as he was informed of this Lovelace wrote to Belford to see that she was set at liberty at once. This Belford did, placed her in comfortable lodgings in

Covent Garden, and ever after remained her most trustworthy friend. To Lovelace's execrations upon those who had caused the arrest Belford replied: "What pains thou takest to persuade thyself that the lady's ill health is owing to the vile arrest and to the implacableness of her friends. But 'tis no wonder that he who can sit down premeditatedly to do a bad action will content himself with a bad excuse."

At a ball some weeks subsequently Miss Howe encountered Lovelace, who, in spite of her strongly expressed scorn and contempt, persisted in addressing her and asking for a few moments' conversation. When this was reluctantly granted he besought her interposition in his behalf with Clarissa, in order that he might secure her forgiveness. Miss Howe assured him that he had broken Clarissa's heart, that he deserved her not, and bitterly reproached him for his perfidy to her friend.

"My mother," wrote Miss Howe to Clarissa, "believes that he is touched in conscience for the wrongs he has done you; but by his whole behavior it seems to me that nothing can touch him half an hour together. Yet I have no doubt that he would willingly marry you, and it piques his pride, I could see, that he should be denied, as it did mine that such a wretch had dared to think it in his power to have such a woman whenever he pleased." To this Clarissa replied that should she live many years she would not have Mr. Lovelace, much less think of him, since it was probable she might not live a single year.

Miss Howe related to his relatives the cruelties that Lovelace had heaped upon her friend, which brought further reproaches from them upon him; and in a great rage he wrote to Belford that nothing should keep him from marrying Clarissa even if she could not live a week afterward. Belford's response was that the lady was not only ill but uneasy at the thought of his attempting to visit her, and he begged Lovelace not to think of it. Lovelace thereupon upbraided Belford for exaggerating Clarissa's state, saying: "Is it possible she can do herself, her family, her friends, so much justice in any other way than by marrying me? Were she sure she would live but a day, she ought to die a wife. If her Christian revenge will not let her do so for her own sake, ought she not to do it for the sake of her family and of her sex, for which she pretends to have so much concern?"

Influenced now and then by the pangs of intermittent remorse, he wrote to Clarissa somewhat later imploring her to meet him at the altar and so give herself "a title to a repentant and affectionate heart." To this entreaty Clarissa responded that were she to live more years than she might weeks, she would not be his. Belford, fearing his friend would persist in his intention to visit Clarissa, procured a safe retreat for her for a short period, and accordingly when Lovelace went to the lodgings in Covent Garden she was absent, to his angry disappointment.

Clarissa's health now failed rapidly, and although she went in a chair to St. Dunstan's Church near the end of August the effort was too much for her strength. In answer to her direct questions, the physician told her that a fortnight or three weeks was the most of life that was left her. Colonel Morden was now in England, and a meeting occurred between him and Lovelace at the house of Lord M——, the uncle of Lovelace, after which he sent word to his cousin of Lovelace's expressed desire to make her all the reparation in his power. Clarissa's answer was to the effect that she could forgive Lovelace, but she could not appear to sanction his baseness by marrying him.

Lovelace, having taken up his quarters at Uxbrudge, returned a packet of Belford's letters to him which Clarissa desired to send to Miss Howe as material for vindicating her friend's memory. Within it was enclosed a remorseful letter to Belford. Belford's reply expressed pleasure that Lovelace was experiencing compunctions for past wrong-doing, and informed him of Clarissa's continued decline.

Colonel Morden's well-meant efforts to soften the attitude of her family toward Clarissa were met with such resentment that he exclaimed in their presence: "What hearts of flint am I related to? I leave ye all, fit company for one another. I will instantly make my will, and in me shall the dear creature have the father, uncle, brother she has lost." And as the Colonel spoke he hastened from the house.

As September advanced Clarissa grew constantly weaker and Belford kept Lovelace in continual intelligence regarding her condition, while the wretched man in his replies gave way to self-reproachings and remorse. On the fifth the physician

announced that she might live a day or two longer, and on the evening of the sixth Colonel Morden came to see her and was shocked to learn how near she was to her end.

"How could your accursed friend—" he began to Belford, who said with bitterness: "And how could her accursed parents? We may as easily account for them as for him."

An affecting meeting ensued between the cousins, in the course of which Clarissa spoke with much feeling of the many kind services which Belford had rendered her, adding that had she seen Colonel Morden earlier she would not have needed to accept so many favors from him. But though the friend of Lovelace he was a man of honor, and she was sure that he would make peace sooner than break it. She also besought her cousin to do his part in keeping peace and to remember that while she had nearer relatives than he, dear as he had ever been to her, he had no title to avenge her wrongs upon him who had occasioned them.

On the following morning she died peacefully, her cousin, Mr. Belford, and her devoted attendants, Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Lovick, being with her at the last. On the following evening Belford sent these words to Lovelace, "I have only to say at present—thou wilt do well to make a tour to Paris; or wherever else thy destiny shall lead thee," but the next morning he wrote him full particulars of Clarissa's last moments.

On the same day three letters arrived for Clarissa; one from Mrs. Norton, who had educated her, announcing that the Harlowe family were ready to be reconciled with her; one from Arabella to the same purport but slightly condescending in tone; and the last from Clarissa's uncle, John Harlowe, expressive of the family's change of heart.

She had desired Belford to take charge of her papers, and among them he found farewell epistles to all her kindred as well as to Lovelace, Miss Howe, and one or two more, that to Lovelace expressing earnest wishes that he would be warned by her fate to consider his past life and seek by repentance to atone for wrong-doing. On receiving the news of her death Clarissa's brother wrote to Morden that the family could not consent to have anything to do with Belford, whom Clarissa had named as her executor, but that her wishes in regard to the funeral should

be complied with, so far as "fit or reasonable to be performed without the intervention of strangers." Belford, however, informed Colonel Morden that he should, as executor, insist on the carrying out of every condition, and in this determination the other supported him.

Colonel Morden accompanied his cousin's remains to Hampstead, where the funeral took place, on which occasion her family exhibited tokens of great sorrow, regarding which Colonel Morden gave Belford a lengthy account. Belford about the same time received a letter from Clarissa's brother, requesting him to resign the executorship of Miss Harlowe's estate in favor of her paternal uncles. In reply Belford stated that the uncles might treat with him through Colonel Morden, who, after reading the will and listening to the mingled grief and mutual upbraidings of the Harlowe family, declared that his lamented cousin was entirely right in her choice of an executor out of the family.

Fearing a hostile meeting between his friend and Colonel Morden, Belford requested Lord M—— to induce Lovelace to leave England for a time, and was informed that Lovelace was preparing for a foreign tour. He next begged Colonel Morden not to attempt to avenge his cousin's wrongs but to leave Lovelace to repentance, as Clarissa herself had requested, to which the other responded that when he considered all the sad particulars of his cousin's story he felt himself absolved from his promise not to avenge her betrayal and death.

At the end of October Lovelace wrote Belford from Paris that he had heard Colonel Morden was seeking him, and that as soon as he could ascertain Morden's address he would write to know his purpose. Belford counseled his friend to avoid Morden, but Lovelace rejoined that he should not take a single step out of his way to avoid Colonel Morden. Lovelace next wrote to the Colonel, then in Florence, that if he were determined to avenge Clarissa's death he would put no obstacle in the way, adding that he was about to go to Vienna and could be found there.

A meeting between the two was subsequently arranged to take place at Munich, on December 14th, and Lovelace informed Belford of the fact, adding that if any mishap should befall the

writer the particulars would be communicated by his valet, De La Tour. The duel occurred, according to agreement, swords being the weapons employed, and Lovelace fell, mortally wounded, dying the evening afterward; his last words being: "Let this expiate!"

A circumstantial account of the affair was sent to Belford by De La Tour, and Colonel Morden afterward wrote Belford defending his own action in the matter. Clarissa's parents lived but a few years after their daughter's death, and her sister and brother both made unhappy marriages, Arabella's husband proving to be a reckless libertine.

THE HISTORY OF SIR CHARLES GRANDISON (1753)

This novel was published originally in seven volumes. Hazlitt says Richardson at first intended to extend it to twenty-eight, but, as he gives no authority for the statement, this is probably a malicious exaggeration. It was received with quite as much favor in England as *Pamela* and *Clarissa Harlowe* had been. Sir John Herschel tells us that, in one district, when Miss Byron was married to Sir Charles Grandison in the seventh volume, all the bells were set a-ringing by the enthusiastic inhabitants. But its popularity in England was surpassed by its popularity on the Continent. According to the late M. Joseph Texte, when *Sir Charles Grandison* appeared, "admiration for Richardson in France had become infatuation." The *Eloge* of Diderot ("the ingenious Monsieur Diderot," as Richardson styled him) is one long dithyrambic of breathless rhapsody. The vogue of the author lasted longer also in France than in England, George Sand and Alfred de Musset were as rapturous as Diderot, Prévost (who translated the story) and Rousseau. The Germans were no whit behind the French in enthusiasm. Gallert, the translator, considered the story superior to the *Iliad*, and Wieland took Clementina for the theme of a tragedy. The Spaniards and the Italians were equally appreciative, though more sober in the expression of their admiration.

MISS HARRIET BYRON, a lovely young Northamptonshire lady, was orphaned of both parents at the age of eight. She could hardly be expected, however, to feel her loss very deeply, blessed as she was, from her earliest years, with such an adoring and admiring circle of friends as her grandparents Shirley, her uncle, her aunt and female cousins Selby, and her grandfather Deane, a man of excellent character, though a lawyer, which may be explained by his having left off practise on coming into a handsome estate. To her grandfather she was indebted for her extensive knowledge of all branches of polite learning. He was a man of universal erudition, and made her an adept in Italian and French before she was fourteen, when she lost him. Nor was she less obligated to her grandmother, who made it her chief occupation to cultivate her soul with maxims on conduct and morals; so it is not surprising that she was acknowledged by all her acquaintances to be a paragon of mingled sense and

sensibility. But some years after the demise of Mr. Shirley his wife deemed it advisable that her peerless Harriet should take up her residence with the Selbys. She had several reasons for making this sacrifice. Being one of the most pious yet most cheerful of women—when she wished to raise her spirits to the point of exhilaration, she read Hervey's *Meditations Among the Tombs*—she looked upon her Harriet's company as a cordial too rich to be always at hand. "When I have a mind to regale," she said, "I will either send for her or visit her at Mrs. Selby's."

Having a fortune of fifteen thousand pounds, and being, moreover, equipped with all the accomplishments necessary to render the married state truly happy, Harriet naturally became an object of the profoundest interest to all unmarried young country gentlemen of the vicinity. Three of them, of high breeding and great estate, pursued her with the most fervent ardor—Mr. Greville, Mr. Fenwick, and Mr. Orme. The morals of the first two were not of a sort to recommend them to a young lady of equal discernment and piety. But she experienced both compassion and veneration for Mr. Orme, who was exceedingly modest, and contented himself with sighing and bowing over her hand in private, and bending to the ground when he encountered her in public. She was not sorry, then, to accept an invitation from her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Reeves, in London, and thus escape the pestering assiduities of her suitors. They were in despair. Greville, who, on seeing her dance and hearing her sing, had been converted from his belief that women had no souls, was utterly disconsolate. He and Mr. Fenwick expressed their determination to go to London, if she remained more than a month, and bring her back, Mr. Greville declaring that if, in the mean time, the pretensions of any man interfered with his, his destruction would follow.

No sooner had Miss Byron appeared in London than she created an extraordinary sensation. She immediately became a toast, and stars and titles crowded about her. Instead of her three wooers in the country, she had six the very next evening. Among them was a young gentleman named Fowler, possessing a considerable estate, who was of a diffident disposition, and courted her through his uncle, Sir Rowland Meredith, a boisterous Welsh baronet and bachelor, in a full-buckled wig and

gold-buttoned coat. He offered her his nephew in the midst of a roomful of company; but, although she confessed that the young man's person was not disagreeable to her, she was not sure he had the mind she would have a man blessed with whom she would vow to love and honor; so she declined the proposal with firmness and kindness.

To Mr. Fowler succeeded a man of quite a different character, Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, a bold-eyed, rakehelly baronet of a large estate, handsome, genteel, rather tall, and about twenty-eight. He had had such success with ladies of the highest rank that he was as much amazed as disgusted when she told him candidly that she could not receive his addresses, because she had no opinion of his morals.

"You object to my morals, madam!" he exclaimed. "Have you any other objection?"

"Need there be any other?"

"But I can clear myself."

"To God, and to your conscience, then do it, sir. I want you not to clear yourself to me."

"But, madam, the clearing myself to you would be clearing myself to God."

"What language is this, sir? Rise, sir, or I leave you."

The discussion proceeded to great lengths; but at last was terminated by Miss Byron's positive declaration that she never more would receive his visits. The baffled profligate retired with rage and desperation in his heart.

Miss Byron's footman left her the next day, and she was obliged to hire another. Both she and Mrs. Reeves were mightily taken with one candidate for the vacant place, a young man named Wilson, who had a well-behaved and very sensible look, and had left his last master because he objected to his late hours and free way of life. Having settled this matter, she gave all her attention to the dress she was to wear, as an Arcadian princess, at a masquerade at the Haymarket on the night ensuing. This consisted of a blue satin petticoat, without a hoop —or rather, with a scarcely perceptible hoop; for she had, after reflection, concluded that hoops were not worn in Arcadia—a blue satin waistcoat, set off with bugles and spangles, blonde lace tucker and ruffles, a white Paris net sort of cap, glittering with

spangles, with a little white feather perking from the left ear, a scarf of white Persian silk, and a large Indian fan. In this dress the natty and charming creature comically assured her friends she expected to slay many pretty fellows.

But at three in the morning she grew fatigued with the admiration that everybody showed for her, and called for her chair to go home. She noticed that the chairmen were not those who had brought her, but did not think the matter important, and the chair moved, Wilson, with his lighted flambeau, marching before it. After a time she perceived that the road was not that by which she had come. But she was reassured when Wilson declared respectfully that this street was quite as near the Reeves mansion, while the other was crowded with chairs and carriages. At last she found herself in the midst of fields—it was Lisson Green—and opposite a garden and a cottage. Then the miscreant Wilson trod out the flambeau. The hapless creature screamed dismally, and fainted. A man in a cloak and two women opened the sedan and carried her into the house. The villain in the cloak, who had suborned Wilson, was Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, and Wilson had been his implement in this black transaction.

After vainly trying to force Miss Harriet into a marriage, aided by a most disreputable, big-boned and splay-footed Fleet parson, who snuffled horribly and had a dog-eared prayer-book in his hand, Sir Hargrave muffled his victim in a cloak and capuchin, and carried her to a chariot and six, intending to convey her to his country-seat at Windsor. They passed several men on the road, and she screamed to them for help.

"She is my wife," shouted her barbarian captor. "She was eloping with her adulterer from a masquerade, when I caught them."

She screamed again.

"Ay, scream and be d—d," answered the wretches.

"Poor gentleman! he is to be pitied!" and the vile fellows jeered and laughed.

Then, to prevent further outcries, the heartless abductor tied a handkerchief tightly over her face, bound her hands, and, with his right arm round her waist, kept her fast on the seat. When they had traveled some distance on Hounslow Heath,

Miss Byron managed to disengage her right arm. She perceived another chariot and six at a short interval, and with her disengaged hand she pushed the handkerchief from her mouth, and cried: "Help! for God's sake, help!"

A man's voice bade Sir Hargrave's coachman proceed at his peril. Sir Hargrave, with terrible oaths and curses, ordered him to proceed, and drive through all opposition, shouting back that he had only secured a runaway wife as she was eloping with an adulterer. But the next thing she saw was her oppressor pulled out of the chariot and flung under one of the wheels by her deliverer, who then carried her in his arms to his own chariot, ordering his coachman to drive back to Colnebrook. There, he told her, she would be received by the most virtuous and prudent of sisters, to whose care he would commit her, and then proceed on his journey to town.

How irresistibly welcome to her was the supporting arm of her valiant protector, as they flew back, compared with that of the vile Sir Hargrave! And the sister was angelic. Indeed, brother and sister were a pair of angels. For her unknown rescuer was the inimitable Sir Charles Grandison, a faultless hero. Though not yet twenty-six, he was exact in all his social, moral, and religious duties, blameless of life and conversation, alike incapable of breaking the smallest rule of etiquette or a single one of the Ten Commandments, wealthy, handsome, well born, well bred, fitted by all the combinations of nature and circumstance to be the lord of that ancient and aristocratic mansion known as Grandison Hall. The grandeur of his person and air was such as engaged one's reverence with one's love. Yet was he unfortunate in one respect. As he often said, he "suffered much, even from the best of women." It was his lot to entangle every young lady he met in a hopeless passion, and he had to decline proposals for his hand from numberless enamored women and their relatives. What wonder, then, if Miss Byron felt an instantaneous passion for her protector, which soon kindled to a fever pitch?

As soon as Sir Hargrave was able to leave his room, he sent a challenge to Sir Charles. Dueling was altogether opposed to the latter's principles, but he was one of the most accomplished of swordsmen and he disarmed his opponent with the greatest

ease. He followed up this feat with a long and eloquent discourse on the sinfulness of the duello; and so deep an impression did the coolness, courage, and magnanimity of this noblest of men make upon Sir Hargrave that he became truly penitent. He waited upon Miss Byron to entreat her forgiveness, which she granted. But, though she felt a genuine compassion for his damaged good-looks ("I had now and then a little pity for his disfigured mouth and lip," said the amiable Harriet, after the interview), she declined to consider his renewed proposal of marriage.

In the mean time, the Earl of D——, an admirable young peer, with twelve thousand pounds a year, and in all other respects the most eligible of husbands, was offered to Harriet by his dowager lady mother. But Miss Byron's affections were too deeply engaged to allow her to dream of being another's. Yet did the modest girl never give a hint of the anguish occasioned by her seemingly hopeless passion, to Sir Charles or to any other person, except fifteen of her own and his kinsfolk.

So far, indeed, while Sir Charles was evidently impressed by her beauty and notable qualities, he had made no attempt to respond to an affection which Miss Byron took every effort to conceal, though this taxed her highest powers. But at this time the object of her adoration was too busily employed to permit of his negotiating any matrimonial alliance for himself. He had to reconcile several husbands and wives among his friends, to provide for his venerable but debauched relative, Lord G——, a sober young wife, who would reform him, to arrange the complicated affairs of his ward, Miss Emily Gervois, whom he had innocently made a victim to his fascination, but whom he had consoled by promising to be her brother, and to devote himself to other similar avocations.

At length Sir Charles caused the heart of Miss Harriet, when she was on a visit to Colnebrook, to throb most violently by respectfully entreating a conference with her in the library of his brother-in-law, my Lord L——. But, whatever hopes the sweet girl may have entertained, they were quickly dashed, and she had often to hold on to the arm of her chair to steady her tremblings. He at once began to retail the torturing circumstances upon which he wished her counsel. While residing in

Italy, from seventeen to twenty-five, he had made the acquaintance in Florence of a lady named Olivia, noble, wealthy, generous, and genteel, but with other qualities less approvable. She offered to make him master of her fortune, and he had the mortification of being obliged to decline her hand to the lady's face. She was of so violent temper that he knew his life was in danger if he remained in Florence. But he suffered, and still had to suffer, from the persecution of the imperious Olivia.

However, though he sought the help of Miss Harriet to deal with this difficulty, there was another affair which gave greater anguish to her soul and upon which her advice would be most precious. While in Rome he had become intimate with the Barone Geronymo della Porretta, the youngest scion of a princely house in Bologna. But as he could not draw him from keeping company with certain dissolute young men of rank, he was obliged to separate from him. Soon afterward a lady, less remarkable for virtue than for beauty, obtained an influence over him; and one of the lady's admirers hired some Brescian bravos to assassinate him. Sir Charles was then traveling in the Cremonese, attended by two servants. One day he beheld a man struggling with two ruffians. He leaped out of his post-chaise, told his servants to follow, drew his sword, ran toward them as fast as he could, and wounded one of the assassins. Then he returned to the unhappy man, whom, to his amazement, he discovered to be the Signor Geronymo. He gave signs of life, and Sir Charles conveyed him to Cremona, where his wounds were dressed, and thence to Bologna. Never was there a more grateful family than the illustrious house of Porretta. The noble old Marchese was uneasy because he knew not how to acknowledge such an obligation to a person of genteel circumstances. The Marchesa bade her daughter, the beautiful and highly intellectual Clementina, to regard as her fourth brother the preserver of her third. Bishop della Porretta, a learned man, asked Sir Charles to initiate him into the English tongue, in order that he might be able to read Milton in the original. To divert the wounded brother, the lectures were held in his chamber. Soon the whole family elected him their tutor, including the divine Clementina, who made greater proficiency than even the Bishop.

This lady's exalted merits had made her of consequence to the hearts of several illustrious youths, and she would probably have accepted one of them, the Count of Belvedere, had not Sir Charles appeared on the scene. The inevitable consequence followed, though Sir Charles, "feeling," as he said, "that to have recommended myself to the young lady's favor by looks and assiduities would have been an infamous breach of the trust reposed in me," made no sign of love. The Signorina, however, fell into such a deep state of melancholy and failing health that a family consultation was held of all the branches of the Porretta house, at which it was decided that the wishes of Clementina should be indulged, on certain terms. But Sir Charles could not comply with these terms. He was to make a formal renunciation of his religion, and to settle in Italy; only once in two or three years was he to be allowed, if he pleased, to go to England for two or three months; and as a visit of curiosity, once in her life if their daughter desired it, to carry her thither.

The distress of Sir Charles cannot be imagined, to be obliged to disappoint the expectations of persons who had a sincere regard for him. And then, when the excellent mother besought him to have pity on her heart, and on her child's reason; and when the tender, the amiable Clementina, putting herself out of the question, urged him, for his soul's sake, to embrace the doctrines of her holy mother, the Church, his tortures were excruciating.

"I labored, I studied for a compromise," said Sir Charles. "For I beheld graces in Clementina then that I had resolved to shut my eyes against; her rank next to princely; her fortune high as her rank; religion; country—all so many obstacles that appeared to me insuperable, removed by themselves; and no apprehension left of a breach of the laws of hospitality, which had made me struggle until now to behold one of the most noble and amiable of women with indifference."

He offered to live one year in England and one in Italy by turns, if their dear Clementina would live with him there, to leave her entire liberty in the article of religion, and, in case of children, the daughters to be educated by her, the sons by him. But the most distressful scenes followed. The Urbino branch of the family, especially, were not to be moved; and the less

because they thought an alliance with a private and obscure man derogatory to their honor. Sir Charles was desired to depart from Bologna, and was not suffered to take leave of the unhappy Clementina, though on her knees she begged to be allowed a parting interview. But, alas! what was the consequence? The melancholy of the unfortunate Clementina deepened after his departure, until at last it developed into madness of the most affecting and harrowing description. The family had summoned him to make one more visit to Bologna, and the nature of the summons appeared to indicate that, in the state of their daughter's health, they were prepared to give way further in order to secure her happiness.

"And now, Madam," Sir Charles said in conclusion, and he was going to take the hand of the incomparable Miss Byron, but with an air as if he thought the freedom would be too great—a tenderness so speaking in his eyes, a respectfulness so solemn in his countenance—he just touched it, and withdrew his hand. "And now, Madam, what shall I say? I cannot tell what I should say. But you, I see, can pity me—can pity the noble Clementina. Honor forbids me. Yet honor bids me. Yet I cannot be unjust, ungenerous, selfish!" He rose from his seat. "Allow me, Madam," he said, "to thank you for the favor of your ear. Pardon for the trouble I see I have given to a heart which is capable of a sympathy so tender." And, bowing low, he withdrew with precipitation, as if he did not wish to let Miss Byron see his emotion.

This interview threw the hapless Harriet into a condition of the most delicate distress, the most extreme suspense and agitation. Sir Charles's confusion was plainly occasioned by the conflict between his love for her and his obligations to Clementina. Never had her own case seemed more hopeless. But the fond yet high-minded Harriet had still pride enough to hide her passion from its object, and nobility enough to follow his lead in the struggle between duty and honor. She bade him repair to his Clementina. It was feared by her own family and that of the man she loved that she, too, might go mad.

"But no," answered the noble girl, "in this, at least, I will show myself superior to his Clementina. It is nobler to conquer a passion than to go mad."

Before paying another visit to Italy Sir Charles was for several weeks fully occupied with the affairs of various friends, and with the painful and delicate task of repelling the attentions of the Lady Olivia, who had followed him to England. Yet at last, though reluctantly, and perhaps not sincerely, she consented to be his sister. When he departed he left many an aching heart behind. "Lady Olivia," wrote Miss Byron to a friend, "was the most thoughtful at dinner-time; yet poor Emily Gervois—Ah, the poor Emily! She went out four or five times to weep; though only I perceived it."

Meanwhile Miss Byron was kept fully informed of Sir Charles's movements and difficulties in Italy, by means of copies of his correspondence with his former tutor, Dr. Bartleet. Being the most conscientious of men, he related everything that passed with a minuteness that reflected credit on his scrupulous disposition. He was present at innumerable conferences, attended by the uncles, aunts, and cousins of the beautiful but demented Clementina. Finally Miss Harriet received information that, in spite of her moral and mental stability, drove her almost to despair. It was plain that Sir Charles, when in the presence of the most attractive Clementina, felt all his former passion revive, though at the same time actuated by the sincerest devotion to his Harriet; and when the family agreed to his terms the future looked dark indeed for the afflicted Miss Byron.

Then suddenly a most unexpected event occurred. The Lady Clementina, now completely restored to reason, after a conflict that rent her soul, handed Sir Charles a paper. The contents of this paper, which was of great length, were most solemnly religious. The meaning of the whole was that she feared for her faith, if he continued to hold his religious opinions; for who could resist Sir Charles Grandison?—and, her religious sentiment being of the most elevated kind, she was capable of sacrificing the dearest wishes of her pure and noble heart to her sense of duty. When he had finished the document Sir Charles's admiration for the angelic qualities of his Clementina became overwhelming.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "the saints are not yet dead in the Catholic Church, while such as the Lady Clementina abide

within its pale!" He hastened to her, and clasped her in his arms.

"Forgive me, sir," she cried.

"Forgive you, madam? Inimitable woman, I adore your greatness of mind!"

"Chevalier," she returned, "love my mind, as yours was ever the principal object of my love!"

Then, after a long conference in an arbor in the garden, the Lady Clementina urged him not to espouse the Lady Octavia, but to marry an English bride. After making a last fruitless attempt to shake the Signorina's resolution not to become his wife, he left her, but with the greatest reluctance, left her to struggle for that peace which his return home was to bring to Miss Byron.

Shortly after his appearance in London Sir Charles was forced, greatly against his will, to engage in an encounter with Mr. Greville, whom with his usual graceful dexterity he speedily disarmed. He also witnessed the demise of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, who expired, he was delighted to find, with every symptom of the sincerest penitence, leaving large legacies to Grandison and to the now blissful Miss Harriet. As for Mr. Greville, he too repented, as, indeed, did everyone who could be prevailed upon to listen to the pathetic discourses of the eloquent Grandison. In a most affecting scene he dropped on one knee before Sir Charles, Miss Harriet, and her grandmother Shirley.

"May you both live," he exclaimed, "the ornaments of human nature as you are, to see your children's children, all promising to be as good, as happy, and as worthy as yourselves!"

Tears bedewed Miss Byron's cheeks at this unexpected blessing. "God bless you, Mr. Greville!" she answered. "Be a good man."

He continued kneeling on one knee, and repeatedly kissed her hand, while tears were in all eyes. He then rose, hurried her to Sir Charles, and holding to him her hand—half-withdrawn through surprise—he said: "Let me have the pride, the glory, Sir Grandison, to quit this dear hand to yours. It is only to yours that I would quit it. Happy, happy, happy pair! None but the brave deserve the fair!"

JEAN PAUL FRIEDRICH RICHTER

(Germany, 1763–1825)

TITAN (1800–1803)

This is Jean Paul's longest romance, and the author meant it to be his greatest, and so considered it. He was ten years in writing and three years in publishing it. From a letter of the author it appears that he thought at first of calling it "Anti-Titan," because of the reflections it contained against the material selfishness of the age, which would move mountains to gain its ends. From the fact that he calls one of the heroines of the romance (Linda de Romeiro) a "Titaness," it appears that he intended the title he finally chose to be significant simply of the boldness of spirit and largeness of soul of the principal characters. Several of the characters in *Titan* had appeared in an earlier work, *Hesperus;* indeed, while writing *Hesperus*, Jean Paul conceived the motive of *Titan*, which was to place a man of moral grandeur beside one of grandiose immorality. This he did in the two central male characters, Albano de Zesara and Charles Roquairol.

ALBANO DE ZESARA, a young Spanish count, stood on the Borromean island, Isola Bella, in Lago Maggiore, at dusk. His father, Don Gaspard, had just returned to Spain after bringing him two letters, one a last farewell from his mother, written shortly before her death, and the other a message of condolence from his sister, who was destined to an early death by disease. As in sad mood he looked out over the darkling waters, a figure, dressed in black, with the image of a death's head on its breast, came slowly and painfully and with trembling breath, up the terraces behind him.

This was a friar of the order of St. Paul, and he greeted Albano with the salutation of his fraternity: "Remember death! Thou art Albano de Zesara?"

"Yes," said Zesara; "and who art thou?"

"A father of death," replied the friar. "Look up to the evening star, and tell me when it sets, for my sight is weak."

"Three stars," said Albano, "are still between it and the Alps."

"When it sets," the father continued, "then thy sister in Spain gives up the ghost, and thereupon she will speak with thee from heaven!"

Albano grasped at the folded hands of the monk and held both imprisoned in one of his. "What knowest thou? What wilt thou?"

The monk answered calmly: "I am a Zahouri of Spain, gifted with sight of the underworld. As such I know when the dead shall appear; but their apparition above ground I do not see, and their discourse I cannot hear."

He looked sharply at the youth, whose features suddenly grew rigid, for a voice like his sister's sounded above Albano's head, saying: "Love the beautiful one whom I will show thee."

The monk asked: "Is the evening star already gone down? Is it talking with thee?"

In reply the youth hurried the monk before him down to a skiff on the shore, and they pushed out into the lake, that Albano might be assured there was no confederate of the monk concealed near by, deceiving him with his sister's voice. Then, looking out on the lake, he saw a female form, with long, dark hair, and a shining, swanlike neck, and with the complexion and vigor of the richest climate, rise like an Aphrodite from out the waves. It sank below the surface, and the voice sounded again above Albano's head: "Love the beautiful one whom I have shown thee."

The monk silently prayed during the scene, appearing to see and hear nothing. At last he said: "On an Ascension Day which is at the same time thy natal day, and at the hour of thy birth, thou wilt stand beside a heart which is not within a breast, and thy sister will announce to thee from heaven the name of thy bride."

By his father's orders Albano went to Pestitz, in Germany, and entered the university there. Soon after his arrival the prince of that province died at Lilar, his pleasure-palace. Here and on this occasion Albano first saw, and seeing, loved, Charles Roquairol, captain of the Prince's guard. In the solemn procession this knight shone like a diamond pendant in

a chain of jet. With pale, grief-stricken face, marked deep with long inward fire, stripped of all youthful roses, lightening out of the diamond-pits of the eyes under the dark, overhanging eyebrows, he rode along in a tragic merriment, in which the lines of the veins were redoubled under the early wrinkles of passion. Albano grew pale, and said to a corps companion: "Oh, good Schoppe, he will certainly become our friend, this distracted youth! How painfully does the noble one laugh at this gravity, and at crowns, and graves, and all! Ah, he, too, has once died!"

Returning to Pestitz, Albano wrote to Roquairol:

"Oh, if at this hour of death's juggleries thou art contemplating the pale Prince, gone to rejoin that dear friend, the companion-in-arms of his youthful exploits, then will thy heart dissolve, and say: 'I, too, would love, and then die, and then love again—O Almighty, show me the soul that longs and languishes like mine.' If this is thy mind, then come to my heart; I am as thou. Grasp my hand, and hold it till it withers. I have seen thy form to-day, and on it the marks of life's wounds; hasten to me; I will bleed and struggle at thy side. I have long and early sought and loved thee. Like two streams will we mingle and grow, and bear our burdens, and lose ourselves in infinity together."

It was Ascension Day, and there was to be a masquerade in the evening. Albano put on the costume of a knight templar and entered the throng of maskers. He asked which mask was Captain Roquairol, and was told that he had not yet arrived. He wandered forth into the night, down an old stairway, darkened with hangings, and came into a garden, it seemed. But what a singular garden! Flowerless little beds, full of yew, rue, and rosemary, divided it into checkered spaces; a circle of weeping birches drooped about a white altar in the center, near which lay a man.

As Albano looked on the sleeper, the voice of his dead sister sounded in his ear: "I give thee Linda de Romeiro."

At that moment his name was called. "Zesara! Where art thou?" "At the altar," he replied, and a black form with yellow mask in hand came forth out of the shadow. This was Roquairol, who had learned that he was sought by Albano, and had followed him down the old stairway. Albano flung his sword behind him, ran forth to meet him, and clasped him passionately in his arms. Roquairol, on the other hand, embraced

Zesara gently, pressing him with one arm, and said: "It is fitting we meet in the old Moravian churchyard, for I am a dying man, and this is my face"; and he held forth the yellow mask, which was of a death's head. "But," he added, "I have my Albano, and will die on his bosom."

As the two friends were embracing, the man who had been lying by the altar rose softly, and, taking up Albano's sword, stole off with it unobserved. Charles led Albano down into a hollow along which ran a stream that led at length to an underground passage. Here, at the entrance to what Charles called the "catacombs," they sat down, and Albano related the prophecy made to him at Isola Bella, and its seeming fulfilment at the altar in the cemetery.

"Who is Linda de Romeiro?" he asked.

At that name Charles started. "Linda!" he exclaimed. "Oh, thou mocking executioner, Fate! Why she, and to-day? Ah, Albano, it was my love for Linda de Romeiro, and my loss of her through unworthiness, that brought me to my present evil state. Do thou only take her, for thou art a pure spirit. Now I know why we have been so powerfully drawn to each other! We have each had the same mysterious warning. It was at the village churchyard that I first saw Linda de Romeiro. That day an evil genius said to me: 'Love the fair one whom I show thee.' I was following a dead youth, my playmate, to burial, when a silver-gray, tongue-darting snake coiled in the gateway and forbade entrance. Linda came from the tombs, and took the serpent in her hands, and dandled it. Like a daring goddess, she bent her firm, smooth, brow, her dark eye, and the rose-blossoms of her countenance upon the adder's head, which Nature had trodden flat, and played with it close to her breast. 'Cleopatra!' said I. She heard; and, flinging the reptile aside, coldly turned away. Oh, on my young breast she flung the chilling, life-gnawing viper! But truly it is now all gone by, and I speak calmly. To thee may a better genius say: 'Love the fair one whom I show thee.'"

Poor Charles! Unrealized by himself, he was but playing at renunciation and friendship. His unhappy love for Linda de Romeiro had opened early all the veins of his heart; he plunged into good and bad dissipations and amours, and afterward rep-

resented on paper or on the stage everything that he repented or blessed. His heart could not do without the holy sensibilities; but they were at best only a new luxury, a tonic.

So stood matters in his breast when he came to Albano, hunting like an epicure after love, but merely to play with it. He was grateful that *one* good angel had not flown with the rest —Friendship. His sister, the beautiful Liana, he had hitherto loved as a friend, so fraternally, so freely, so increasingly! And now Albano, splendidly armed, had come to his breast. He resolved that his good comrades, Liana and Albano, should be as friendly with each other as with himself. He began to paint to the sensitive youth—who, amid the secluded and poetic book-world, had acquired a higher tenderness than the actual intercourse of society teaches—the portrait of Liana; how she watched and pleaded for him, and even impoverished herself to wipe out his debts; how she never severely blamed, but mildly entreated him, not from artificial patience, but from genuine love.

The next day Roquairol brought Zesara to his home. Liana always beheld her brother with the heartiest joy, although he usually wished to get something when he came, and with joy she now flew to meet him, with a book in hand from which she had been reading to her mother at work embroidering. Finding a handsome young student with Charles, she paused, and then received Albano more unconstrainedly than he met her, with his admiration already excited by Charles's description. What a paradisiacal mingling of unaffected shyness and overflowing friendliness did she present!—of bashfulness and grace of movement, of playful kindness, of silent consciousness.

Liana took her mother's place at the embroidery-frame, while the mother launched the young visitor out upon the safe high sea of general conversation, into which the cynical son threw now and then a dangerous reef. Albano looked the while at the mosaic flower-pieces growing under Liana's little hand. He noted how her pure white brow, over which the curly hair transparently waved, bent forward, and how her face, when she spoke, or when she looked for new colors of silk, lifted itself, animated with the higher glow of industry in the eye and on the cheek. Charles sometimes hastily stretched out his hand toward her. She willingly reached hers across; he laid it be-

tween his, and turned it over, looked into the palm, pressed it with both hands, and the brother and sister smiled upon each other affectionately.

"To think there is so much fine and lovely work in the world that may pass unnoticed!" exclaimed Albano—"that delicate green leaflet, for instance."

"Well," answered Liana, "the little leaf has surely escaped that evil destiny; it *is* observed."

"What matters a thing's being forgotten and useless?" said Roquairol; "enough that a thing *is*. Nature is ever drawing out of endless seas, and without exhausting them; we, too, are a nature, and should draw up and pour out, and not be always reckoning on the irrigating profit of every transient shower and rainbow. Just keep on embroidering, sister!" he concluded ironically.

"Princess Julienne comes to-day," his mother informed Roquairol.

This announcement set him into a train of high spirits; a female part was to him as necessary for society as a button he could twirl on his coat was to Kant in teaching.

"Come, leave your work," he said, and, taking a red veil from a statue on the card-table, he threw it, like a crimson dawn, over the lilies on the face of the embroideress.

Just then the door opened, and Julienne entered. Liana, in haste to welcome her, tangled herself in the little red dawn. Albano mechanically sprang to relieve her of the veil, and she gave it to him with a sweet, frank look, that caused his eye to shine with rapture.

That night he awoke often, and knew not what it was that so blissfully rocked his being. Ah, it was the dear eye that still looked upon him in his dreams.

The Princess Julienne brought news of the coming of Linda de Romeiro from Spain. "The Countess will lead us all a pretty dance," she said; "she will travel over everything. I wager she climbs up *on* Mont Blanc, and *into* Vesuvius. I call her, for this reason, the Titaness. You are from Spain," she said, turning to Zesara; "have you met her?"

"No," he answered, "but my father has become her guardian recently."

"Here is a portrait of her," said Julienne, giving him a miniature. Heavens! it was exactly the form and face that arose that magic night out of Lago Maggiore, sent by the spirits!

"It is a splendid likeness," said the Princess.

"Splendid," repeated Zesara.

Julienne did not note the apparent contradiction of his statements, but Liana did, and gave him a puzzled look.

He continued: "She is beautiful and bold, but I do not love boldness in women."

"Oh, one can readily believe that of men," replied Julienne; "no hostile power loves it in the other party."

Thereafter Albano Zesara was often at the home of his friend Charles Roquairol, now doubly dear because of his sister. While Charles played the gallant with the Princess Julienne, Albano strolled through the fairy grounds of Lilar with Liana. They were fond of conversing there with Pastor Spener, the mystic, whose church was hard by. He had, he said, formerly tormented himself in every human friendship and love. But all love demands an object of infinite worth, and requires a reciprocal love, without limits, without selfishness, without division, without pause, without end. Such an object is the Divine Being, not fleeting, sinful, changeable man. Therefore must the lovesick heart sink into the Giver Himself of this and all love — into the disinterested, unlimited, universal Love. Thence it looks back upon the world and finds everywhere God and His reflection: the worlds are His deeds; every pious man is a word, a look, of the All-loving. Nothing is earthly, he said, but what is immoral.

Pastor Spener's life was in accord with his beautiful, gentle philosophy. He would not smoke his bees with brimstone; he would reprove the driver of a wounded horse, and he abstained from meat—indeed, he could not pass a butcher's stall without a shudder.

One evening, after the old man had left them, Albano and Liana sat upon a hillside looking over Lilar, lying in the arms of the shimmering Rosana.

"Oh, how beautiful is everything!" exclaimed Albano.

"Yes, God is over all, and in all," answered Liana.

"Truly in thee," murmured Albano softly.

The spirit voice that he had heard before rang above him. He would not listen to its message, but seized Liana's hand and exclaimed: "Liana, I love thee!"

She lifted her face, rosy with the reflection of the sunset, to his, and said: "I will love thee, good Albano, if it will make thee happy."

Albano touched Liana's trembling flower-lip, as John kissed Christ.

The moon had already gone up into the blue, like a white angel of peace, but the blest ones marked it not. Like a sounding waterfall their rich life covered them, and they knew not that the flutes of the birds had ceased and all the hills were shining.

But the father of Liana, a Minister of the Court, had another husband than Zesara in view for his daughter, and he demanded that she give up her Albano. She refused, and he imprisoned her in her chamber and induced his wife to work upon her feelings, but all to no avail. Finally he sent her to Pastor Spener. He unlocked for her the church, lighted a torch at the altar, and completed what her parents could not.

How and why he extorted from her the promise to renounce her Albano forever are mysteries hidden by the Great Sphinx of the oath that she swore to him.

Albano looked at the lighted windows of the church that night, saw apparitions within, and shuddered, he knew not why.

Liana went with her mother to see Zesara, return his letters, and tell him that she could not be his.

"I have resigned you," she said; "there is a mystery which concerns only you and your happiness that has constrained me to part from you and from every joy."

"A mystery?" he inquired.

"I have sworn not to reveal it," she answered.

"Did you do so in Spener's church near Lilar?" he asked.

She covered her eyes with her hand and nodded slowly.

"Then I have already shuddered at your perfidy," he said. He fell into a storm, and poured out, like a water-wheel driven by its own burden, his overcharged feelings against her.

Just at this time there was an eclipse of the sun. Cold shudders played like ghosts of the noonday hour in the little faint luster that was neither sunlight nor moonlight.

"This is indeed fitting for to-day," said Albano. "For me henceforth it shall be eclipse; for you, oh, be it still gloomier—utter night!"

"Albano, forbear! I am innocent, and I am blind," said Liana.

It was indeed so. Sight had gone forever from the maiden. She turned to grope her way to her mother.

"What is the matter?" said the mother and Pastor Spener, who was with her.

"Your daughter is stricken blind, and may God send those who are to blame for it their retribution of misery," cried Albano.

Don Gaspard, the father of Albano, in Spain, had arranged that his son should marry Linda de Romeiro. He now wrote his son that the lady was coming to Lilar, where she had spent her young girlhood and had entranced Captain Roquairol. When he heard of this Charles's passion was renewed, and he forgot his renunciation to Albano of Linda. Indeed, he chose to make of Zesara's betrothal to her, although this had been made without Albano's knowledge and consent, a cause of offense toward him. He wrote to Zesara, falsely charging him with causing his sister's affliction, and challenged him to a duel. Schoppe, Zesara's corps companion, full of hatred for Roquairol's juggling heart, persuaded the broken-hearted Albano to accept it. In the beginning of the fight Count Zesara merely defended himself, while the Captain flashed away at him like lightning, unavailingly. Then more fiery grew Albano's glance; more drunk with indignation, he set upon the werewolf of devoured friendship—suddenly he struck Roquairol's sword from him, and then threw his own weapon upon the ground.

Albano's eyes filled with fiery tears, hideously distorting the craven countenance before him.

"Albano!" said Roquairol, relying on the tear-built rainbow of peace, and offered him his hand. Albano turned aside, too noble to endure another's humiliation. "Farewell, but go!" he said. "Thou knowest I am innocent."

Oh, it is a gloomy mourning day—the burial-day of friendship, when the outcast, orphan heart goes home alone, and it

sees the death-owl fly screaming from the death-bed of dear, murdered feeling!

Linda, that foreign tropical bird, came flying in advance of Gaspard, and her nearness, and the purpose of her coming (of which Gaspard had written, informing his son) by the magic law of the heart, awakened in Zesara an insuperable longing for Liana. He resolved to see her before her death, which he heard was fast approaching.

"Before the dying throne of this angel how will I bruise with contrition my hard, haughty heart, and take back everything whereby I blinded and wounded that tender soul, that her heart may at least part from me with one little farewell pleasure!"

He went to Liana's home and, unseen by any, stole within the summer-house where she lay upon a couch.

"Liana, forgive!" he cried; and she, smiling with inexpressible love:

"So, then, thou lovest me again, Albano. Thou wast even in Lilar wholly in error. One day my Albano will learn that I tore my heart from his only for his good. And he will at last come to be happy in the love of another; for there is one whom it is my last wish that thou shalt love. It is Linda de Romeiro, thy father's choice. Wilt thou distress me by a vehement No?"

"Heavenly soul!" he cried, "I answer thee not. Ah, forgive, forgive!"

"I forgive," she murmured; "farewell, beloved."

At that moment Liana's harp sent out a clear, high, ringing tone far into the silence, and, peaceful and smiling, Albano's love closed her sightless eyes in death.

Albano fled to Italy, that he might not meet Linda de Romeiro and his father yet awhile. Again Ascension Day fell upon his birthday. He was in Naples, and there he heard of a monk, a wonder-worker, who promised a miracle, announcing that he would ascend to heaven on that day from Mola, near the city. From curiosity Albano went to see him. There was a crowd around the ruins of Cicero's house. On the tower stood a trembling man in monkish habit. Albano found his face more and more familiar.

"Remember death!" cried the monk. "Ay, and I bring also a message of life!" Then he added in the Spanish tongue,

as if for Zesara's sole benefit: "There stands one among you to whom I appeared one Good Friday on Isola Bella, and announced the death of his sister; let him go to Ischia; there will he find his sister."

Albano now recognized the monk and leaped forward to seize him. The crowd, hearing the monk speak in a strange tongue, cried, "He is talking with his master, the devil," and also surged forward. But the man flung himself upward away from their outstretched hands. "Pray!" he said, and seemingly vanished in broad air. But among the spectators lay a man with face to earth and continually cried, in the Spanish tongue: "God have mercy on me!"

Albano went over to Ischia and stood looking at Vesuvius in the full moonlight. In admiring the beauty of the scene he forgot why he had come to the island. A lady with two maid-servants stood near by, also contemplating the smoking mountain. Hers was the rich beauty of a bronze goddess; it was strangely familiar to Albano, and he puzzled his brain to identify the likeness.

Shadows thrown by the descending moon lengthened about them. The servants had wandered to a little distance.

"I beg you, sir, that you will call them," said the lady. "Like many of my countrywomen (for I am a Spaniard) I am very near-sighted at night, and must be guided."

Albano offered to guide her, which she declined, but granted him the privilege of accompanying her.

Silently they walked in the rare night and region. Suddenly one of the maids, a native of the island, said:

"An earthquake is coming; I feel it!" and she and her fellow fled, leaving their mistress and Albano alone together.

The lady walked calmly onward.

"Are you not afraid?" asked Zesara.

"Why?" she answered; "all that the infinite mother wills and sends me to-day shall be dear to me, even death. It is by divine purpose that I am here to-day."

Albano's spirit recognized its lofty kinswoman and rose from its princely seat to greet her.

"Thou art Linda de Romeiro," he said.

"And thou Albano de Zesara," she calmly answered.

His heart was an asbestos leaf written over and cast into the fire; his whole former life went out, while the leaf shone fiery and pure, for Linda's hand.

Out of hell a thunder-car rolled on in the subterranean ways —a broad lightning flapped its wings up and down in the pure heaven—the earth and the stars trembled, and affrighted eagles flew through the lofty night.

"Give me your hands," said Albano. She reached them forth, and he grasped them. They did not tremble. The earth-tremor passed, yet Albano loosened not his hold.

"Give me thy hands forever," he said softly. "It is the will of the gods; we may not contend against Olympus."

LEITCH RITCHIE

(Scotland, 1800–1865)

THE ROBBER OF THE RHINE (1833)

Although this story did not appear as a separate volume before 1875, it was printed as No. 2, in the *Library of Romance*, in 1833, and reprinted in the *Parlour Library*, No. XIII, in 1848. Some of the incidents that have an improbable air in the romance are based on historical data. (See *Vie de Schinderhannes*, by M. de Sevelinges.) The famous bandit was guillotined, with nineteen of his followers, on the 21st of November, 1803.

ONE night in autumn a young man might have been seen climbing the garden-wall that surrounded the aristocratic mansion of the Dallheimers, a short distance from Aix-la-Chapelle. He was dressed like a person of rank, but with the somewhat fantastic appendage of a guitar slung over his shoulders. After dropping on the other side he made his way to the wing appropriated to the sleeping apartments, unslung his guitar and sang, to the low, soft tone of its accompaniment, the words of a passionate serenade. Suddenly the casement above him opened, and a woman's voice bade him be silent. This was the voice of Ida Dallheimer, who told him that her proud and worldly mother had discovered their love. His friend, Baron Wolfenstein, had said—though not, she believed, with malicious intention—that he, Carl Benzel, was a ruined gambler, and she was forbidden to see him. Carl confessed that, before he met her, he had impaired his estate and committed other follies, which her influence had led him to renounce. As long as he should be subject to that influence he would be a different man.

"Then," said Ida, "I will save you from yourself; I will collect my money and jewels, and fly with you to-night."

Carl was taken aback by this declaration, and asked her to

reconsider it, or, at least, wait till to-morrow. But Ida was firm. If he did not take her now, he never should see her again. The clock would strike twelve in a few minutes; if he did not make up his mind before that, all was over between them. When the fateful hour was signaled the casement was closed, and Carl retraced his steps to the city in a state of indescribable agony. He had outraged her love, and yet, if he had consented, he would have made her a partner in his misery and shame.

Carl made his way to a house that was a blaze of light from top to bottom and had a somewhat sinister appearance. As he was about to enter, he met Baron Wolfenstein, a strikingly handsome youth, but with that vulgar air of ferocity so much affected by young Germans at the close of the eighteenth century. Carl accosted him sternly, and a duel was arranged to be fought before daylight. After losing his last dollar in the gambling-house, Carl wandered through the city, hopeless and penniless. He met one of his servants, who told him his house was in the hands of bailiffs and the officers of the law were searching for him everywhere. The next morning he had hardly made a few passes at Wolfenstein, when his sword was dashed from his hand, and he was at the mercy of his opponent. The latter declared that he had always been really his friend, and would help him in his suit for Ida's hand. As for himself, he was betrothed to a peasant girl who was worth a dozen women like Ida.

Carl decided to take refuge in an old, dilapidated castle, the only possession left him, which was in a lonely part of the country, where he was not likely to be disturbed. Its sole tenant was his aged nurse, whom, he reflected remorsefully, he had neglected for years. As he was trudging over the fields, for he wished to avoid observation, he caught a glimpse of a carriage on the highway. This was escorted by four horsemen, and, as it passed rapidly, somebody waved a handkerchief toward him from the window. The travelers knew him then; he was panic-stricken and quickened his steps. When it was night, he decided to defer his visit to his nurse; he would return to the city and try to have another interview with Ida. But he found the house deserted, and was informed that Madame Dallheimer and her daughter had left for Trèves, attended by four armed

servants. So Ida was in the carriage he had seen on the public road, and now she was lost to him forever.

He set out at once for the home of his old nurse, entered her apartment, and found her a corpse. After digging a grave for her with his own hands, he was attacked by fever. As the people of the neighboring village believed the place haunted, he would undoubtedly have perished but for the courage of a peasant girl named Liese, who did not believe in ghosts. She lived by selling eggs, and had frequently brought her wares to Aix-la-Chapelle. She was as fearless as she was beautiful, and, two nights after the nurse's death, determined to explore the ruins, as the windows now never showed a light. She found Carl delirious and almost at the last gasp, nursed him and saved his life. During his ravings she was surprised to hear frequently the names of Ida Dallheimer and Wolfenstein, both of whom she knew. In fact, she was the humble friend and confidant of the former, and was enabled to raise the hopes of Carl by assuring him of the affection of his mistress, in spite of everything.

When completely recovered, he set out for Trèves, confident that his guitar would procure him the hospitality that never is denied to the wandering minstrel in the Rhineland. But, though food and lodging were freely offered him, he was astonished to discover that his presence excited everywhere fear and suspicion. At last he learned the reason: he was believed to be Schinderhannes, the famous robber who for two years had kept the whole country in terror from Cologne to the Neckar. Faint shrieks greeted him from groups of young girls as he passed.

After entering Trèves he inquired his way to Madame Dallheimer's. But there was no response when he rang the bell. A distinguished-looking young man, evidently of Oriental race, came toward him and told him he rang in vain, as the family had set out for Mayence the day before.

"But," he added, "if thou art the Christian Benzel, follow me."

Although Carl disliked the Jews, there was something so imposing and authoritative about this particular Hebrew that he submitted. After threading their way through some of the meanest alleys in the town they entered a dismal apartment

which was crowded with men and women. Carl, who had recovered his self-control, demanded imperiously for what purpose he had been led thither. Ishmael—for such was the name of his guide—answered: "Partly to save thee from prison, and partly because I was bidden to do what I have done. She who has employed me had intended to send thee tidings; but her letter was seized by her mother, and that is the reason they are now on the road to Mayence."

Carl heard the sobs of a young girl in a corner. She was very beautiful, but not in the style of the daughters of Zion. Ishmael at once flew to her side, and Carl afterward discovered that her name was Magdalene and that she was his wife, having deserted race, religion, and family for the handsome young Jew.

The whole party left the city before daybreak and directed their steps toward the dreary and savage heights of the Hohewald. As this was Schinderhannes's special country, Carl asked Ishmael whether he were not afraid.

"No," he replied, "he will not harm us, because he dare not."

The passage was more tedious and difficult than the party had anticipated, and they were glad to be able to take refuge from the fog, rain, and tempest in a deserted Gothic chapel. When the storm had somewhat abated they resumed their journey. But after they had gone several miles the weather became worse than ever and the sky grew black. Carl and Magdalene were separated from their companions in the darkness, and all their efforts to rejoin them failed. At last they found themselves before an inn, and they were about to enter, when Carl recollected he had no money, and told Magdalene of his sad situation. For answer she thrust into his hand a purse filled with gold. They were well received by the host, Kunz Weiner, but were alarmed, as well as disgusted, at the presence of a hideous, brutal, half-drunken giant, whose name, they were informed, was Peter Schwartz, or Peter the Black. The landlord let it be seen that he himself was in league with the robbers, and that he believed Carl to be one of their leaders. He informed him that a cavalier and his wife were lodging in the inn, and that both had a special protection signed by Schinderhannes himself. Carl caught a glimpse of the lady, who, though garbed

in the richest attire, was undoubtedly Liese. He could not see the face of the gentleman, but he believed he recognized his figure as familiar. The landlord was very confidential and told his two guests that the house of the miller Moritz would be invested and attacked that very night by a part of the robbers of the Rhine. Carl and his companion thereupon decided to escape from the inn and warn the miller. It was only after much hesitation that Moritz admitted them. He scouted the notion of his mill being in danger, for he and Schinderhannes were good friends. But his opinion changed when he heard several volleys fired a short distance from the house, and shortly afterward the mill was attacked. Carl, having got a glimpse of the attacking party, saw that they were in the uniform of French soldiers. He hinted to Moritz that they might be gendarmes, in which case resistance would be foolish. But the miller answered that it was the custom of the banditti to use such disguises on their expeditions. After a time the door was forced by the assailants, who proved to be real gendarmes, and the inmates were bound hand and foot. The men were all placed on horseback, each with his legs strapped under the animal's belly, and fastened round the waist to a gendarme in front of him. Several bandits, and among them Peter the Black, were in custody. The sound of firing that had been heard in the mill arose from a conflict between the robbers and a force sent by the authorities; and the attack on the mill was the result of a strong belief that it had often afforded a refuge to the robbers.

One of the bandit prisoners was tall, well shaped, and of rather lofty demeanor. His face was so disguised with black chalk that it was impossible to recognize his features; yet Benzel fancied that he bore some resemblance to the cavalier whose back he had seen at the inn. This person took advantage of the darkness and the storm to communicate with Carl. He told him that Ida Dallheimer was a captive in one of the strongholds of Schinderhannes, from which the outlaw was absent. She was, therefore, in great danger from his wild followers. As Carl bore such a striking likeness to the robber chief, he must consent to personate him; and, after much hesitation, the young man agreed to do so. Then there was a volley from a neighboring wood; the twelve gendarmes were reduced to eight; the disguised

bandit escaped in the confusion, and the remainder of the party set forward at a good round pace for the little town of Birkenfeld. In the tower in which they were imprisoned Carl was astonished to see Ishmael. The latter whispered something into Magdalene's ear, and she at once fainted. Carl recollected afterward that one of the robbers had looked menacingly at the Jew while he was whispering. Both Ishmael and his wife appeared to be perfectly free of the prison. After several days had elapsed, they rescued Carl, who, guided by Magdalene, crossed the open country toward the east and plunged into the forest that stretches to Oberstein.

Meanwhile the Dallheimers had reached Trèves. At the hotel where they put up, the mother was delighted to meet Wolfenstein. She hoped to arrange an alliance between him and her daughter. It was true that the Baron's follies were as extravagant as those of Benzel. But then, neither his heavy losses at play nor his riotous living appeared to have the slightest effect in impairing his resources. The prudent mother, therefore, used all her arts to bring about a marriage between him and Ida. Wolfenstein, who saw through her schemes, declared that he must leave for Mayence, much as he regretted parting from them; but certain important business required his presence in that city. On the next day Madame Dallheimer learned of the presence of Benzel in Trèves, and this fact, as well as her hopes for Ida's future, decided her to go to Mayence. It was late in the afternoon when her carriage reached the heights of the Hohewald, and she saw some armed men at a distance on foot. She was frightened, and, with Ida, took refuge in a deserted oratory on the roadside, telling her postilions to say that the carriage was returning to Aix-la-Chapelle without its owner. The place was crowded with Jews, so that the Dallheimers could not get farther than the threshold. To Madame's great joy, she saw a figure approach which she took to be that of Wolfenstein. But she was soon undeceived. The stranger's face was as black as a negro's. It was Peter Schwartz, accompanied by another sinister-looking ruffian. He ordered the Jews to deliver up their valuables, and, after vain entreaties for mercy, they did so. Then he beckoned the Dallheimers to follow him, and they obeyed him, almost unconsciously. After a painful journey of

several miles through a narrow gorge, their passage was barred by a perpendicular ledge about seven feet high. But Peter climbed it easily, and, stooping over, swung the mother and daughter to the top. They were conducted to a strongly fortified farmhouse, where they were received with great civility. An elegant supper was set before them, and their bedrooms were comfortable and even luxurious. Madame Dallheimer felt her courage revive, and asked the servant whether they would be permitted to resume their journey in the morning. She answered that they could not do so without the master's leave.

"What is your master's name?" inquired Madame.

"Johann Buckler."

They never had heard it. Still, though their perplexity increased, their terror diminished. Occasionally, the thought of being in the hands of Peter the Black and his companions frightened them; but they soon perceived that no violence was contemplated. Then, Wolfenstein must be in the neighborhood and would hear of such an important capture. In fact, they had a letter from him, after the lapse of two days. He informed them that he had thrown himself on the generosity of the outlaws, who really possessed a sort of grotesque honor. He would be allowed to visit his friends, arrange their ransom, and conduct them to Mayence.

Madame Dallheimer was delighted. Surely she could contrive to persuade this excellent young man to be her son-in-law before the journey ended. On his visit, he alarmed the two ladies by informing them that Johann Buckler and Schinderhannes were the same person. They should not be frightened, however. The freebooter was, in his way, a man of honor. If the affair of the ransom were properly managed they would leave under the passport of Schinderhannes himself, who was in high good humor after his marriage to a woman of great beauty and commanding talent. Ida asked him what was the origin of the abominable nickname Schinderhannes (Skinner-Jack). The trade of flayer or knacker, she was told, was, like that of executioner, hereditary in certain families in Germany, and was almost as much abhorred. Johann Buckler, then, was born to degradation. Moreover, when he was little more than a child, the skin was publicly scourged from his back in punishment for

an insignificant theft; so it was no wonder be became an enemy of society. After the departure of Wolfenstein to settle the ransom, seven days were spent in great anxiety. However, Ida had noticed that the scenery in the neighborhood was exceedingly picturesque, and she found some relief in long, solitary walks. One day a young girl in Jewish garb fell on her knees before her, believing her to be the wife of Johann Buckler. She told her that a young gentleman, confined in the tower of Birkenfeld, was about to be tried by a military commission and shot. He had protected her like a brother when she was separated from her husband in the dark, and she and her husband were ready to risk death to save him.

Before they reached the house Ida was in possession of every particular, so far as known to Magdalene, relating to Carl Benzel's history. On entering the main hall, they were astonished to see a beautiful woman, magnificently dressed, seated on a high chair and acting as a judge. She had just fined a Jew heavily for having been seen talking to a gendarme. It was the bandit queen, the wife of Johann Buckler. After the apartment had been cleared, Magdalene fell on her knees before her and related the perilous situation of Carl Benzel. The wife of Schinderhannes remained motionless for some minutes. Then she ordered Magdalene to go back to her home and remain there for three days. "And as for you, young lady," she said to Ida, "retire to your chamber."

"Adieu," whispered Magdalene to her companion. "There is that in yonder woman's face which inclines me to trust her."

"Possibly," thought Ida. "But where have I seen that face before? Oh, the resemblance must be accidental."

Soon afterward the bandit queen abruptly entered her apartment. After the first start of surprise, Ida studied her features with intense curiosity.

"You are right, Madame," said her visitor, crossing her arms on her breast and bending low, "the wife of Schinderhannes is the peasant girl Liese. You wish me to save your lover. Know that I would risk every life in the world for his safety, except one, and that one not my own."

"But," said Ida, "let us act at once. My whole fortune shall be spent in his rescue. If I fail, I shall be near to sustain him

at the approach of death, and, when all is over, I will sit down under the guillotine and die."

"I told him so," answered Liese. "He believed me on my woman's faith, and blessed me in his heart. Rest assured we shall save him, but I am forbidden to tell how."

When Ida returned to her mother, her restless eye and cheeks all flushed with fever told the old lady that her love for Benzel was more deeply rooted than she had imagined, and, in fear for her daughter's health, she declared that she no longer objected to her marriage with her lover. But what availed her mother's consent, if Schinderhannes failed and they killed him? After some days, she was in such distress that she determined to escape from the farm and do what she could to aid him. Letting herself down from her window by means of a rope tied to a chest of drawers, she fled across the fields. She was alarmed by the tramp of horses, and hid behind a tree. Thrusting her head between the branches, she perceived twenty men riding, sternly and silently, along, and at the head of them Wolfenstein, Schwartz, and Carl Benzel. So Carl was free; but her pleasure was dashed with fear and shame. How came he to be riding at the head of these bandits? His freedom must have been the result of some disgraceful compact.

In gloom and terror, she attempted to make her way back to her room. But she was unable to do so, for more than a score of men, armed to the teeth, each with a lighted torch in his hand, filled the court in front. Shrinking down, she concealed herself as best she could. Then Wolfenstein issued from a door that had just been opened, sorrow, anger, and disdain on his countenance. He was followed by a young man, bareheaded, evidently a Jew. Wolfenstein addressed the latter:

"Ishmael, you divulged to the woman Magdalene the secret of your destiny on the night you left by my orders. An apprentice who betrays that he is so is the most mischievous of traitors." And he leveled a pistol at the unfortunate Jew.

Benzel rushed forward, threw himself in front of the victim, and declared that Schinderhannes—for he now knew that the patrician Wolfenstein and the plebeian Buckler were one and the same—would be a cowardly murderer if he persisted in his design. But he was speedily disarmed, the trigger was pulled,

and Ishmael fell dead on the floor. As for Ida, she swooned when the shot rang in her ears. After recovering consciousness, she found that the armed array had disappeared. There was a single lighted torch stuck in the ground beside a dark object at the farther end, and by it knelt a human figure; it was Magdalene, who begged Ida to stay by her dead husband until she had returned from a short journey she was bound to make. She was going to inform the authorities of her husband's murder.

Toward midnight Ida heard the measured tread of a man, and a hand was laid on her shoulder:

"Poor woman!" said the voice of Carl Benzel, "how willingly would I have died in his place."

He gently raised the hood that covered, as he supposed, the face of Magdalene. "Gracious Heaven!" he cried, "Ida Dallheimer! Or is this a dream?"

Ida would have clasped him in her arms, for his bravery in trying to save Ishmael made her forget everything else. But he retreated in silence from her. Then, after a time, he said:

"Do not approach me. There is a gulf between us which you will not and I dare not overleap. I am no longer an honest man, but the companion of assassins. Even now the fetters are riveting and the ax is sharpening for the outlaw, Carl Benzel. Your ransom is paid, and you leave in the morning with your mother for Mayence. Farewell!"

Ida shrieked. It was too late. He was gone. Next morning she saw that her mother's carriage was being made ready for the journey. Benzel was quietly but zealously superintending the preparations. He told her that Schinderhannes was so hardly pressed by the military that he had determined on crossing the Rhine. To effect their escape, he and his comrades were not afraid to risk an engagement with the gendarmes.

"Many of us will be slain, many of us taken," he said to Ida; "but if I escape with life and liberty you will hear from me."

But she was resolved to accompany him in his flight, to tend his wounds if he was wounded, to die with him or for him. So Madame Dallheimer had to set out for Mayence alone.

When the band had reached the boats that were to convey them across the Rhine, Buckler told Carl that the engagement of an apprentice terminated with the death of the chief.

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AMÉLIE RIVES

(PRINCESS TROUBETZKOY)

(United States, 1863)

THE QUICK OR THE DEAD? (1888)

This novel appeared first in *Lippincott's Magazine* (1883) and later was published in book form. It created much discussion on both sides of the Atlantic, because of its wide departure from the usual style of "young-lady novel" and the unquestionable mark of genius displayed by its youthful author. We present here the author's own shortened version of the story.

SOUGHING rain was a-sweep in the lifeless autumn air the night Barbara Pomfret arrived at Rosemary. The drive from the station over dangerous roads had almost unnerved her, and she was glad to escape the embraces of her Aunt Fridiswig, and resign herself to the ministrations of Martha Ellen, the maid of her girlhood.

Listless, with damp hair unwound about her shoulders, Barbara sat dreaming in the uncertain firelight of her old familiar room. Its airy southern spaces were ranged with memories of her happier days, for here three years before had been passed the first months of her absolutely joyous married life. Her husband had been dead two years, but each object vividly recalled his presence; a gesture of the maid once more provoked his laughter; the cigar half burned in its tray of ashes wreathed forth his face.

Barbara rose suddenly, and, dismissing the maid, began to pace the room on soft, slipperless feet. Already she told herself that she had been a fool to intrude into this vast reliquary, so imperative in its impressions that her husband was manifest even to her physical senses. His arms held her, she felt his

kisses, and rising from the table where in a mad ecstasy of grief she had pressed her lips into the plaintive ashes of that old cigar, Barbara retreated to the door, with fascinated, dreading eyes searching the gloom behind her. But in the doorway her shrinking body seemed crushed by those grim caresses, and there Miss Fridiswig and the maid, alarmed by the sound of her fall, found her apparently lifeless.

Barbara soon regained consciousness under restoratives, but her mood remained constant to the morbid suggestion of her surroundings, and her strange, hysterical prayers and despairing laughter, when she remembered their futility, stirred her maid to sympathy and terror throughout the sleepless night.

These gloomy illusions pursued Barbara during the following days, until in time her solitary musings led to long rambles through the woods surrounding the old Virginia mansion. There the thousand incidents of light and shadow occupied her lively imagination, and her harsher memories were dispelled in dreams, as she breathed the opiate haze of the autumn day. By a happy impulse Barbara one day discarded her mourning garments and dressed herself in an old girlhood costume. Unwinding the severe plaits of her copper-brown hair, she allowed them to curl richly into a floating background for the clear but vivid pallor of her face. Ten years seemed to have fallen from her with that burnished coronal, and, leaving her wedded life behind her, she roved in the forest an airy, girlish figure, though still the sad, unspeaking woman to her neighbors.

One evening, after returning from a walk, Barbara entered the drawing-room, where a man standing before the fire was warming his hands with a gesture familiar and dear to her. As he came toward her, Barbara began to think she was in a dream, the figure, the step, the pose were so identically her husband's.

"You must be Barbara," he said.

The room swung about her, and the man who had spoken with her husband's voice supported her to a chair with the very trick of arm that he had been wont to use. She shut her eyes, fearing to look up, and put out both hands as if to push him from her, as he arranged cushions and placed a footstool for her.

"So sorry!" he was saying disjointedly. "Ought to have

rung for lights. Firelight confused you. By the way, I'm Jock Dering, Val's cousin, you know. He told me so much—I mean I've heard so much about you, I feel as if I knew you. Are you all right now? Do look at me; it'll steady you. There's—there's a strong likeness."

After he had unconsciously confirmed the secret dread of Barbara, she did not venture to look at him, though Dering was studying her with curious interest.

"She's handsome," he said to himself, "but she's too blonde and too big. Her hair's too red—no, there's too much of it—no, it's the way she wears it."

Not until she turned her strong, classic profile did her beauty strike any responsive chord in Dering, and then, as they entered into desultory conversation, he began wondering what could be the expression of those averted eyes.

A log crashed down upon the hearth, and as Dering stooped to replace it, Barbara involuntarily looked into his face. Then he was startled by the soft huddling against him of her unconscious body.

It was indeed an extraordinary likeness that John Dering bore to his dead cousin. The strong, unusual face, the frank manner, the distinguishing traits of voice and gesture—he might have risen from the ashes of Valentine Pomfret, and without one day added to the latter's years.

During the days that followed his coming to Rosemary, the emotions that had at first overwhelmed Barbara in this traditionary spot returned with singular intensity. She was by turns flooded with rapture at having again seen her husband's face and torn with an impotent rage that any human creature should dare to have his being. Now she yearned for another sight of the dear face, now she flung the idea from her, as unnatural and abhorrent. Sometimes smiling at the memory of dear and intimate caresses, and then turning in tearful revolt against the coldly spiritual love that haunted her from the grave, she would fall into bitter human weeping and plead for death.

Dering called at Rosemary several times; but Barbara instinctively avoided him, until one day he met her walking in the forest. Her lack of cordiality was no offense to the genial egotism of Dering, who, after inviting the denial that she had taken

a dislike to him, intimated that a closer acquaintance would make them the best of friends.

Barbara, who had not felt the shock she dreaded at meeting him, was not disposed to reject this delightful comradeship, though her always varying mood whirled him before her senses in changing aspects, sometimes as her friend, sometimes as Valentine Pomfret himself.

In their light, half-intimate conversation, Barbara could not entirely conceal the current of her thoughts; there was at times an unconscious tenderness, a wistfulness, in her voice and manner that stirred a subtle response in Dering.

It was late in the afternoon when they stepped from the shelter of the woods into the teeth of a driving gale, and, after a futile effort to make head against it, they sought refuge at the foot of a hill, among the overhanging roots of an enormous tree. Crouching there with the tempest warring far above, and their faces thinly veiled from each other by the lurid dusk, Barbara and Dering felt themselves wayfarers in an elfin land. Half jestingly they began talking in the vein of fancy, which carries so many true illusions; the mad ecstasy of the storm seemed to affect them both a little, and when Dering put out his hand to draw Barbara's wind-blown furs more closely about her, she shrank from the touch against her throat.

"You have played me some witch-trick," said the man unsteadily. "What is this I feel for you? I hate this murky half glimmer, and yet I should be content to sit here with you day after day, night after night. If you were Amina in the story, I think I would wait for you at the churchyard gate every night, and not be afraid."

Then she began to laugh—wild, clamorous laughter.

"Yes, yes," she said, "that is what I am, Amina. I am only happy when prying into a grave."

Dering did not question her unusual mood; indeed, he felt strangely swayed by it.

"I seem to understand you in some strange way," he said. "Some day you'll tell me everything."

"Yes, everything, everything," she repeated, pressing close to him; "you are good to understand."

In an effort to restore a more conventional tone to their con-

[illegible] Barbara and Dering talked on hurriedly, irrele[illegible] and the dying down of the storm permitted them to leave [illegible]

[illegible] are your elfin maids of honor [illegible] you," said Dering, as they groped their way home[illegible] the fields.

"They don't know there is a mortal with me," answered [illegible]

"Perhaps they mean that this mortal shall put on immor[illegible]

[illegible] said Barbara, shaken by one of those violent trem[illegible] had alarmed Dering early in the evening. "That's [illegible] How can you speak lightly of such things? [illegible] a terrible, terrible walk."

[illegible] said Dering.

[illegible] don't laugh," she urged, grasping his arm [illegible] say that? I can see it all [illegible] like a vault itself, filled with [illegible] —the [illegible]

Her veering moods presented her beauty to him in a thousand accidents of fancy (p. 92)

Photogravure from the original painting made for this edition by E. A. Moss

[illegible] oh, you poor [illegible]" said Dering pityingly. He [illegible] her, and she clung to him trembling in the [illegible] night blurred upland.

[illegible] elapsed before they met again, though Dering [illegible] Rosemary, meeting no one but amiable, unob[illegible] Fridiswig. Barbara's constraint of manner passed away before Dering's almost boyish desire to please, and over [illegible] the evening fire, a friendly intercourse [illegible] them [illegible] toward the boundary they had so impetuously over[illegible] evening of the storm. Dering was already much in [illegible] with Barbara. Her veering moods presented her beauty [illegible] thousand accidents of fancy; even her morbid mus[illegible] stirred him to the heart, and understanding their source he [illegible] sensibly that except in looks there was no resemblance [illegible] and himself.

[illegible] could not yet be disillusioned of her sorrow, and if [illegible] in her secret thoughts, she was disturbed [illegible] pleased by its presence. Though occasionally a word or gesture of Dering's would call to mind his physical like-

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ness to Valentine, Barbara began to connect his personality with himself alone.

As weeks fled on, he became more continually her companion. One bitter November afternoon these two comrades, as they now called themselves, engaged in a game of "graces" in the large central hall at Rosemary. "Look!" cried Barbara suddenly, "you cannot catch that before I do."

She sent the grace-hoop spinning down the hall and leaped out after it. Dering was almost as quick, and, meeting in the gloom at the end of the house, they wrangled over the hoop like a boy and a girl. She was as evasive in her sudden dives and twistings as a dream-woman. Their breath came hurriedly, and they began to pant and laugh together. Dering was almost winning when some small object tinkled on the floor, and Barbara, releasing the hoop, rushed forward.

"You are welcome to your prize," she called. "I have always longed to see what you have in this locket. Now I will find out who is your sweetheart."

Dering protested earnestly. "Don't look at that—I really ask you."

Barbara persisted in her effort to open the small gold case, and Dering, coming up behind her, unceremoniously took both her hands into a tight grasp. The locket contained a photograph of Valentine Pomfret, and Dering knew enough of Barbara's morbid sensitiveness to dread the effect that a sight of it would have upon her.

"If you don't give up that locket, I'll kiss you," he declared.

"What a truly terrible threat!"

By a sudden flashing movement Barbara escaped and rushed down the darkening hall. Through the unlighted dining-room she fled, down a little corridor, and back on her own tracks, with the scared uncertainty of a child. Then in the excitement of the chase she ran into a dark little closet, mistaking it for a door of exit. Dering followed her at once. She gave a kind of laughing cry, and pressed against the wall, holding the locket behind her; but, catching her about the waist, he drew her forward, feeling for the locket with his other hand. He might as well have tried to open a boy's fist. She bent from him and made an ineffectual attempt to get away. Dering, rather out of pa-

tience, stooped down; she turned her head a little frightened, and her lips brushed his, a touch light as flower-leaves, fine as fire. In another instant both mouths had clung into a kiss.

A great mental blow annihilates memory just as it is annihilated by a great physical blow. Neither Barbara nor Dering recalled how they came to be grouped before the fire, he leaning back in a low armchair, and she crouching with her hand-hidden face against his knees.

All her old morbid thoughts had returned to reckon with her. Dering's matter-of-fact reasoning could not dispel them; she repelled his caresses and retreated from him.

"You do not know what it is to hear a dead voice ever in your ears, to feel always a dead hand claiming you. You do not know what it is to sin against the dead. The dead!" she repeated, glancing dreadingly around her.

She rushed toward the door, her stretched-forth arms repelling him.

"No, no, never!" she whispered. "There is an open grave between us."

For a time after Dering's departure Barbara abandoned herself to an agony of tears and self-reproach, and then, as if to appease the accusing presence of her husband, gathered her wedding-garments in her room, and kneeled reverently among them all that night.

So she summoned all her power of will to resist the sway of Dering's love. At first she avoided him, and when they met, found that she had not the power to repel him. But the psychic spell that bound her turned her love into suffering. She was yielding, but inanimate, to Dering's tenderness; and when he urged that this morbid sensitiveness would pass once they were happily married, she responded by upbraiding herself with unfaithfulness to the dead.

When Dering, half distracted himself, saw that his persistence only increased the distress of Barbara, he determined to leave Rosemary, at least for a time, and Barbara did not dissuade, but rather urged his departure, because of the love for him that she felt she could not conquer.

After Dering had gone, her unhappiness, though great, was less morbid; the sacrifice to her dead husband had been made,

and by right of it she felt free to take into her inmost thoughts the exile whose letters reflected his loneliness. Still she was confirmed in her resolution that Dering must go out of her life. She had indeed written finally to him, when in a New York paper she read that Mr. John Dering had met with a serious accident. Her telegram to Dering, "Shall I come to you?" brought answer that the injured man was Dering's cousin.

"Then come to me," she telegraphed.

That night she sat before the fireplace, burning the last shred of her bridal raiment. The reign of the Past was over. When Dering came, the substance of his first words was explicitly and proudly:

"Are you sure of yourself? I will not compromise on pity, nor take one iota less love than I give."

"I love you more than anything I ever dreamed of," she told him—"more than anything in earth or heaven—more than anything alive or dead."

After this meeting followed a week of delight, such as is sometimes granted to two mortals, one of whom obtains a love long fought for, one of whom yields to a love long fought against. Barbara ceased altogether that morbid habit of self-analysis, and gave herself without question into the arms of her sudden happiness. She was in a state of almost feverish exhilaration. She hardly slept, and when alone sang or whistled like a boy to drown the voices that clamored within her.

The reaction came, however, though she fought doggedly against it, and, naturally enough, it was occasioned by the likeness of Dering, in his new relation, to her husband. But Dering, who understood her moods, would reassure her with his sensible sympathy, and for the time her somber reflections would leave her.

One afternoon they took shelter from a shower in a little Gothic church of the neighborhood, and, as the downpour continued, Dering insisted on riding back to Rosemary for a trap.

Barbara, left to an hour of dreary waiting, wandered restlessly about, till the sudden darkening of the church advised her that the doors had been closed. She found them fastened, and from the outside. Barbara, who from her childhood had

entertained a horror of being locked into even a daylighted room, felt a cold horror creep up within her.

The bluish lightning, glimmering through the windows, intensified the gloom of the vaulted roof, as she hastened to her own pew and sat down. She attempted to control her apprehension by thinking of Dering, but other thoughts came about her, whimpering for admittance, and, when refused, threatened with cries of rage. The church doors rattled, and she rushed toward them, crying to be released. The dog that had followed on their ride scratched without, and this unexpected sound caused her to retreat into the body of the church. The storm was at its height when the dog leaped at a window and hung a moment on the ledge. The sight of that monstrous head terrified her, and she crouched on the altar-steps. The lightning filtered in and out, and as it revealed objects closely associated with the happiest moments of the past, Barbara's overwrought imagination began weaving a hideous tapestry, whose wavering figures mocked her with familiar gestures.

Before this very altar she had stood with Valentine; many odd, fleeting impressions of the wedding ceremony recurred to her, and above the vague, murmuring voices of her friends rang her husband's low and passionate words:

"Death cannot part us, Barbara. What is Death to Love?"

In vain she essayed self-control, and endeavored to speak aloud rationally of Dering. Her words faltered, ceased; her thoughts became involved and were swept down the inpouring throng of long-restrained fears. In an instant the struggle of reason was over, and she writhed on the altar, praying or pleading to God, and the threatening specter of her husband. When Dering first stooped over her as she lay face down on the altar steps, he thought she was dead.

Hours later, at Rosemary, she appeared before him in the drawing-room. The subsiding fires of madness had left her dully meditative and apathetic. Dering tried to arouse her, but the spirit was as cold and insensible as the flesh.

"I know exactly what I am doing," she told him. "This is my hand, this is my wedding-ring. I took it off. You must put it on again."

Dering, very white, and with an effort to steady himself, said:

"I think you are very ill; I do not know what you mean."

"But I do!" she cried. "God told me in the church, when you did not come for me."

Dering seized her by the wrists, and the wedding-ring struck sharply on the polished floor between them.

"If you are not mad, you are unutterably cruel," he said slowly.

The words seemed not to impress her as she swayed from side to side, peering for the fallen ring.

He reproached, commanded savagely, but she answered simply:

"I know that I loved you; but I have been his wife, and he said death could not separate us."

"Then you wish me to go," said Dering.

He went to the door, only to return and catch her to him; to bruise her face and throat with kisses.

"I love you," he said in a voice of terrible anguish. "Oh, Barbara, Barbara, you will be so sorry for this when I am beyond your reach, for I will never come back. Think of all our beautiful hours together."

"I know you are going, and I try so hard to feel sorry," she said tiredly, "but I can only think how grateful it will be to go to bed and sleep. It sounds silly, but please try to understand."

"Good-by," he said hoarsely, and his passionate kiss left her parted lips as piteously expressionless as ever.

He knelt and held her for a moment tightly about her knees, then drew away, closing the door softly as he left the room.

Barbara fell once more to looking for the lost ring, found it at last underneath the fender, and, blowing the ashes from it, slipped it upon her finger, as Dering drove from the door.

CHARLES GEORGE DOUGLAS ROBERTS

(Canada, 1860)

A SISTER TO EVANGELINE (1898)

It was not till some years after Charles G. D. Roberts had definitely put his native land behind him and established himself as a resident of New York City that he wrote *A Sister to Evangeline*. Like several earlier fictions of his, its scene is laid in the Acadian land and its action is outlined against a background of mingled history and romance. The time covered by the greater part of this narrative is from early June to late December of 1755, and the events are represented as occurring in and near the famous village of Grand Pré. Regarding the deportation by the English Government of the unfortunate Acadians, opposite opinions have been held by historians and others. The poet Longfellow, following the lead of the Abbé Raynal, represented the expulsion of the Acadians as a wholly unnecessary piece of cruelty on the part of the English; while Francis Parkman, in his *Wolfe and Montcalm*, inclines to a much more lenient view of the transaction, and Hannay, in *The History of Acadia*, is equally favorable to this view of the situation, holding the opinion that some, at least, of the Acadian authorities were by no means free from the suspicion of double-dealing in their relations with the English Government. It is this theory of the occurrence that the novelist may be said to support in *A Sister to Evangeline*.

AFTER a two-years' absence I, Captain Paul Grande, was returning to Grand Pré in Acadie the Fair. It was spring, and apple-bloom lay everywhere, it seemed, as I paused on the hill above the village. I had no kinsfolk to welcome my return, for my father was dead and my uncle, Sieur de Briart, and his son Marc, were fighting the battles of France on the Ohio. But I had friends: there was Father Fafard, the gentle old priest who loved me as a son, and there were the De Lamouries —Giles, the broken gentleman, once in high favor at Versailles; Madame, his wife, and their daughter, Yvonne, for two years past the mistress of my heart.

As I now looked down upon the village I wondered whether

Yvonne would have a welcome for me. Gazing across the marshes toward Cape Blomidon I saw a bank of dark cloud whose shadow crept rapidly upon the village, and at this moment, from the summit of the hill behind me, came a great and bell-like voice, crying: "Wo, wo to Acadie the Fair, for the hour of her desolation cometh!" I turned my back upon the valley and watched the singular figure that drew near. It was a shrewd and mysterious madman whom all Acadie had known for the past ten years as "Grûl." The reason of his madness no one could confidently guess, but there lay a suspicion that the Black Abbé, the indomitable La Garne, the people's dread, knew more of Grûl's madness than other folk might dream. It was whispered that La Garne feared Grûl and it was certain that whenever any scheme of the Black Abbé's came to naught, Grûl's hand would appear somewhere in the wreck of it.

When Grûl paused before me I said to him that the wo was a long time coming, and he replied that it was even now come, and that though I had returned with joy in my heart my joy was at that moment crumbling. "Whether she be yours or another's," he went on, "there is an evil hand uplifted against her this night. See you to it." So saying, he turned away. And thus as I went onward to Grand Pré my joy was already dead, withered at a madman's whisper, while that great cloud from over Blomidon swallowed up the village in a chill shadow.

On my way to Grand Pré I encountered Mother Pêche, who greeted me in kindly fashion. She laid some claims to witchcraft but in reality desired the good of those she loved, and as little ill as might be to those she accounted enemies. In return for the coin I gave her she presented me with a talismanic pebble which in its deerskin pouch she begged me to wear about my neck, saying: "While this you wear, what most you fear will never come to pass."

Leaving Mother Pêche, I entered the De Lamourie orchard and there met Yvonne, who, after a second's hesitation, came forward with outstretched hands of welcome. Behind her was her father, who greeted me as warmly as if I had been his son, "as," said the upleaping heart within me, "I do most resolutely set myself to be." While I stayed in Grand Pré, De Lamourie said, my home must be under his roof, which embarrassed me

somewhat as I had intended to stay with Father Fafard. But I noted that Yvonne did not second the invitation, and while I hesitated we had entered the house, where Madame de Lamourie presented to me Mr. George Anderson, a tall, ruddy man whose manner I greatly liked, though I said: "If you are English, Monsieur Anderson, we must officially be enemies. I trust our difference may be in all love."

"Yes," said Madame; "yes, indeed, in all love, Paul. Monsieur Anderson *is* English—and he is the betrothed husband of our Yvonne," she added.

For a moment the scene swam before me, but I was soon master of myself and the conversation was continued, until presently, after I had said: "Our enemies are our opportunities, and, without our opportunities, where are we?" A harsh voice responded:

"All our life is opportunity; and if we be brave and faithful to Church and King we are made great by it."

The speaker was La Garne, the Black Abbé, leader of the Micmac Indians and the terror of the English in Acadie. We both served the banner of France, but I held that he dishonored the French cause by his treacheries and cruelties. Learning that De Lamourie was about to swear allegiance at Halifax to the English, he declared that if Giles would give his word to remain true to France the bolt which now hung over him should not be allowed to fall. De Lamourie refused indignantly, and the Abbé then turned to Anderson, bidding him, as the seducer of these people from their allegiance to France, to look to himself, for his threshold was red, adding:

"As for this house, it shall not see to-morrow's sun."

"Ay, but it shall," said I. "I am an officer of the King, Sir Abbé, I know you. I have heard rumor of your work at Beaubassin, Baie Vert, and Gros Ile. I will not suffer you to lift your hand against this house."

When my name and office as messenger of the Governor of New France became known to the priest he acknowledged my authority sufficient, and withdrawing his admonitions he departed, after first inquiring whether I had been to the Commandant Vergor at Beauséjour, and to Vaurin at Piziquid, and receiving my affirmative.

My easy victory over the Abbé led the De Lamouries to suspect me as in some sense his confederate, or of that Vaurin, who, as Anderson explained to me, was regarded as a spy and an assassin; but my indignation at having been sent on a commission to him by my superiors made them doubt me no longer.

The New Englander, Anderson, attracted me strangely, although he was the betrothed husband of Yvonne, and when he left I delayed him at the garden-gate to tell him not only of my liking for him but of my love for Yvonne. There was much talk between us on this theme but we parted friends, I determined to win her by fair means, but in all things else ready to do him a service, and he declaring that he liked my frankness but reminding me that he had her promise.

When he had gone Yvonne and I sat in the moonlit porch while I told her of my many wanderings and she quoted certain verses I had written long before. At last, as she rose to enter the house, my feelings overmastered me and I threw myself at her feet and kissed them.

"Forgive me! I could not help it. I have loved you so long," I said.

"How dare you speak so?" she cried. "You forget that—"

"I forget nothing. You do not love him. You are mine."

"Oh!" she gasped, "I shall never trust you again," and in a moment she had disappeared.

The next morning I saw my old friend, Nicole Brun, the smith, who told me that many persons feared me because of my supposed confederacy with the Black Abbé and Captain Vaurin. Thereupon I exclaimed that I was the King's man, but that the English were to be fought fairly or not at all, and that Vaurin was to be despised. My unguarded speech aroused the anger of a stranger in the shop who declared himself a friend of Vaurin's. An altercation followed, in which he was badly worsted; but Nicole averred, as the fellow limped away, that Le Fûret was not nicknamed "the ferret" for nothing, and that trouble would come of it. For my part I thought the incident would serve to dispel the rumors of my connection with Vaurin.

From the forge I proceeded to Father Fafard's, and in reply to his question why I had not come to him the night before I said that I had to see that Father La Garne did not burn down

my friends' houses. To this he responded that if La Garne gave way to me it was because he fancied I was doing his work; and then he added sharply: "What *is* your errand to Acadie, Paul?" I replied that having obtained my first short leave for two years I had come for my own pleasure simply. My answer satisfied him, but he wished to know why I had gone first to Monsieur de Lamourie instead of to him, and I then told him that Grûl had warned me that Yvonne was in danger and I dared not delay.

Upon this we spoke at length of Yvonne, and Father Fafard made known to me how Giles de Lamourie, having been under suspicion of the English Government—which had unjustly accused him of having a hand in the massacre of some New Englanders—was befriended by Anderson, and had had his estates secured to him. Father Fafard was convinced that some dire peril awaited Acadie, but felt sure that Anderson would see that the De Lamouries remained unscathed, adding: "I know that Heaven is with the English in this quarrel. Our iniquity in high places has not escaped unseen."

Leaving him, I went to the Habitants Ferry, served by old Ba'tiste Chouan, and found the only other passenger to be Le Fûret, who apologized for his words in the morning and, like a fool, I told him more of my purpose than was needful. In response he observed that La Garne was to be at Pereau that night and that he, Le Fûret, was to meet Vaurin there. This put my mind at ease about the De Lamouries, but as I thought it over I felt impelled to return to Grand Pré; and after parting with Le Fûret I was soon again in the ferry-boat, where Ba'tiste informed me that Le Fûret had lied to me. Even then I delayed return on account of certain affairs of my own, and, these accomplished, it was dark before I set out for Grand Pré. On the way Grûl suddenly appeared, declaring that I was too late, and pointing to a red light behind the village. "I think you promised to guard that house!" said Grûl.

The Abbé's stroke had fallen and I saw that my absence might well be set down to treachery. The house was in ruins when I reached it; and when I met Father Fafard near it he told me that Anderson was to be the next victim and that Yvonne had rushed away in the hope of warning him.

I soon found her attempting to persuade two fishermen to row her to Anderson's home at Kenneticook, but they refused, fearing the wrath of the Black Abbé; and when I appeared she overwhelmed me with reproaches. At last I persuaded her to believe in me, and swore that I would save Anderson or die fighting beside him.

With the aid of Nicole I reached Kenneticook before Anderson's enemies could do so, but even as Anderson fled with me from his house we heard the war-whoop of the Abbé's Micmacs. They soon discovered Anderson's hasty flight, but we eluded their pursuit, and after ascending some rising ground approached the high banks of a creek. As we did so the branches parted and I went plunging down a dark steep till it no longer seemed worth while to grasp at anything.

When I came once more to consciousness I was lying on furs in a cave, with a jar of water and some bread within reach. Going to the mouth of the cave, I looked out. The world I had last seen was the world of June; now the last colors of autumn were fading. I wondered what might have happened in those months. Presently Grûl entered the cave, and replying to my questioning gaze he said:

"Beauséjour has fallen. France is driven back on Louisburg. The men of Acadie are in chains. Their homes await the flame."

"And Yvonne?" I whispered.

"They are all safe under shelter of the Governor and of Anderson."

Grûl then narrated how he had saved me, thinking I would rather be sick in a madman's cave than in an English jail, and also how Anderson had procured a strong English guard for Grand Pré, cleared my name from suspicion, and how I had saved him for Yvonne, who moreover was somewhat austere with him because he had not in turn saved *me* for her. At another time I learned from him the shameful history of La Garne and why he was so hated by Grûl.

By the middle of November I was able to leave the cave, and I then went down to Grand Pré, where I saw Father Fafard and told him how Grûl had saved my life and said that I must see Yvonne once more. He admitted that she did not

love Anderson but said that she respected her plighted word. On the evening of that day I saw Yvonne, who begged me to hide lest I be captured by some soldiers near and imprisoned. When the danger seemed past she asked why I had forced her to this, and I replied that it was because I loved her.

"You do not know," said she, "what I have promised to Monsieur Anderson. I have promised to redeem my word to him when he can show you to me safe and well."

"He shall wait long," said I.

Then I told her that now I knew she loved me I should go to Quebec to make ready our home, and in a month or two would return for her, whereupon she said I should then find her the wife of Anderson. She could no longer hold him off by her promise, since she had now seen me safe and well. But presently she admitted that none but I could ever have her love, though she was bound to her plighted word; and almost immediately I was arrested by some English soldiers. Their leader, Waldron, proved courteous and considerate, and at Yvonne's request, and on my word of honor, allowed us speech a moment longer ere taking me to the chapel prison. Yvonne then promised to wait two years before redeeming her pledge to Anderson, but said she could do no more than that.

In the chapel were many prisoners whom I knew, among them my cousin Marc, to whom I told all my tale and found comfort in his sympathy. Mother Pêche came daily to the prison-wicket, but for a long time brought no word of Yvonne; and Father Fafard came often with food for me. Our jailers were mainly New Englanders who treated us kindly, and Lieutenant Waldron and I conceived a warm friendship for each other and he soon perceived Yvonne's dilemma in regard to her two lovers. By this time another ship was ready for the transportation of exiled Acadians, and the folk of Le Marchand settlement were sent on board, their houses being set on fire as soon as cleared of inhabitants.

December was near its end ere the last ships came for the exiles, but one morning two dropped anchor off the mouth of the Gaspereau. The embarkation was now pushed with speed, and from the prison we watched the villagers hurrying on board. Presently the chapel-doors were opened and we went forth as

our names were called. Lieutenant Waldron promised us to prevent, as far as possible, the separation of families, and as Marc and I were placed in one of the ships we saw Grand Pré break out in flames as had Le Marchand. When the wharf was at length cleared, the other ship hoisted sail, and both vessels moved away, each lighted up by the glare of burning Grand Pré.

The De Lamouries and others who had sworn allegiance to the English King formed a little Colony of Compromise, as it was called, and from one of the houses of that colony Yvonne watched the flames in the village below and the last column of prisoners leaving the chapel. Anderson came to tell her that I had gone on board the ship some hours ago and to express the hope that now I had departed she might be a little kinder to him; but she asked him to leave her for a time. She then went to the hut of Mother Pêche at the eastern end of the village, but it was empty and near it she was accosted by Le Fûret, who asked her whether M. Anderson were still in Grand Pré. In return she inquired whether he could tell her in which ship Captains de Mer and Grande were placed, and was told that we were in the one still at anchor.

"The beauty!" said the man to himself. "Pity to lie to her. But she's leaving, and that stabs Anderson; and she's going on the wrong ship, and that stabs Grande."

Absorbed in her one purpose, Yvonne found a place in the boat beside Mother Pêche, the old woman being delighted that now her two favorites would no longer be held apart. Once on board the ship Mother Pêche sent word back by the crew of the small boat that Mademoiselle de Lamourie had voluntarily gone into exile for a reason her parents would understand, but that she would come back with love when things were changed. Contrary to what Le Fûret had told Yvonne, I was not in the ship in which she now was, and when she discovered the deception she fainted. Mother Pêche soon made friends with Captain Stayner, who commanded the ship, and presently, when Yvonne had recovered, the distance between the two ships diminished and when they were nearly abreast, a boat was lowered from his vessel, the *Good Hope*, and in it Mother Pêche and Yvonne were rowed to the other vessel, commanded by Captain Eliphalet Wrye.

The transfer was made at noon, though Marc and I did not see it in our captive quarters, but we heard her laugh and knew it instantly. In a little while a soldier came to say that Mademoiselle de Lamourie desired to see Captain de Mer and Captain Grande on deck and that he had been ordered by Lieutenant Shafto to fetch us. When in her presence, and that of Wrye and Shafto, freedom from handcuffs was offered us if we would agree not to misuse our liberty or free the other prisoners. This courtesy we declined on the ground that it would too enviably distinguish us from our fellows on board; but for the time of the interview we were nevertheless graciously freed from them. A brief word in private with Yvonne assured me that I need never be troubled again in regard to George Anderson, and as we parted I whispered: "Be prepared for events to-night!"

In pursuance of our plans Marc woke me at three the next morning, and having freed himself from irons showed me how to open mine. Having learned the secret I imparted it to my next neighbor, and soon we were all at liberty, had overpowered our guards, seized their muskets and hurried upon deck. In a short time we had gained possession of the ship and with but three slain.

Lieutenant Shafto refused to surrender and insisted on crossing swords with any among us of the rank of gentleman. I accepted the challenge, to Yvonne's dismay, till Marc assured her I was the most skilled swordsman in New France, and then she begged me not to injure the lieutenant, who had been very courteous to her. Lieutenant Shafto and I fenced for a time till a flutter of lace entangled our weapons and Yvonne declared that she would have neither of us defeated and we must *both* surrender to her! Accordingly Shafto presented his sword-hilt to her and she gravely returned to him, saying: "Keep it, Monsieur. I trust to hold my prisoners whether they be armed or defenseless."

By full daylight the other ship was far ahead and by noon was out of sight. At sunset we gained the river of St. John, and at slack tide turned into it and dropped anchor. Our plan was to distribute the major part of our company among the small Acadian settlements along the river, while the rest of us were to go by sledges and on snow-shoes to the St. Lawrence valley and

Quebec. Helping ourselves to all the arms and ammunition, we left enough of the ship's stores to carry her to Boston, and three days after our arrival in the St. John we set all our captives free. We then went by sledges to the Jemseg settlement, which we reached the second day at sunset, and on that same evening Yvonne became my wife.

In the ten years that have gone since all this happened New France has been erased from the New World. The flag of England flies over Canada. My cousin Marc and I, having fought and bled for France in all its last battles, have accepted the new masters of our country and been confirmed in our little estates beside the Ottawa. Redeeming my promise to Grûl, I have aided him in his vengeance on the Black Abbé, and Giles de Lamourie, having sold his estates in Nova Scotia, has come with his wife to be near Yvonne. In December and January we exchange our quiet country life for the social attractions of Montreal, and there Yvonne gathers about her a little court of loyal, discriminating admirers of her wit and beauty. In these ten years Yvonne has changed but to grow more beautiful, and our daily life together is never without the spur of fresh interest and possibilities. She has outstripped me in my own art of letters, and only my old achievements with the sword enable me to maintain that dominance which the husband, even of Yvonne, ought to have.

REGINA MARIA ROCHE

(England, 1764–1845)

THE CHILDREN OF THE ABBEY (1798)

This novel, written near the end of the eighteenth century, is a famous example of the romantic school of that period, and found many imitators.

CAPTAIN FITZALAN was the descendant of an ancient but impoverished Irish family who, while his regiment was quartered in Scotland, fell in love with Malvina, eldest daughter of the old Earl of Dunreath. As the lovers could not hope for the Earl's consent to their union, it was brought about by a secret marriage, which was countenanced by Lady Dunreath, Malvina's stepmother.

But Lady Dunreath was a scheming, ambitious woman, who hoped to secure the inheritance to her own daughter, the Earl's sole remaining child. Abetted by the latter, Lady Augusta, she persistently represented Malvina's marriage to be a proof of indifference to parental authority and affection, and so aroused the Earl's resentment that when misfortune fell heavily on the Fitzalans he sternly refused them succor.

At last Fitzalan, to pay his debts, was compelled to sell out on half pay, but with only this scanty income their wretchedness increased until Lady Malvina besought her husband to take her to Scotland. There she made a last appeal to her father, by means of Oscar, her little son, whom a sympathetic old peasant conducted to Dunreath Abbey and into the Earl's presence.

The latter frowned, but did not express displeasure. On the contrary, he read the letter presented by Oscar and had taken the child into his arms when the entrance of Lady Dunreath put a violent termination to the scene. In his declining state of

health, the Earl felt unequal to contention, and hastily motioned the peasant to retire with the child. Thus was a reconciliation prevented, and when Malvina herself went to the Abbey Lady Dunreath repulsed her at the door, declaring she did so by the Earl's command.

In this extremity, Fitzalan conveyed his wife to the home of Edwin, a soldier whose life he had once saved, where she died shortly after giving birth to a daughter.

Lady Malvina was deceased two months when the Earl of Cherbury, with whom Fitzalan had once been intimately acquainted, came into the neighborhood. The acquaintance was renewed, and the history of Fitzalan's misfortunes so affected the Earl that he obtained a commission for his friend, which Fitzalan later sold out for enough to purchase a little farm in Devonshire. There he lived happily with his children, until a new proprietor, Colonel Belgrave, came into possession of the estate on which he held his farm. Soon after this Oscar, then a handsome, intelligent youth of eighteen, was appointed an ensign in Colonel Belgrave's regiment by the latter's solicitation, as Fitzalan supposed, though in fact through the influence of Lord Cherbury.

When Oscar quitted Devonshire, after his appointment, all Fitzalan's care devolved upon his daughter, Amanda, who had grown into an accomplished and beautiful girl by the time Colonel Belgrave returned into their neighborhood.

Regarded by the Fitzalans as a benefactor, Belgrave was invited to the house, where he became infatuated with Amanda and resolved to make her his prey. But when Fitzalan discovered his daughter trembling and terrified at an avowal she had just received, he compelled her to disclose the cause of her agitation, and Belgrave fled barely in time to escape his vengeance.

Hardly had Fitzalan returned to his half-distracted daughter when a letter was brought in which the wretch made the most degrading proposals, and bade Fitzalan beware how he answered them, as he was entirely in the writer's power. This was the fatal truth, for Belgrave had encouraged him to make unprofitable investments and he was now considerably in arrears with his rent.

As Fitzalan scorned to reply to such a letter, Belgrave pro-

ceeded against him for debt, and to avoid arrest Fitzalan went with Amanda to London, where from obscure lodgings he wrote to Lord Cherbury for assistance.

This letter was returned, his lordship having lately gone to the Continent, and, as Belgrave had traced the fugitives and renewed his solicitations by messages conveyed to Amanda, Fitzalan decided to place her in the only harbor of safety remaining. Under an assumed name she returned to her birthplace, the humble but comfortable home of the Edwins, in North Wales, where she was welcomed with the truest affection and hospitality.

As Tudor Hall, the dwelling of a noble family in the neighborhood, was then tenanted only by the housekeeper, Amanda obtained permission to visit the library, and there by reading and music often sought to break the thread of bitter reflection. She imagined herself entirely unobserved, until one morning she was startled by the entrance of a young man, whose ardent admiration, only half concealed in his respectful assurances, drove Amanda to withdraw in confusion. But the young man was not easily discouraged, and persisted on accompanying her as far as the cottage, where she was informed that he was Lord Mortimer, the son of the Earl of Cherbury, the master of Tudor Hall.

As Lord Mortimer was then in the prime of youth, and of a very handsome person, his attention was by no means disagreeable to Amanda, and on learning that he was the son of her father's benefactor she received him willingly into her friendship, and eventually disclosed her identity. Isolated from the world in that romantic spot, their attachment grew, and as Mortimer was familiar with the character and station of Fitzalan he no longer hesitated to obey the ardent wish of his heart. Amanda consented to become his wife, and Lord Mortimer wrote immediately to her father. An urgent matter that he had too long postponed then claimed Mortimer's attention, and he was obliged for a short time to leave Amanda alone with her happiness.

On the fourth day of his absence Amanda was surprised by the arrival of her father, who affectionately but with little ceremony insisted on her immediate departure in his company. Believing that he had not received Mortimer's letter, Amanda

endeavored to explain her situation, but he told her firmly that every subject must be waived until the first stage of their journey was passed.

By close surveillance he prevented her from leaving any message with Mrs. Edwin, and Amanda, alarmed and bewildered by his precipitance, attended him in tears but without remonstrance.

During the evening journey Fitzalan strove to cheer his daughter by assuring her that his fortunes were now in a happier state, and the next day he made her the following explanation: On Lord Cherbury's return to London he had given Fitzalan the agency for his large estate, in the north of Ireland, whither they were then bound. Mortimer's letter had come like a thunderclap, for Lord Cherbury had confided his intention to marry his son to Lady Euphrasia Sutherland, a celebrated heiress. Mortimer, conscious of the Earl's wishes, had in his letter entreated Fitzalan to observe secrecy until he and Amanda were married.

"I shuddered to think," concluded Fitzalan, "that at the moment Lord Cherbury was building up my fortunes the hopes he entertained for his son were about to be destroyed through my daughter. He would have accused me of connivance and thought me the most ungrateful of men. In view of this circumstance, I determined to separate you. Your attachment when repelled by reason will vanish; and Mortimer, removed from you, will soon forget."

Pale and silent, Amanda heard this abolition of her hopes, but when she observed her father looking as if sinking under a burden of care she caressed him and assured him tearfully that his love and honor were dearer to her than her lover's.

In Dublin they met Oscar, who was delighted at their unexpected visit. To Amanda, however, her brother's cheerfulness appeared constrained, as if for the purpose of veiling deep and heartfelt sorrow, and she intimated as much, but Oscar evaded her questions. In fact, his perturbation, too, was caused by a disappointment of the heart. While visiting the home of General Honeywood, an old friend of Fitzalan's, Oscar fell in love with Adela, the daughter of his host. The young man hesitated to ask for the hand of a lady so far above him in fortune, but

the General, conceiving his predicament, good-naturedly sent Colonel Belgrave to intimate that Oscar would be most acceptable as a son-in-law. But Belgrave, who himself aspired to Adela's hand, led Oscar to believe that the General was much displeased at his presumption. Oscar, deprived of hope, immediately quitted the neighborhood, and Adela, piqued at his desertion, married Belgrave. The General encouraged this alliance, being incensed against Oscar, who, as he supposed, had disdained the proposal made through his friend; and Oscar did not learn of Belgrave's perfidy until too late to prevent the marriage.

However, he did not disclose this distressing experience to his father and his sister, and parted from them with the assurance that he would soon regain health and good spirits.

A few days later the travelers arrived at Castle Carberry, their future home, and while Fitzalan occupied his time with the duties of his new situation, Amanda strove to divert her mind from memories of Lord Mortimer by entering the social life of the community. Among the humbler friends she made at this time were some nuns, who occupied a partially ruined abbey near the castle and whose modest little society afterward supported her through the greatest dangers and perplexities of her life.

As months passed without word from Mortimer, Amanda began to entertain her father's views of his attachment, and to believe that in the world of wealth and fashion he had easily found consolation for her absence. Though she could not banish him from her thoughts, pride, and the consciousness of having preserved her father's honor, forbade her to repine, and she was comparatively happy.

Her tranquillity was rudely disturbed by the arrival of the Marchioness of Roslin and her daughter, Lady Euphrasia Sutherland, at an estate of theirs near Carberry Castle. The Marchioness was the daughter of Lady Dunreath, and at the old Earl's death had inherited his property to the entire exclusion of her unfortunate stepsister, Malvina. The Fitzalans had not forgiven the Marchioness for her cruel treatment of Malvina, and did not wish to meet her. But this was unavoidable in a rural community, and at the various balls and parties which Amanda

attended she became a mark for the sarcasm and contempt of both the Marchioness and Lady Euphrasia. The latter had a reasonable excuse for her jealousy of Amanda's charms on the arrival of Lord Mortimer, who had promised to visit the Roslins.

Though Mortimer met Amanda with studied coldness, the suspicions caused by her flight vanished before her presence, and, taking advantage of an occasion that found them momentarily alone, he entreated her to explain. Desiring to justify herself, she promised to meet him in secret for a last interview; but a circumstance arose that prevented her keeping this vital appointment, and Lord Mortimer presently departed from Ireland with the Marchioness and her daughter. Distressed by the thought that he must now be convinced of her insincerity, Amanda shortly afterward took advantage of an opportunity to accompany an old lady of her acquaintance to London, where she knew Mortimer would soon arrive. Fitzalan approved the plan, having no fear of his daughter's meeting Mortimer, who he supposed had neglected all opportunity of seeking her when visiting near them.

With Lady Greystock, therefore, Amanda arrived in London, and, being taken everywhere by her ladyship, she soon made an impression on society. Her beauty and accomplishments were generally spoken of, and she was surrounded by admirers.

The Marchioness and Lady Euphrasia were soon aware of her presence, and, having long suspected from Mortimer's manner whenever he met Amanda that a former intimacy had existed between them, they decided that she had come to London to complete her conquest. They resolved to prevent this by any means, and as Lady Greystock could not refuse the overtures of such leaders in society she soon became their creature in an effort to ruin Amanda's reputation.

For a time Mortimer did not approach Amanda, though they were often present in the same company, but at last his pride yielded, and he received the explanation he had so long desired.

His happiness was perfect at the proof of Amanda's constancy, but she was inflexible to his persuasion for a clandestine marriage. Mortimer then declared that, as a man of independent fortune, he would openly avow his intentions, but Amanda

was firm in her refusal to marry him against his father's will. So Mortimer resolved to enlist the influence of Lord Cherbury's sister, and they parted, hopeful of the future.

Hearing that Mortimer was now openly paying his addresses to Amanda, the Roslins decided that their plot could not longer be delayed. Calling on Amanda, and pretending that they wished to heal the old family quarrel, they invited her and Lady Greystock to visit them. Lady Greystock accepted at once, and Amanda was obliged to do so, though with forebodings that were not unfounded.

A woman who had formerly been employed by Colonel Belgrave to deliver his infamous letters to Amanda had called on Lady Greystock, whose servant she had formerly been. Recognizing Amanda, she made known the whole story, and Lady Greystock hastened to repeat it to the Roslins.

While the plot was preparing at the home of the Roslins, Amanda came face to face with Belgrave at a large party. Her agitation attracted general attention, and Mortimer, hearing of the incident through the malice of Lady Euphrasia, felt his old suspicions revive. Before they could be set at rest a fatal blow was struck at Amanda's reputation.

One evening the Roslin family went to an entertainment, leaving Amanda alone. A servant paid to obtain Belgrave's confidence introduced him into the house, and the Marchioness and her party, returning unexpectedly, discovered him in a closet which Amanda, made desperate by his incriminating presence, had bade him enter.

The Marchioness affected to be outraged; no explanations were permitted, and the next morning Amanda left the house. Belgrave had determined to intercept her, but she eluded him and made her way back to Ireland in safety.

At Carberry Castle she reached the culmination of misery. With his mind poisoned by the innuendos of the Roslins, Lord Cherbury had written to Fitzalan, accusing him of encouraging his daughter to entrap Mortimer into marriage. Too high-spirited to reply to the insult, Fitzalan had set his affairs in order at the castle and gone to live in the hut of a peasant. There, despairing of the future, and sick at heart, his strength failed, and several days after Amanda's arrival he breathed his last.

By this affliction all others were overshadowed; and Amanda, ceasing to struggle against the current of her destiny, resigned herself to pass the days in mourning her last and only friend. She could not even turn to her brother for assistance, for in a recent letter to his father Oscar had informed him that he had lost his commission through Belgrave's machinations, and was resolved to try his fortune in a foreign land.

But Amanda soon discovered that she was not altogether friendless. The nuns, who made their cloister in the ruined abbey near by, offered her a hospitable asylum, and for a time she lived with them, following their habit of seclusion and gradually regaining health and tranquillity. She was planning some employment for self-support when Mortimer came to the convent. Though circumstantial evidence was so strongly against Amanda, he believed the Roslins capable of any act of malice, and insisted on hearing her version of the affair.

When she told him the long story of Belgrave's persecutions, and of his insolent intrusion on the night at the Roslin house, he believed her. Without attempting to extort any promise from her, he returned to London, where he procured damaging testimony from the servants of the Marchioness, whom he denounced to her face in Lord Cherbury's presence. Then, almost compelling the Earl's consent to his marriage with Amanda, he appeared before her triumphantly to claim the reward of his devotion.

No obstacle now remained to their union, and arrangements had been made for their return to London, when one evening, during a temporary absence of Lord Mortimer, a stranger to the nuns called to see Amanda. She was amazed to find waiting the Earl of Cherbury, who with a disordered mien, revealed, half coherently, the object of his mission.

He was, Amanda heard, the victim of the vice of gambling and had pillaged an estate of which he was guardian to the amount of fifty thousand pounds. The heir to the estate would come of age in a few months and demand an accounting. There was no possible way for Cherbury to meet his obligation except through the marriage of Mortimer to Lady Euphrasia, who would bring a settlement of sixty thousand pounds. Amanda must sacrifice herself or, the frantic man declared, he would immediately destroy himself.

Amanda hesitated only for a moment. To save this man, abhorrent for this heartless plan to shift to her the responsibility of his crime, she never would have sacrificed Mortimer's happiness. But what a portion for a bride to bring her husband—the loss of his family's honor and the destruction of his father! With this alternative should she refuse to comply with Lord Cherbury's demand, Amanda promised to leave the convent before Mortimer's return and never to see him more. Disdaining Cherbury's fawning gratitude, she quickly prepared for flight, and, taking a letter from the prioress to relatives who would shelter her, she took passage that night to the neighboring coast of Scotland.

While staying, under an assumed name, with the relatives of the prioress, Amanda met a lady who became very much attached to her; and subsequently, when about to visit a distant part of the country, this lady desired her services as a companion. Amanda consented to this proposal, and what was her joy to learn that their destination was the home of her ancestors, Dunreath Abbey! The lady she accompanied was a friend of the housekeeper at the Abbey, who received and entertained them most hospitably. The Roslins were frequently the subject of conversation, and Amanda learned that the family would shortly arrive in Scotland, to celebrate the nuptials of Lady Euphrasia and Lord Mortimer. Her sacrifice had not been in vain, she thought, and Mortimer, filled with resentment against her, had complied with the Earl's wishes. But she was not the less unhappy for the consciousness of having made a noble sacrifice, and often wandered moodily among the objects made dear by their association with her unfortunate mother. She wished particularly to visit the chapel in which her parents had been secretly married. This melancholy pleasure was denied her, as the chapel was situated in a wing of the abbey now closed to visitors on account of the danger of its tottering walls.

Still, the very locality had a strange attraction for Amanda, and one evening, slipping away from her friends, she walked through the moonlight to the ancient wing of the edifice. There by chance she lifted a mass of ivy that swung from the tower and perceived underneath a crevice opened by the settling of the walls. The impulse to visit the forbidden precincts came strong

upon her, and entering, she moved through the long-deserted rooms until she stood in the doorway of the chapel.

There, plainly revealed in the moonlight that streamed through a high arched window, she saw the figure of a tall old woman. Shivering with fright, Amanda turned to fly; but the woman addressed her in such mild and natural tones that she paused, ashamed, and permitted herself to be led back into the chapel.

After a few inquiries, the old woman revealed her identity to Amanda. She was Lady Dunreath, who, according to information given out by the Roslins, had lived in retirement in France for many years. Convinced by their resemblance that Amanda was the daughter of Malvina, Lady Dunreath blessed God for a meeting that would enable her to atone for her cruelty in the past.

The Earl of Dunreath, she now informed Amanda, had made Oscar, the son of Malvina, heir to his estate; but by a forged will she had diverted the property to Augusta, the Marchioness of Roslin. A year after the Earl's death she had quarreled with Augusta, and in the heat of passion threatened to make public the original will, which was still in her possession. In deadly fear of her doing so, the Marchioness and her husband had imprisoned her in the abbey under the watchful care of the old housekeeper. Though they promised her freedom if she would give up the will, Lady Dunreath could not trust them, and the document remained in its first hiding-place.

At the conclusion of their conversation Lady Dunreath drew the Earl's last testament from under a stone near the altar, and giving it to Amanda, besought her to place it in safe hands.

Amanda lost no time in following her directions, and in a few days set out for London, where she hoped to obtain news of Oscar. There, from a friend, she learned he was still in the city and hastened to him with her joyful intelligence of his rise to affluence and a great title.

When Oscar went to Scotland to claim his inheritance Amanda returned to the home of the Edwins. Though for a time elated at her brother's fortune, her own unhappiness soon occupied her thoughts; and the thought that Mortimer by this time must have been united to Lady Euphrasia caused a despondency she had not felt in all her previous troubles.

To her surprise Mortimer returned to Tudor Hall, and she was filled with dismay at the thought of meeting her former lover, who was now Euphrasia's husband. But, hearing of Amanda's presence, Mortimer insisted on seeing her once more. The Earl of Cherbury, he then informed her, had died suddenly in Scotland, after revealing his guilt and the secret of Amanda's flight from the convent. Mortimer, by mortgaging his own estates, had later settled with his father's ward and saved the honor of his name. Not content with depriving Amanda of her happiness, Lord Cherbury had assured his son that she had been seen in Belgrave's company after her flight from Ireland, and he had, further, bribed the servants of the Marchioness to retract their confessions of a plot against Amanda. Thus he had created a certainty in Mortimer's mind that Amanda was unworthy of his love, and prevailed on him to offer his hand to Lady Euphrasia.

Mortimer was moved to the depths of his noble nature during this humiliating confession of his father's baseness, and brokenly implored Amanda's forgiveness for believing the calumnies against her. She listened to him in tears, and believed their final parting at hand, when an expression of Mortimer's caused her to ask a wondering question. Then Amanda heard what Mortimer supposed she had known before his coming. On the very eve of their wedding-day Lady Euphrasia, convinced that Mortimer did not love her, had eloped with Lord Cherbury's ward, Mr. Freelove, and a few days later the sad information had reached Dunreath Abbey that she had been killed by the overturning of their carriage on a mountain road.

Not many days after this meeting the reconciled and happy lovers were honored with the presence of the new Earl of Dunreath. His title, supported by the will and by the testimony of Lady Dunreath, had not been disputed by the Marquis and Marchioness of Roslin, who were then plunged into the deepest affliction by their daughter's death.

The Earl was a happy spectator at his sister's wedding several weeks later, and, as Amanda learned, his happiness was not assumed for the occasion. In fact, he had recently heard of the death of the wretched Belgrave, and was only waiting a suitable time before offering his hand and heart to Adela, in the confidence they would be accepted.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU

(Switzerland, 1712–1778)

THE NEW HÉLOÏSE (1760)

(*Julie: ou, La Nouvelle Héloïse*)

This story will probably outlive all Rousseau's other writings, excepting, perhaps, his autobiography, because it appeals to sentiments common everywhere in all ages. The narrative is in the form of letters, a style much used in the eighteenth century.

SAINT-PREUX occupied the place of tutor to Julie d'Étange, and as such he resided under the roof of her parents, for they lived in the country, and he was practically a member of the family. The situation was suggestive of possible consequences, which do not seem to have aroused apprehension because of his good repute, the steady character of his attractive pupil, and the reserve that guards young ladies of good family in France, a reserve that stands them in good stead at least until marriage gives them a freedom of action unknown to them while in a single state.

But Cupid is a sly boy, and his shafts not rarely strike home when and where least expected. The time soon came when tutor and pupil became aware that they were drawn toward each other by subtle affinities stronger, more irresistible, than the pursuit of knowledge. By culture of the mind the culture of the sentiments, of the heart, gradually and surely was fostered, and in natural sequence the fiery glow of mutual passion was kindled, so difficult of control even when innate principle and imperative self-interest forbid illicit attachments. According to the custom of the country, Julie must sooner or later be married, but she

must and would be married only within the pale of her own social class and according to the choice and commands of her family. Saint-Preux, however cultured, was not within that class, for he was poor and earned his living by salaried work, while the father of Julie was a baron. Neither of the lovers thought of resisting these social conventions. They could have little hope of being joined in holy matrimony, and yet were so unfortunate as to love; and the very barriers that opposed their union only increased the force of the love that fused their natures into one. So difficult was it for them to find opportunities for private conference on this vital question, in which their destiny seemed to be involved, that they were obliged to have resort to secret correspondence, letters passing between them through various clandestine channels.

By those signs of interest and regard by which dawning love first makes itself known before the resort to speech becomes imperative, the lovers had already interpreted each other's feelings when Saint-Preux, no longer able to control himself, wrote to Julie a letter eloquent with the most agonizing emotion. In this letter he declared that he could endure this suspense, this crisis of suppressed ardor, no longer. He must either go away from her forever or die. In reply Julie practically avowed her own passion by saying that, so far as she was concerned, there was not the slightest occasion for him to part from her. Two or three equally brief notes passed between them, and then she gave way to her pent-up feelings in a long, impassioned letter, bewailing the position in which his intemperate love had placed her, and at the same time confessing her own yearning and passion, her inability to do without him, her virtual acceptance of the end and of the consequences to which this avowal must inevitably hasten them.

From the very first consciousness of their attachment the lovers knew that the difference in their social position made their marriage impossible, and therefore the gratification of their passion must be illicit, and, if discovered, must be followed with the most terrific consequences. The wrath of her father, an old soldier and a proud nobleman, would mean death to both lovers. And yet, urged on by their Gallic blood and Gallic notions as regards the relations of the sexes, both looked forward as a

matter of course to the hour when the demands of passion must and would be obeyed.

To Claire, her dear cousin and intimate friend, Julie wrote, urging her not to leave her at the time when the Baroness and her husband were absent, or her ruin would be accomplished. At the same time, after her parents had left Julie alone under charge of Bibi, a duenna who was assumed to be faithful if obtuse, Julie wrote to Saint-Preux expressing her joy that now the opportunity had come which she had promised him, and which both anticipated with passionate impatience—an impatience that was the more imperative as Julie's parents, without consulting her choice, had already "sold her," as she expressed it, to a gentleman of means and merit, it might be, but whom she had hardly seen, and who had not touched her sentiments.

But the promised joy was delayed a few days in order that Saint-Preux might go to Clarens on an errand of mercy to an indigent *protégé* of Julie's. He murmured at the delay, lest the wished-for opportunity should pass away forever. But she assured him that his absence across the mountains at that very juncture on a task of duty and benevolence, which would be known to many, would have a good effect on those whose suspicions might have been aroused as to their attachment. When he returned at last she was ready.

"How I feel my heart palpitate!" she wrote him in a note in which she gave him minute directions how to reach her apartment. "How earnestly do I share your transports! Nay, my dear love, nay, we shall not forsake this brief existence without first enjoying at least a fleeting moment of rapture. But let us not deceive ourselves as to the risk that attends a discovery. Not only you, but I also would feel my father's vengeance, for the same blade that pierces your heart would first pierce mine. But in the height of our pleasures let us remember that they draw their sweetest mystery and significance from the union of souls."

This momentous interview passed without being known apparently to the world, although one prying eye reported that he had seen Saint-Preux coming from Julie's room at five in the morning. But means were taken to insure his silence and to prevent the spread of so fatal a rumor. It transpired later that suspicions had been floating in the air before this. But respect

for the family and fear of the redoubtable arm of the Baron d'Étange had kept them confined to a discreet few.

It was not due to any wisdom of Saint-Preux himself, loyal but hot-headed and impulsive as most of his people, and really the inferior of Julie, who, like many of her sex, had thrown herself away on one of less unselfishness and personal dignity than herself, that the whole intrigue of these lovers was not revealed. When the utmost discretion was required for the safety of their reputation and lives, when it was the gravest duty of this employé of a noble house, from whose heiress and daughter he had received the most tender and precious of favors, to keep himself in the background and attract the least possible attention, he undertook to champion her good name before the world.

Saint-Preux was one of a party of gentlemen who were dining together. On such occasions it is not uncommon, when the wine is flowing freely, for the conversation to become lax and imprudent. Lord Edward Bramston, an Englishman who was usually grave and discreet, gave vent to some remarks about Julie d'Étange that were violently resented by Saint-Preux. Swords were drawn, but as the antagonists rushed at each other Lord Edward stumbled and cut his leg. This stopped the affray for the time, but before the party broke up Saint-Preux gave Lord Edward a challenge, which was accepted, good on recovery from his hurt. Of course the matter was soon known all over the town. Julie, greatly distressed, wrote a sharp letter to Saint-Preux, in quite a different tone from those he had been in the habit of receiving from her. She informed him that under the circumstances his course was highly indiscreet, and might result in their separation, perhaps forever. At the same time Julie wrote a calm, but touching letter to Lord Edward, which had such an effect on him, for he was by nature a thorough gentleman, that he personally called on Saint-Preux, and made the *amende honorable* for anything he might have said when in liquor against either Mademoiselle d'Étange or her faithful knight, Saint-Preux.

So far all was well. But the scandal reached the ear of Baron d'Étange. Saint-Preux had been engaged as tutor by the mother of Julie during the Baron's professional absence. He had not given the subject much attention, except that, as he

returned from time to time to the château, he had expressed satisfaction with the progress she had made in her studies. But now the Baron, greatly scandalized by the story of the episode at the dinner, demanded to know more particularly about this young tutor. He admitted that Saint-Preux might have some knowledge and talent, but was he not receiving wages from his employer, and was he not the son of an obscure trader, without a drop of noble blood in his veins? What right had such an upstart to pose as the champion of Julie d'Étange? Fortunately, the Baron had not the remotest suspicion of the actual relation the tutor held toward his pupil, or Saint-Preux would not have lived an hour. But enough cause for his dismissal already existed in the haughty prejudices of his aristocratic employer, and the hour had come when he must leave behind him, perhaps forever, the home where he had won such remarkable influence and wrought such pernicious results.

At this crisis Julie never wavered in her devotion to Saint-Preux. Indeed, she was brought to death's door by a miscarriage caused by her sorrow. The secret hiding-place where she received her letters had been discovered by the malevolent curiosity of Bibi, who it seems had been spying on the lovers for months; and the entire intrigue was revealed to the Baroness. The good lady, who was feeble, was prostrated; but her tender love for her daughter was stronger than all her reproaches, and every effort was employed to keep this terrible secret from the hot-headed father. The facts were now known to six persons, but the silence of all was firmly secured.

But this event proved too much for the good Baroness d'Étange, and she died in her daughter's arms. In a paroxysm of remorse and despair Julie now wrote what was intended to be a final letter to Saint-Preux, saying that, while her love was irrevocable, an attachment that had hastened the death of her beloved mother must necessarily be henceforth a bar to the continued intercourse of the lovers.

But such was the grief of Saint-Preux that Julie found it practically impossible to break away from him altogether. Each letter seemed to require a reply, and thus the correspondence continued, until, after an interval of silence, Saint-Preux learned at the same time from Cousin Claire, now Madame d'Orbe,

and from Julie herself, that she was actually married to Monsieur de Wolmar, a gentleman of good family and of high character. He was nearly twice her age, but that is of small account in the domestic relations of the Latin countries, which, in such matters, are still Oriental, not having outgrown the customs of the Asiatic races with which they at one time had close relations.

The Baron d'Étange announced his purpose without giving warning to his daughter. M. de Wolmar was a lifelong friend, and on the altar of this friendship the Baron proposed to sacrifice his daughter. According to French custom, she had no choice in an event the most important in the life of woman.

But on this occasion Julie rebelled. It was in vain that her father stormed and threatened. She was firm in her resolution. Finding violence useless, he resorted to entreaty and tears. Would she bring her father to the grave? Did she owe nothing to his gray hairs, to the solemn engagements he had made, to his honor as a gentleman, which was imperiled by her ill-timed disregard of parental authority? What she would not yield to violence she yielded to pathetic pleading. Was it exhaustion of will-power in this dreadful life struggle, or was it filial love that led Julie d'Étange to take the step that made her the bride of M. de Wolmar?

After the wedding she took an hour alone for self-communion, for adjusting herself to these new conditions. She had crossed an irrevocable line. Her husband was a man of equable character and good sense. She could respect and like him as a friend and as officially the father of any children she might have. By accepting him on this footing she made him happy, she could properly fill her life mission, and at the same time could continue her imperishable love for Saint-Preux, to whose soul her own was united from the very first moment her eyes met his, now six years agone. But now she could love him without the possibility of crime, if indeed it be a crime for those to unite whom God has joined by bringing them together. Calmed in spirit by these reflections, Julie de Wolmar passed to her bridal bed and the arms of her husband. But when the nuptials were over she wrote to Saint-Preux to the same effect as her post-nuptial reflections, and this correspondence continued at intervals, whenever the lovers were separated.

In due course, having thoroughly learned the passive, amiable, and generous nature of M. de Wolmar, Julie took the extraordinary step of informing him of the relation she had held with Saint-Preux before her marriage. She had decided on making this revelation because her respect for his confiding nature was such that she could not reconcile it with her conscience to allow him to continue longer under deception.

She was not mistaken in her judgment of M. de Wolmar. Her frankness was received by him almost with gratitude as a touching tribute on her part to the broad-minded and ingenuous nature of her husband, and as another evidence of her own innate guilelessness. De Wolmar saw that the honor of Saint-Preux could be trusted. A woman of the sterling worth of Julie would not have brought him to the notice of her husband after an acquaintance of so many years unless he could be trusted. Also he discerned, as a man of the world, and that period of the world too in France, that a young man and woman, like Saint-Preux and Julie, thrown together under such hopeless circumstances, were not necessarily criminal beyond recognition and forgiveness if they yielded to the violence of a passion implanted in them by their Creator. Therefore M. de Wolmar not only condoned the act of these lovers but he himself wrote to Saint-Preux, urging him to visit them in their home and be the instructor of his children. These were surely persons of no ordinary traits of character who could enter into these new relations with such sublime trust in each other, after what had passed.

This last event occurred after Saint-Preux had taken a long sea-voyage and traveled through America, meeting with many adventures, and returning to his country bronzed by the burning climes of the tropics.

It was then that he became an inmate at will of the mansion of the noble M. de Wolmar, going and coming at intervals. These pleasant relations, into which no improprieties entered, continued for years, until the end came which befalls all human affairs.

Julie, with her family, was taking a quiet stroll toward evening along the pier near the famed castle of Chillon when Julie's youngest boy, Marcellin, stumbled and fell into the water. In-

stantly, urged by her powerful maternal instinct, Julie threw herself after him in a vain effort to rescue her boy. There was no boat at hand, and a horrible scene of struggle followed before mother and child were finally rescued. The boy soon recovered, but Julie suffered a shock to her system which ended her life in a few days. During her entire illness she was conscious and suffered but little physical pain. But this catastrophe, following many serious demands on her strength, had undermined her vitality. Her mind was clear to the end; she gave her final directions, took the final farewells, with clear and serene thoughtfulness for all; and in the presence of her husband, with unclouded mind she expressed her religious views to her pastor. This she did the more explicitly because her husband was a pronounced skeptic. Her cousin, Madame Claire d'Orbe, her lifelong confidant and friend, was present throughout the last days of Julie, almost distracted and unable to leave her bedside.

The last duty as well as pleasure of the dying woman was to write a letter of farewell to the being whom, perhaps, she loved beyond all others she had known. This imperishable love flamed up at the close of her existence, as the sun, after struggling through a day of storm, bursts through the clouds and illumines the heavens with a roseate glow before it passes out of sight in the gloom of night.

This letter, the last message to the one with whose soul her own soul was forever united, was full of calm, lofty exhortation and hope, and ineffable pathos and devotion. M. de Wolmar, her husband, had the magnanimity to appreciate all the circumstances in the life of his beloved wife. Unreasoning jealousy was unknown to his nature. He had the judicial mind that sees both sides of a question. He himself enclosed her letter to Saint-Preux, with a full account of her last illness, and added an earnest request that he would accede to her wishes, and become the permanent tutor and guardian of the children of Julie d'Étange.

SUSANNA HASWELL ROWSON

(England, 1762–1824)

CHARLOTTE TEMPLE (1790)

This is a true story. The heroine's real name was Stanley, and she was a granddaughter of the Earl of Derby. Her betrayer was Colonel John Montressor, of the English army, a relative of the author's. Charlotte's grave is in Trinity Churchyard, New York, but a few feet from Broadway. Charlotte's daughter is said to have been adopted by a rich man and afterward to have met the son of her father, unconscious of the relationship, and to have fallen in love with him. Her identity was discovered through a miniature of the girl's mother, the unfortunate Charlotte, to whom she herself bore a striking likeness. The writer of this tale was the author of many other books, but all have been forgotten except this, which is kept constantly in print.

MR. TEMPLE was the youngest son of the Earl of D——. He had a small estate, five hundred a year, by means of which he not only lived in independence and content, but also exercised a benevolence surprising to many of his friends. One of these friends, knowing well his character, told him one day of a worthy gentleman, a retired naval officer, who, owing to a series of misfortunes, had been confined in the Fleet prison for debt. This unfortunate man was applying his half salary to the payment of his indebtedness, and his only means of support—and that also of his only child, Lucy—was what she could earn by painting and needlework. Temple was at once interested, and visited the old man, determined to bring some relief to him; and when he saw the fair daughter, whose devotion to her parent was most tender, he was still more deeply moved with sympathy. The Captain's story was this: He had had a son, George, who had wished to enter the army. "I had no money with which to purchase him a commission," the old man said, "and when a friend of ours, a young man of fortune, offered to lend

me a sum sufficient for a complete setting-out in his chosen profession, saying that the money could be repaid at our convenience, I gratefully accepted the loan. Soon afterward my creditor began to direct attentions of a rather unpleasant sort toward Lucy. When my son confronted him with this fact he was answered by insults such as no brother could endure. A duel followed, and George fell, mortally wounded. On the same day I was arrested for debt, my unfeeling creditor declaring that I should not be released till the last farthing had been paid. These troubles broke my wife's heart, and Lucy and I alone are left of our happy family of four."

Young Temple would gladly have paid the debt in full at once; but when he learned that the amount was five hundred pounds he realized that his income did not warrant him in so doing. He therefore mortgaged his estate for the amount, resolving to lessen his expenses by at least a hundred pounds a year and gradually redeem his property. He soon discovered that in these interviews the daughter had won his heart. After an angry scene with his father, in which the Earl dismissed him forever from his presence because he refused to wed an heiress, Temple sought Lucy, and found that she returned his affection, and they were soon married. Their only child was the beautiful Charlotte Temple.

At the age of fifteen Charlotte was placed at a boarding-school in Chichester, near Portsmouth, where the British troops were awaiting sailing-orders for America. Two of the young officers, named Montraville and Belcour, were about to enter their hotel when Madame du Pont, with her young ladies, descended the church steps. The young men turned to look at the little procession of youth and beauty, and Montraville recognized in a tall, elegant girl, with lovely eyes and an exquisite complexion, his partner at a dance some time before. As he gracefully bowed and smiled, she blushed slightly, bowed in recognition, and passed. From that moment Montraville left no art untried to win her innocent heart. Doubtless he never would have succeeded but for the influence and example of the French teacher, Mademoiselle la Rue, whose character and life were wholly evil. She urged Charlotte to clandestine meetings, laughing at her scruples, and finally entered into a league with

Montraville and his friend, Belcour, to persuade the gentle girl to elope, she herself becoming the companion of Belcour.

It chanced that the day appointed by the officers for the double flight was the day for which a party had been planned by Mrs. Temple for her daughter; and when Charlotte received the loving letter telling her of the preparations, already the arrangements had been made for elopement. Poor Charlotte, who had struggled from the first against the alluring words of Montraville, and who loved her parents devotedly, flew to her teacher and exclaimed:

"Oh, Mademoiselle, I am snatched by a miracle from destruction. This letter has saved me. It has opened my eyes to the folly I was about to commit. I will not go. I will not wound the hearts of those dear parents who make my happiness the study of their lives."

Instead of encouraging the young girl in her resolution, the unnatural woman expressed contempt for her changeableness, and predicted such consequences of it as were sure to touch a heart so susceptible as Charlotte's. Distressed and confused, Charlotte decided to meet her suitor in the evening and take a final adieu. When she told him that such was her object in coming to the place appointed, he assured her solemnly that if she left him he would end his life.

"I cannot—will not—live without you," he declared, seizing her and clasping her to his heart.

"Alas! my torn heart!" Charlotte exclaimed. "How shall I act?"

"Let me direct you," said Montraville, lifting her into the chaise.

"Oh, my dear forsaken parents!" she cried, and as the chaise drove away she shrieked and fainted in the arms of her lover.

When she had been conveyed to the ship that was to bear the party to America, she asked at once for pen and paper to write to her parents. With streaming eyes she told the story in her artless, loving manner, implored their forgiveness and blessing, and told them that her only comfort lay in the hope of being, at no distant day, again folded in their embrace. This letter she gave to Montraville to mail. He, however, having no idea

of being confronted by an outraged parent, tore up the letter as soon as he was out of her sight and threw the fragments to the waves.

On the same ship was a rich officer, a widower. Mademoiselle la Rue, well versed in the ways of the world, soon discovered the villainy of Belcour and determined to use the amiable officer for her own ends. She represented herself to him as an unfortunate woman whom Belcour had lured on board only to betray. So well did she succeed in her machinations that she obtained from him a promise to marry her on the ship's arrival at New York, under forfeiture of five thousand pounds; and this promise he promptly fulfilled.

The astonishment of Charlotte at this change of arrangements was unbounded. She had ascribed to her former teacher the same purity of sentiment that had animated her own heart. When she expressed something of this to Montraville he only laughed at her simplicity, telling her, too truthfully, that she knew nothing of the world. The awful possibilities of her own position began to dawn upon her at this first shocking glimpse of the wickedness of some, at least, of her companions.

After landing in New York Montraville uttered no word of marriage. He placed Charlotte in a small house near the city and gave her an attendant and money for her wants. But he was already indifferent, and soon neglected her so that for days together she was without a person to speak to. Truly, in her bitter disappointment and shame, she ate the bread of loneliness and drank deep of the cup of sorrow. She received no word from her parents, and, knowing nothing of Montraville's treachery, she could only infer that they had cast her off forever.

In the mean time Montraville was becoming involved in an affair that caused him much perplexity. He had met, under peculiar circumstances, a young woman of wealth and station, Julia Franklin, who showed herself most friendly, and her wit and brilliancy almost wholly effaced from his mind the softer charms of Charlotte. He retained a little too much sense of propriety to allow him to offer to a proud, unsuspecting woman a heart so unworthy as his; but under her influence the thought of Charlotte became almost intolerable. He made up his mind to see Charlotte and sever their relations. But six weeks passed

before he paid the visit, and then he was too weak to speak frankly to her, but left a note on her table.

"Do not be surprised," he wrote, "if you do not see me for some time. Make yourself happy, and be certain of the unalterable friendship of Montraville."

"Friendship!" she exclaimed, and the forebodings that rushed upon her well-nigh overcame her. "But surely," she said to her sinking heart, "he cannot be so base as to desert me."

While in this distracted state she was surprised by a visit from Belcour. He had been only waiting for Montraville to leave her entirely to offer his own insulting protection. He not only confirmed poor Charlotte's fears, but added the keenest pang she had yet felt by intimating that a rival had supplanted her, and that she was indeed abandoned.

In this time of her sore need a friend arose for her. Mrs. Beauchamp, the married daughter of Colonel Crayton, the husband of La Rue, was a woman of large heart and brain. Arriving in New York soon after her father, she had seen the fair English girl apparently unaccompanied by any woman, and had been distressed to hear the truth.

"Surely, with such a face," she said to her father, "she must have a pure heart."

Her country place chanced to adjoin the small grounds of Charlotte's place of concealment, and she recognized the same graceful form and sweet face in the lonely woman who sometimes walked in the garden. She visited her and took her to her own house, where, finally, overcome by kindness and grief, Charlotte told the whole tragic story and expressed with heart-rending sobs her longing to leave a life as different from her expectations as it was from her wishes.

"Have you written to your friends?" asked Mrs. Beauchamp.

"Oh, yes, often. They are either dead or have cast me off forever."

"I suspect they never have received your letters. Write again, and I will send it by the first packet to England."

After many attempts Charlotte finally composed a letter that would have melted a heart of stone. She asked nothing for herself but forgiveness, but for her unborn child she begged her

parents' protection and love. She told her mother of the solemn promises of marriage that had so utterly deceived her, but she said she still could find no excuse in her own heart for her seeming ingratitude toward the best and dearest of parents.

The hopes inspired by the writing of this letter and Mrs. Beauchamp's kindness comforted the poor girl to some degree, but a plot was forming that would leave her in more misery than ever. Montraville was deeply interested in Miss Franklin, but the thought of Charlotte still restrained him from making an offer of marriage to her. Finally he broached the subject to Belcour.

"Would to Heaven," he said, "that I never had seen Charlotte. My feeling for her was a passing passion. I feel that I shall love and revere Julia Franklin as long as I live, but to leave poor Charlotte in her present situation would be cruel beyond description."

"Oh, my good, sentimental friend," said Belcour, "do you imagine that nobody has the right to provide for the brat but yourself?"

Montraville started. "You cannot mean to insinuate that Charlotte is false?" he said.

"I know it," said Belcour. "I myself have received advances from her."

Montraville was deeply agitated. He hardly believed the story, and as soon as he could he walked out to see Charlotte. It happened that Belcour had done the same thing, and, learning that she was asleep, he sat in the parlor waiting. He saw Montraville coming, and, with a cunning worthy of the devil himself, he slipped upstairs and lay down softly on the bed at Charlotte's side. When Montraville entered the room, seeking her, his rage can be imagined. After a terrible scene, in which Charlotte had clung to his knees, asserting her innocence and beseeching him not to leave her, and Belcour had preserved silence in the face of her prayers that he would clear up the mystery of his presence, Montraville, with the promise that she should not want for money and attention, left the house in anger. Belcour, believing that Charlotte would write and convince Montraville of her innocence and his villainy, bribed the maid to

send him any letters that her mistress should entrust to her to be posted.

Thus was Charlotte left to reflections and anticipations as harrowing as ever rent a human heart. Her kind friend, Mrs. Beauchamp, had gone with her husband to Rhode Island, and there was not a being to whom she could turn for aid. Belcour was her only visitor, and he was determined to reduce her to a condition in which she would be compelled to throw herself on him for support. In fulfilment of this determination, he soon took pains to tell her that Montraville had married and had gone with his company to Eustatia. When Charlotte heard this, she cried in agony:

"Oh, Montraville, may God forgive your perfidy!"

Then she fell fainting to the floor. One fainting-fit followed another, and she was soon in the delirium of a high fever. Belcour, who had no interest in a sick woman, found a more acceptable victim in a pretty farmer's daughter in the neighborhood. Montraville, before his marriage, had entrusted a letter for Charlotte and ample means for her support to his supposed friend. But Belcour delivered neither the letter nor the money, and the numerous letters that Charlotte wrote to him never reached him. The horrors of absolute want stared her in the face.

She rallied from the illness that followed Belcour's announcement of Montraville's marriage and departure, but found herself very much in debt. One guinea was all she had in the world. She still had a shelter, but one December day a rude woman appeared and told her that as "they'd heard that Captain Montable'd gone off, she must troop—yes, she must pack off that very night."

"O Heaven!" cried Charlotte, "what will become of me?" Her tears incensed the unfeeling woman the more.

"Go," she said, "for you shouldn't stay another night in this house though I were sure you'd lie in the street."

Charlotte bowed her head. In her anguish she could not utter a word. Her one resource was her former teacher, Mrs. Crayton, who was living in affluence, and apparently enjoyed the esteem of her husband and of a circle of friends. In fact, her life was very different from what it seemed to be, and she had already begun to lose the respect of her husband. Char-

lotte wrote a letter to her, and determined to take it to her door. In it she asked for shelter—just a roof over her head in the inclement weather. She put together the few little things that she could not do without, and, thinly clad, in a driving snow-storm, she set out for Mrs. Crayton's residence. The butler said his mistress was engaged, but he would take any message the lady wished to send. Charlotte followed the man up-stairs and heard his mistress deny, with the most emphatic exclamations, any knowledge of such a person. She then told the servant to take her away.

"Where shall I take her?" said the man, whose kind heart was deeply stirred by the evident delicacy and distress of the unwelcome visitor.

"Anywhere," said Mrs. Crayton. "She will frighten me into hysterics."

Charlotte tried to plead once more for shelter, but she fell senseless to the floor, and the butler and another servant carried her down-stairs.

"Poor soul," said John, the butler, "you shall not sleep in the street this night. I have a hovel and a cot where my wife and children sleep. They shall watch to-night."

They bore her to the little hut, a surgeon was called, and before morning her child was born. The surgeon happened to be called to the home of Mrs. Beauchamp the next day, where he told her of this most pitiful case, and she went at once to the scene of distress, ignorant that she was to see the poor girl who had already awakened her sympathy. The penury that met her eye almost overcame Mrs. Beauchamp as she drew near to the sick woman. She did not recognize Charlotte, but the girl knew her voice and tried to rise, exclaiming:

"Oh, have you ever heard from my father? Does he say I may go home? I shall soon be ready."

All that kindness could suggest was now done for Charlotte; but it was too evident that relief had come too late. While Mrs. Beauchamp was sitting by her bedside a knock attracted her attention, and when she opened the door she was face to face with Mr. Temple. He had sailed for America as soon as her letter had reached him, and had finally traced his child to this place. She recognized his voice, threw herself into his em-

brace, and he clasped her to his heart. She indicated her wish to have her child put into his arms; and after a few words on both sides expressive of the deepest love, and a promise that her little daughter should be another daughter to her parents, Charlotte raised her eyes to heaven and then closed them forever.

Montraville returned to New York, and, being still haunted by remorse for his treatment of Charlotte, sought the house where he had left her. As he was returning to the city he saw a little procession moving toward a grave, and mechanically he joined it. When, after some questions, he learned the truth, he rushed forward and almost threw himself upon the coffin.

"Poor, murdered Charlotte!" he cried. "Do not close this tomb till I have taken vengeance on her murderer."

Mr. Temple told him to cease from intruding upon the sacred scene. "I am her father," he said.

"If you are the father of Charlotte Temple, strike," he cried wildly. "I am Montraville."

"Alas!" replied Mr. Temple, "your own reflections are your sufficient punishment."

Montraville then sought the perfidious Belcour, and in the ensuing quarrel Belcour was stabbed through the heart. Montraville was then attacked by a long illness, from which he recovered, but which left him a prey to fits of extreme melancholy, and he frequently visited the little churchyard where lay the dust of Charlotte Temple.

Ten years later, when the little Lucy was growing into a lovely girl, like her beautiful mother, Mr. and Mrs. Temple, returning to their hotel in London, where they were spending a few days, found a poor, ragged, half-starved creature on the steps. It was La Rue. She had been divorced from Colonel Crayton for seven years, and had sunk from one degree of vice to another. When Mrs. Temple assisted her to rise and provided her with food, she said, fixing her eyes upon her benefactor:

"You know not what you do. Come not near me. I am the viper that stung your peace. I turned poor Charlotte out into the street."

Nevertheless, Mr. and Mrs. Temple sheltered her that night and obtained admission for her to a hospital, where, a few weeks later, she died, worn out with a life of vice.

GIOVANNI DOMENICO RUFFINI

(Italy, 1807–1881)

DOCTOR ANTONIO (1855)

This novel is one of several written in the English language by the author, who, although an Italian by birth and education, emigrated for political reasons and went in 1836 to England, where he devoted himself to a careful study of English. His books are remarkable for their absence of any trace of foreign idiom.

IN a sunny April afternoon in 1840, a father and daughter were rattling over the famous Corniche road, on the Riviera, in a four-horse carriage. The girl, who was proclaimed an invalid by her pallor, was of the fragile English type of beauty; her father, Sir John Davenne, had an aristocratic face, with prominent eyes and thin nostrils; he was assiduous in his attentions to his daughter. At San Remo they changed horses, and one of the new animals seemed unused to harness, for he acted as if frightened and continually tried to bolt. The postilion found difficulty in managing him; and finally, while rounding a sharp turn at the bottom of a steep hill, the animal succeeded in overturning the coach. Sir John was unhurt, but his daughter Lucy was caught in the wreck and appeared badly injured.

"Anybody hurt? any harm done?" cried a bearded Italian, in good English, as he drove up in a gig. "I am a medical man; can I be of use?"

Hardly waiting for an answer, he attended at once to the fainting girl, and almost before the party knew their destination he had installed them in an inn in the neighboring village.

An examination of the girl's foot showed the doctor that one of the bones was broken, but both father and daughter manifested such fear that he told them she had but suffered a serious sprain.

"We must go on in a few hours," said Sir John.

"Alas!" returned the physician, "you will stay here not hours but weeks!"

"But I *must* go on," said the gentleman; "I am Sir John Davenne, of Davenne Hall in ——shire."

"And I, sir," replied the other, with a twinkle of his eye, "am Doctor Antonio, parish doctor of Bordighera."

Days passed. Sir John fussed and fumed, but the broken bone gave Lucy much pain and she accepted gratefully Dr. Antonio's dictum of quiet. Besides, this strange Italian, who spoke such good English, fascinated her and she began to look forward to his frequent visits.

Sir John's dislike to the physician increased rapidly. His democratic manners were repugnant to the English Baronet, who finally decided that his daughter's case was not in good hands, and, ignorant of medical etiquette, he sent off surreptitiously to Nice for Dr. Yorke, a fellow-countryman, who arrived next day.

The English physician was overwhelmed with embarrassment when he learned the state of the case, and insisted, of course, that he should be regarded as having merely been called in consultation. Dr. Antonio, coming in presently, was no less annoyed, and after explaining his treatment to Dr. Yorke, who thoroughly approved it, the Italian insisted on throwing up the case and withdrawing.

"Fine mess we are in!" muttered Dr. Yorke, as Antonio bowed himself out. There was an awkward silence. "I suppose I am at liberty to choose my own physician," Sir John said finally. "This fellow gives himself insufferable airs."

"As you please," returned the English doctor coolly, "but is your daughter to do without medical aid?"

"I rely on yours."

"That would be well, for an occasional call; but my duties keep me in Nice."

"Can you recommend any good practitioner near here?"

"There is none better than Doctor Antonio; besides, he speaks English and your daughter likes him; such doctors do not grow on every bush in Italy."

It was a bitter pill for poor Sir John, but there was nothing

for it but to apologize to Dr. Antonio and place him again in charge of the case. Dr. Yorke volunteered to overcome the objections advanced by wounded pride, and, by laying stress on Lucy's predicament and minimizing Sir John, he succeeded in doing so, after which the good man, with a sigh of relief, took his departure.

Dr. Antonio was so assiduous in his care of Lucy's foot, and soon showed such wonderful talents as nurse, entertainer, conversationalist, and mechanic, that even Sir John, though still holding a little aloof, was almost won over to like him. The doctor was a Sicilian who had known the English language from youth through association with an English relative by marriage. Exiled for connection with a revolutionary movement, he had sought refuge in Sardinia, where he gained his livelihood as a parish doctor. He proved able also to give instruction in botany, with illustrations from the flora of the vicinity, to enlighten Lucy on Italian politics and ecclesiastical questions, to tell her the names of the myriad insects that came under her notice, and in other ways to lighten the tedium of the many days that must elapse ere she was to be permitted to rest her foot on the floor.

"How much I owe you!" exclaimed the English girl on one occasion, as she bade him good-by; and the color rose in her face as she held out her hand. But Antonio laughed at the strange notion and made his farewell in haste.

Lucy sat long in the dark, thinking. "I like this place," she said to her father, who presently came in. "I have lost my cough and the air does me so much good."

Ever since Dr. Yorke's memorable visit and Antonio's decisive victory Sir John, by some strange delusion, although realizing the doctor's personal charm, seemed to regard the Italian as the author of all his woes. Being a typical Englishman, he was versed in all the ceremonious arts, so much practised in the higher circles, of making himself superlatively annoying. His bland smiles and copious apologies for the trouble that he was causing Antonio might have been so many sharp needles issuing from his mouth. The physician, after a few attempts at conciliation, took the hint, and began to pay the Englishman back in his own coin of frigid bows and icy inquiries

after his health. One day, after the usual exchange of compliments, Sir John remarked to Antonio that he understood the extent of his obligations and should do his best to show his sense of them, to which the Italian, knitting his brow, replied: "I am happy to say, sir, that my time is worth little, and I beg you to understand that nine tenths of my visits are unprofessional and exclude any question of fees."

Sir John made a wry face, but Antonio went on placidly with an explanation of a plan that he had formed to have a wheeled reclining-chair made by a local carpenter, on which Lucy might be carried each day to the balcony. Sir John was somewhat touched by the sympathy shown in this scheme and by Antonio's exhibition of pride, which was the one emotion that he could appreciate. "After all," he said to himself, "the fellow is a gentleman."

Not long after this Lucy found Speranza, their hostess's daughter, in tears. She had just had a letter from her sweetheart, Battista, who had been drafted to serve in the Royal Navy. The lad's mother, who had been deserted by her husband as a girl, was always looked upon in the community as a widow, and her son had considered himself, as a widow's son, not subject to conscription. He had therefore gone on a voyage, and had rendered himself liable to arrest. Lucy, after hearing the story, and learning from Dr. Antonio some of the sad facts regarding the Sardinian conscription and the treatment of those who endeavored to escape it, resolved to beg from her father a sufficient sum to pay a substitute for Battista. Antonio advised her, however, to say nothing to the girl about her plan, "lest," he said, "the authorities should hear of it and take it into their heads to oppose us." How sweet the word "us" sounded in Lucy's ears! How pleasant it was to have an interest in common with that kindest of doctors!

Meanwhile the reclining-chair had been finished and the day arrived when Lucy occupied it and first saw the wonderful sea-view from the balcony. Dr. Antonio passed the greater part of a day in pointing out promontories, hills, and villages, and in relating anecdotes of each. Lucy felt more and more reconciled to prolonging her stay in such a beautiful spot. Even Sir John appeared to be melting, and when Antonio actually succeeded

[illegible] saddle-horse for him, after infinite trouble, he [illegible] address him as "My dear doctor"—words which [illegible] ponder.

[illegible] night slipped away, and it was decided to cele- [illegible] birthday with a feast. The day itself had passed [illegible] in bed, but the celebration had been post- [illegible] There were great doings: a splendid dinner, toasts, and [illegible] Sir John, in which he addressed Antonio publicly [illegible] honorable friend." After the dinner he declared pri- [illegible] that "could that man be brought to shave, he [illegible] out of place at the table of a king." From that [illegible] Dr. Antonio was promoted to the honor of shaking [illegible] the Baronet. The evening was further signalized by [illegible] first step, which the doctor ordered with fear and trem- [illegible] greeted with a ringing "*Victoria!*" when he perceived [illegible] he was not the least bit lame. To crown all, Battista re- [illegible] by the application of Lucy's ransom. Speranza [illegible] mother were beside themselves with joy and called down [illegible] of blessings on the head of their benefactress. As for [illegible] himself—a comely, strongly-built, chocolate-complex- [illegible] of two-and-twenty—he was Lucy's devoted slave [illegible] and in fact was sure that she must be the Madonna [illegible] since a white skin and fair hair were inseparably [illegible] in his mind with pictures of the Virgin.

Lucy continued to improve, and also continued to love the [illegible] "I could stay here all my life," she said to Antonio. [illegible] thought thrilled him, yet he answered gravely: "But you [illegible] rank and riches are chains of gold, but still chains, are [illegible]"

"I fear so," answered Lucy with a sigh.

Gladly would Antonio have kept Sir John and his daughter, [illegible] could not conceal from them the fact that Lucy had now [illegible] and that they were at liberty to go. But, wonder of [illegible] Sir John did not leap with joy at the news. Italy [illegible] subdued even his rugged nature. He sat down moodily. [illegible] his thoughts, cried out: "Oh, papa, let us stay a [illegible]!" Thus Sir John, concluding that the climate was [illegible] both of them, decided to remain.

On a warm summer evening, while Sir John, Lucy, and Dr.

Antonio sat on the balcony, the conversation turned to Antonio's native island of Sicily, and of the history of her liberties, dating from the eleventh century, when a Norman prince laid the foundations of her freedom and independence. Long attached to the Spanish monarchy, Sicily remained practically independent until finally joined to the kingdom of Naples under the Bourbon kings. In 1806 King Ferdinand, expelled from his Neapolitan realm, took refuge in Sicily and repaid his island dominion for her loyalty by all sorts of oppression, while his subjects were made to suffer the meanest espionage. The Government sniffed Jacobins everywhere. The island was on the verge of revolution, when the English stepped in and took virtual control. On their retirement a struggle between King and nation ensued, lasting until the fall of Napoleon, when the Congress of Vienna erased Sicily as an independent kingdom from the map by uniting it with Naples. The Parliament of Sicily never assembled after this and her liberties were slowly extinguished. In 1830 the King died, leaving to his son, the younger Ferdinand, an impoverished and degraded kingdom. At first the new reign promised well, but during a cholera epidemic in 1836 a belief that the Government had intentionally encouraged the scourge by relaxing the Sicilian quarantine brought about an insurrection, which was put down with rigor and great cruelty. At that time Dr. Antonio, for protesting against the arrest of a friend sick with cholera, was himself taken into custody and released only on condition that he should leave the kingdom.

It was not long after this conversation that the marriage of Battista and Speranza was made possible by a munificent grant of two hundred pounds from Sir John, but first it was decided that the *promessi sposi* ("betrothed pair") should visit the Madonna of Lampedusa, who was held responsible by the village people for all the blessings that had come to them in the train of the English people. With them went Sir John and Lucy with Antonio as their guide, and they made a delightful sojourn in the mountains near the famous shrine. The crowning incident was an invitation from Signor Orlando Pistacchini, manager of the little theater at Taggia, near by, to grace one of the village plays with their presence. They were invited by Signora Eleonora, a friend of Dr. Antonio's, to stay at her house.

"She is the woman," said Antonio to Lucy, "whom I love and revere above all others."

What was there in this remark to stir the feelings of the usually mild Lucy? She replied with hauteur that they should decline the invitation, as the lady was unknown to them. Antonio was nonplussed; as was also the good Speranza. Going up to Lucy the Italian girl whispered: "Why should you not go to visit the Signora? She is the kindest and dearest old lady in all Italy!" This seemed to put everything right! Lucy rose instantly and going up to Antonio said, with a little confusion: "Is the kindest of doctors still inclined to introduce the crossest of girls to Signora Eleonora?"

"To be sure," replied Antonio, looking up with a queer mingling of amazement and pleasure; "how can you doubt it?"

The play was a success and the Signora most kind; and in due time they returned to the inn. Dr. Antonio was inclined to be meditative, but an incident that occurred soon afterward gave him new food for thought. Reading in a newspaper of the clandestine marriage of a young Englishwoman with a poor artist at Rome, Sir John flew into a violent rage, and gave vent to his opinions regarding such unequal matches in no uncertain terms, nor were Antonio's feeble protests of any avail. After leaving Lucy that night he pondered long, and his final exclamation, "*Viva Italia*, my first and last love!" may serve as a key to his thoughts.

Indeed, his idyl was nearly at an end. Antonio was reading to Lucy one day, not long after this, when the door was flung open with a crash and in stalked a tall man who greeted Lucy noisily, taking no notice of her Italian friend. It was her brother Aubrey, just returned from India, where he had been serving as an officer in the British army. The eyes of the two men met in no friendly way as Lucy introduced them, and Antonio soon withdrew. Sir John's frank eulogies of the Italian warmed the Captain into cordiality at their next meeting, but he had divined the situation, and lost no time in pressing upon Sir John the necessity for an immediate departure. To Lucy, too, her brother intimated that, although her Italian friend and she would make a handsome pair were he an English duke, he

would rather see her dead than married to Antonio under existing conditions. For the next few days all was good humor and gratitude—but the bustle of preparation for departure went on. Lucy grew pale, and Antonio could not but connect her constrained manner with Aubrey's arrival. Finally, after a grand farewell dinner, the party drove away, with much loud cracking of whips and shouted good-bys and blessings from the villagers. Antonio watched them as long as he could, and then, throwing himself on his bed, wept like a child.

Eight years passed. Lucy did what ninety-nine out of a hundred young women would have done in her case—she married. Her husband, Lord Cleverton, an ambitious man, admired his wife boundlessly, but there was no true love between the two; they became more and more estranged; no children were born to them, and finally Lucy was left a widow, just as Lord Cleverton was about to reach the goal of his ambition, a seat in the cabinet. The young widow, sadly shattered in health and spirits, looked back with tenderness to her happy days at Bordighera and determined to see what that favored region could do for her. Her year of mourning over, she set out with an elderly companion, for Sir John was laid up with gout, and in due time she was in sight of the well-loved little valley. Alas! the inn was a ruin, shattered by an earthquake. Speranza and Battista had moved away; the parish doctor, Lucy's informant believed, had gone away "long ago."

Lucy hastened to Mentone, whither Speranza had gone, and soon was clasped in the arms of the black-eyed young mother who left her babies to embrace with joy her "dear lady." But Dr. Antonio? He had gone back to his own country. Perhaps Signora Eleonora had news of him. His mother in Sicily had died, leaving him a fortune, and he had given up his home at Bordighera.

Signora Eleonora had gone from Taggia; Lucy pursued her to Genoa, but she knew nothing except that Dr. Antonio had taken part in the latest revolutionary movement at Palermo and had been wounded in the shoulder. More she could not tell. Lucy determined to go to Sicily, if need be, to find her old friend; and the next day saw her on the steamer bound for Naples.

She found the city in excitement. The revolution in Sicily had its echo there, and King Ferdinand had been forced to dismiss his Conservative ministry and grant a constitution. He was now in the flush of a short-lived popularity as a liberal monarch. The British ambassador, however, would not hear of Lady Cleverton's crossing to Sicily, which he regarded as a most dangerous trip. She must wait, and while waiting, why not go to court? Lucy yielded to the importunities of a young attaché, a relative of her late husband, and that evening sat in the royal palace while the young man pointed out celebrity after celebrity. "There," he said, "is the King's own brother, the Count of Syracuse. But whom is he speaking to?" Lucy's heart gave a great throb. Surely she knew that form! He turned his head, and she saw that, although the long beard was gone it was indeed the face of the one she sought. A little later she met him face to face. They spoke naturally and quietly—a few polite words and inquiries; but Antonio's eyes were beaming and the blood was in Lady Cleverton's cheeks.

Antonio lost no time in giving an account of himself. He had been summoned to Naples by the King to aid in the new liberal administration, having attracted attention by an able memorial on the situation in Sicily.

After this the two friends saw each other daily, and Lucy's health came back to her even as it had eight years before. Antonio's political mission had ended, but he stayed on. Perhaps it was his destiny. Meanwhile the King began to tire of his extreme liberality; there were signs of a reaction; the air seemed charged with electricity. One evening, as Antonio and Lucy were talking of the old days in Bordighera, the sharp rattle of a volley of musketry suddenly broke on the stillness. Antonio seized his hat.

"There is fighting; I am sure of it," said Lucy; "do not go, I beseech you; what can one man do?"

"I must go," he replied. It was as if fate had spoken.

"Oh, Antonio," she cried, as she looked up to him. The Italian drew her to his heart. "Lucy," he said, "this is no time for many words." The firing never slackened as he spoke. "Lucy, I love you; I have loved you all these eight years! Let me do my duty!" "Noble heart," she re-

plied, "go! and God preserve you!" In another second he had gone.

Hundreds of distracted people were running about the streets. Antonio's only thought was to prevent useless bloodshed. Terrible rumors of revolution and massacre met him; he did not credit them. A barricade blocked his progress. Antonio saw before him the body of a wounded man, and, his physician's instinct overpowering all else, he knelt to attend to the poor fellow's needs. There was a shout from the defenders of the barricade; they waved their hands and pointed. He turned his head quickly, but in another second a bayonet-thrust sent him over, weltering in blood.

Lucy waited vainly for Antonio's return. Days passed. Six months elapsed, till finally the young attaché, her relative, found out for her that Antonio was alive, though wounded and a prisoner. He was to be tried for participating in the insurrection. The political memorial which had once secured him favorable notice from the court was now his undoing. It was found in his house; its liberal sentiments were easily interpreted as treasonable, and the innocent physician was made to stand trial as a member of a dangerous society of anarchists. Lucy was a constant attendant at the trial, but she could not lift a finger for her friend, and she finally heard the judge sentence him to nineteen years in irons.

As the sentences were pronounced, a shriek, it is said, came from the gallery seats, and a tall figure, standing among the prisoners, stretched out its hands. A lady had fainted.

Antonio was carried with others to a fortress in the island of Ischia, whither Lady Cleverton followed. Hiring a villa, she devoted her time to schemes for the escape of her friend. Battista and Speranza, too, were there, and on one dark night in May, the ex-sailor gained admittance to Antonio's cell, while his friends waited below the castle in a yacht with steam up. But what is this! Battista returns alone, his eyes streaming with tears. He bears a note in a well-known hand: "I cannot desert my noble companions; leave me to my fate. Pray for Italy! God bless you!"

"We will save them all!" cried Lucy. But it was not to be. The prisoners were suddenly transferred to another fortress—

where, no one could ascertain. The shock was too much for Lady Cleverton; she failed rapidly and before long she passed away.

Battista and Speranza are living near Nice in comfort, well provided for by Lucy's will.

As for Dr. Antonio, he still suffers, prays, and hopes for his country.

WILLIAM CLARK RUSSELL

(England, 1844)

THE WRECK OF THE GROSVENOR (1873)

This story of the British merchant marine is famous for its fidelity to life on the high seas, and was a powerful factor in reforming the laws relating to merchant vessels of England.

THERE was every appearance that a southwesterly wind would spring up when the northerly wind fell that had brought us at a rattling rate down the Thames and left us nearly becalmed abreast of the Gull light-ship. We slipped with the tide and a light air in the royals to the Downs, where several dozen vessels had anchored to wait for a wind.

While we were taking in sail, and preparing in turn to anchor, Mr. Duckling, the mate, a thick-set, repulsive-looking man, whom I took to be a Yankee, turned to me, who held the post of second mate, and remarked that he saw signs of disaffection among the men, who were standing forward in sullen groups and muttering among themselves.

I replied that there was some discontent, I had already learned, for as I was passing the galley, the black cook called my attention to the quality of the food served out for the men. The pork, he said, stunk, the bread was full of weevils, and the tea was nothing but some colored shavings ground up fine.

On hearing this report, the mate swore he would give them something to cry about when they got to sea. Stepping to the break of the poop, he leaned hard on the brass rail, looked ferociously at the men, with eyes glaring so that some of the crew grew uneasy, and then bellowed, "You lazy hounds! Have you nothing to get about? Some of you get that cable range

more over to windward. You there, get some scrubbing-brushes, and clean the longboat's bottom. Forecastle, there, come down and out of that and see that your halyards are clear for running! I'll teach you to palaver the cook, you grumbling villains!" and he made a movement so full of menace that the men at once began to bustle about.

Neither Captain Coxon, a tall, spare man of military build, but with a cold, cruel eye, nor the pilot, a bushy-bearded, stocky man who took his cue from the skipper, paid any apparent attention to what was going on.

After a great deal of grumbling, threats to revolt, on the part of the crew, and violence from the mate, the canvas was all taken in and furled. The officers went below to take tea, and Captain Coxon condescended to inquire what was the matter with the hands forward; and they all expressed themselves in language the reverse of favorable to the crew. I came in also for a sneering rebuke for siding with the men because, as alleged, I had condemned the provisions furnished for the forecastle.

Things came to a crisis on the following morning, and very early in the voyage, too. A brisk, fair wind set in, and all the vessels in the Downs made sail at once and put to sea, except our own, which was a smart little ship of five hundred tons, overloaded, it is true, but still able to hold her own with most vessels of her size. She had a fine cabin, or cuddy, with staterooms besides those occupied by the master and the mates.

When word was given to get up the anchor and make sail, all the hands, in a bunch, including the cook, came aft to the mast, and firmly declared that not a soul of them would move a finger to obey orders unless the quality of their provisions was changed for the better before they sailed.

A hasty conference in the cabin between skipper, pilot, and mate led to the conclusion not, as any reasonable person would suppose, to change the quality of the food, but to change the crew. The rage of Captain Coxon, furious at losing so much time, was useless. Hence he went on shore, and after several hours returned accompanied by a small lugger bringing a tough-looking crowd of fellows fresh from a crimping-house. The old crew was tumbled into the lugger and sent back to shore, and the *Grosvenor* at last put to sea.

Of course it took only a few hours for the new crew to learn the state of affairs and for similar scenes to be enacted. This time, however, Captain Coxon adopted a different manner. He replied to the demands of the men with soft, mild voice and language. With such a wind, he said, it was clear that a sailing-ship could not well return. Valuable days would be lost. To beat back against it would take almost as much time as to keep on to the destined port. The men suggested that they might touch at Madeira or the Canaries and get a new stock of food, both fresh and cured. Captain Coxon admitted that this might be done, practically giving them to understand that such was his purpose. Poor fellows! they knew little of the exact location of these or other foreign ports; and for a few days lived chiefly on hope, as they could swallow only a portion of the abominable stuff served out to them.

The crew began soon to calculate distances and count the days that would bring Madeira in sight. In the mean time the *Grosvenor* had run down a smack on a dark night, but no effort was made to rescue her ill-fated crew. This had caused sinister surprise, and when later, toward the close of a gale, a dismasted ship was seen wallowing in the sea with signs of life on board clearly evident, much excitement appeared among our crew when it became apparent that Captain Coxon, in spite of her signals for help, intended to pass on without the least attempt to offer aid.

My own feelings were so wrought upon by this continued succession of brutalities that I lost all sight of what expediency and discipline suggested to one in my situation, and I openly defied the skipper and ordered the men to put off a boat to pick up the survivors on the sinking ship. We all but came to blows; this, of course, was open mutiny, even though in a just cause. The crew gathered forward and looked on with bated breath. At this critical moment Captain Coxon apparently decided to yield to my protest, and ordered the ship hove to and the quarter boat to be sent to the rescue under my charge, as it was distinctly stipulated.

With some difficulty we rescued a feeble old gentleman named Robertson and Miss Robertson, his daughter. There was also a seaman crazed by hardship. The Captain and the

rest of the crew had been washed away. As soon as I stepped foot again on the deck of the *Grosvenor* Captain Coxon ordered me to my stateroom, and shortly after this Mr. Duckling, the mate, with the carpenter, brought a chain and shackled my legs; the key of the door was then turned, and I was firmly locked in. That was what I got for risking my life on an errand of mercy.

One effect of this episode, not considered at the time but which ere long produced very important results, was the influence produced on the crew by my action. They saw very plainly that there was a distinct enmity between the skipper and his mate and myself. In the event of a mutiny by all hands, they concluded that I would probably be on their side, and thus they could depend on having one who could navigate the ship. Such reasoning was hardly fair to me, as I felt the supreme importance of preserving discipline at all hazards on board ship. But as matters turned out this calculation was not so far wrong in the end.

Mutiny was in the air; I knew from all signs that a rising was at hand. But I supposed it would be limited to seizing the skipper and the mate, and confining them or turning them adrift in a boat. It was clear by this time to the untutored minds of the crew that the Captain had no intention of putting into any port to change the provisions. And thus it happened one night that both the skipper and the mate were struck down unawares, and the life beaten out of them.

I heard them fall on the deck; my first thought was that now we might have pandemonium, and I trembled for the probable fate of the beautiful girl when the crew should get at the spirits and throw to the winds what humanity was left in them. And yet in one sense I did them an injustice. For they were not all wholly bad. The weaker ones were led on by the others, and there is no doubt that they had all been very cruelly treated and had great cause for dissatisfaction. And now, at the outset, after gaining their liberty and full possession of the ship, these rough men showed considerable self-control as well as common sense.

They offered me the place of captain, admitting that I was too necessary for their ultimate safety to share the fate of the late skipper and mate. The carpenter was to be mate under

me and the boatswain second mate, and they promised to obey me implicitly, on the stern condition, however, that I should have short shrift if I showed any intention to betray them or in the slightest degree to play them false. I replied frankly that they knew as well as I that without me they could never make a port; that if they kept away from liquor, treated the young lady with perfect respect, and were true to me, I would do my best to take them to any place they might designate. It was then agreed that they would land fifty miles from New Orleans, but afterward this destination was changed for the coast of Florida, that being nearer.

As the days passed they grew desperate for a landing. They acted and actually talked as if they felt the rope already around their necks. Once on shore, they could scatter and thus avoid the clutches of the law. Every approaching sail was watched with dread.

But I was very closely watched, and they studied the charts and nautical instruments, but could make nothing out of them. Suspicion was in the air. My every word and action was carefully weighed. In the mean time my own anxiety was intense, and it soon reached a point almost bordering on insanity and despair. The situation was complicated when the boatswain, who was never heartily in the mutiny, and now, acting as second mate, had opportunities to see me alone sometimes, informed me that it was the purpose of Stevens, the carpenter, to bore holes in the bottom of the ship and abandon her, leaving behind, to go down with her, myself, Miss Robertson, her father, and the steward, a weak fellow who, to please the skipper, had vouched for the good quality of the crew's moldy provisions.

The time for landing was approaching. Depending on the ignorance of the men, as soon as I learned of the foul plot of the carpenter and his gang I played a counterplot, very dangerous but our only means of hope. Each day I reported the distance run greater than what it actually was, until I was able to announce with plausibility the time when we should be sixty miles from the Florida coast.

A box of nails was dropped overboard with a splash on a dark night, and immediately afterward the boatswain hid himself in the forepeak among some dunnage, while the alarm

of "Man overboard!" rang through the ship. He preferred to take the risk of remaining with us, but, being a strong, sensible man, his abandonment of the mutineers at the moment of their leaving the ship would have resulted in our massacre. Therefore my plan, although risky, was preferable. Everyone except those in the secret concluded that the boatswain had actually been drowned.

Miss Robertson, a girl of keen intelligence and great heroism, was kept thoroughly informed of what was going on; and, having had some experience in steering, she was able subsequently to take the wheel when such aid was sorely needed. It is hardly necessary to add that this union of perils, this close intimacy, this carrying on of secret plans together, led to the natural result that we reached a mutual understanding on another important question, and that question was love.

At last the two boats were off with the mutineers. Stevens, the carpenter, had taken every precaution to prevent our ultimate escape, as he feared our testimony if we ever reached land. The boatswain came out from his hiding and immediately plugged up the holes and temporarily stopped the leak. But we had appeared on deck too soon, for we were detected by Stevens, who returned with half a dozen men and tried to board the ship. With the only pistol in the vessel I blew his brains out. The others were slain by the boatswain and the steward, excepting one seaman named Cornish who, with a wrist maimed by a marlinspike, clambered over the side. His life was spared on condition of his good behavior. The longboat and the rest of the mutineers were lost in a storm that sprang up soon after.

Thus there were four of us—or five, including Miss Robertson, who gave heroic assistance—now left to reef, take in sail, pump the ship, steer, and perform all the duties of managing a sailing-vessel of that size and rig.

We were completely worn out by the time it became necessary to take to the boat, which had fortunately been saved by a kind Providence for our escape when Stevens came back in it to murder us. Poor Mr. Robertson passed away during these horrors and his remains were cast in the deep. We stayed by until we saw the last of the good ship *Grosvenor* disappear in the depths.

Of water and provisions we had a fair supply, but how, in a

small rowboat, and now hardly able to handle an oar, were we to reach the Bermudas, several hundred miles away and the nearest land?

But one calm evening the throbbing of the propeller of a steamship was heard, though it was miles away. It drew nearer; we made shift to hoist a lantern on our little mast; we waved it, and then we shouted. The sound drew nearer. Then red lights were thrown up by the approaching vessel, as a reply to our signal. Her great bulk drew nearer; men were seen thronging the bulwarks to see our tiny little craft. Then hailing voices came to us over the water, and soon we were on board. The fearful anxiety, toil, and hardship I had endured for weeks had so exhausted my entire system that I fell on the deck in a state of complete insensibility, which lasted four days.

The officers, crew, and passengers of the good steamer *Peri* almost overpowered us with their sympathy and kind attentions. My dear Mary and I were treated as affianced lovers, and for this reason, perhaps, aroused especial interest on the part of the ladies in the cabin. It was such a romantic story, they said. She was an heiress, possessed of large wealth, I but a seafaring man who, although of good family, must, as soon as able, seek another berth to earn a livelihood. I had a certain foolish pride that inclined me to give up one whom I loved with all my soul, but whom I could not support at that time out of my slender means. But Mary was equal to the occasion. She removed my scruples, and thus she, whom I had rescued as a stranger and a waif drifting to a watery grave on a foundering wreck in mid-ocean, became my dear wife and life companion.

MARY ANN SADLIER

(Ireland, 1820–1903)

BESSY CONWAY: OR, THE IRISH GIRL IN AMERICA (1861)

As Mrs. Sadlier spent her girlhood in Ireland, she had every opportunity for making a study of the lives of the peasants, so faithfully portrayed in this book. Emigrating to Canada in 1845, and removing to New York City in 1860, she became further acquainted with the difficulties that beset Irish Catholic girls who go to America to earn their living. Mrs. Sadlier's work is in a class peculiar to itself, each book written by her having a special object in view, bearing on the religious and moral well-being of her fellow Irish Catholics. In *Bessy Conway* the authoress made an attempt, as she writes in her preface, "to point out to Irish girls in America—especially that numerous class whose lot it is to hire themselves out for work—the true and never-failing path to success in this world and happiness in the next."

IN the heart of the fertile county of Tipperary, not far from the banks of the silvery Suir, and almost in the shadow of the moldering castle of Ardfinnan, there is a comfortable farmhouse owned by one Denis Conway, as decent a man, so the neighbors say, as you would find anywhere. He had lived through the darkest and most dismal of "rainy days," when gaunt famine stared in at the door and pestilence at the window; but these days had passed away without leaving Denis Conway any worse legacy than that of experience.

Providence had come to his aid in the darkest hour of need, and the hand that drew him and his family from the abyss of wretchedness in which the whole country was engulfed was that of his own daughter Bessy. She had promised to go to America in the service of a Mrs. Walters, the wife of a captain, who had taken a fancy to the girl in Carrick.

It was the first grief that had come upon the family when Bessy persisted in accepting the tempting offer, which would

enable her to "see the world." For years this had been the dream of her young heart, and she gave her parents to understand that she never would be happy unless they gave their consent, and under that pressure the old couple did so most unwillingly.

Bessy was not wholly among strangers when she embarked on the steamer, for a first cousin of her father's, Ned Finigan, was making the same journey. He promised Denis Conway that Bessy never should want a friend, or one to advise her, as long as he was in the land of the living. What could go beyond that? Denis asked in a tone of entire satisfaction, and his wife nodded approvingly. Then Peery Murphy and his family, next door to the Conways, were going, and the Murphy girls had been her comrades as long as she could remember. So what with Ned Finigan and the Murphys, not to speak of Mrs. Walters, her kind mistress, who had promised so fair, there was little fear of Bessy but she'd do well. Still it was with a heavy heart and tearful eyes that those left behind stood watching the steamer that bore her away, as it splashed and sputtered from the wharf.

As Bessy stood on the deck and looked back with tearful eyes at the fast-receding shore, she was roused by the voice of her mistress, who had come in search of her. Looking forward with pleasure to the discharge of her duty, hoping it might enable her to forget the feeling of homesickness that assailed her, she followed Mrs. Walters to the cabin with a buoyant step and a somewhat lighter heart.

Meanwhile Ned Finigan had made the acquaintance of a comical-looking individual with a hump on his back, who was talking and gesticulating with an air half quizzical, half serious. His name was Paul Brannigan, he informed his auditors, and as he had been to America before he was entertaining his listeners with an account of what he had seen there. A lively imagination combined with a keen sense of humor enabled him to attract those around him from the gloomy contemplation of their native shores, while they listened half doubtingly to his marvelous stories.

As soon as Mrs. Walters had dispensed with the services of Bessy, she joined the party of eager listeners and became as

deeply interested as the rest, when she heard someone whisper in her ear:

"Not a word or a look for *me*, Bessy?"

The girl raised her eyes with a start and a blush, and met the reproachful glance of a good-looking young man, whose dress and general deportment were considerably above the class to which most of the peasants belonged. There was a smart, knowing look about him, which savored of the town rather than of the country, and his words were smooth and well placed.

"Why, then, Mister Henry, is it here *you* are? What in the world brings you?"

"What in the world would bring me? What a wonder you make of it to see me."

"But who ever thought of seeing you here? Are you going to America, or what?"

"I'm going wherever *you* go."

"Lord bless me, sir! what a thing for you to say!" exclaimed Bessy, in alarm. "Sure, your father and mother would never hear of your going to America, or anywhere else, away from them. And you that has such a good America at home! Oh, Mister Henry, think of what you're about!"

"I know what I'm about," the young man replied sharply. "And I'd have you to know, Miss Bessy Conway, that I'm too old now to be tied to my mother's apron-strings. As soon as I heard you were going to America I made up my mind to go, too; but you may be sure I kept my mind to myself. If I had made it known to anyone, it was no go."

"Well, but, what do you mean, Mister Henry? what do you mean at all, at all? I'm sure I got blame enough at home on your account, an' I'll be ruined entirely if you be comin' after me to America."

"Why, really, Bessy, it is amusing to hear you talk. One would think it was you above, and I below. Ruined, indeed! How can you be ruined when I'm willing to marry you as soon as you like?"

"Never, Mister Henry, never!" said Bessy, with an energy little to be expected from her usually quiet demeanor. "I'll never marry a man, at home or abroad, that is not pleasin' to my parents!"

"You won't, Bessy?"

"No, sir, *never*! So you may as well give it up, an' look after somebody that will suit you better."

"Suppose I take you at your word—what then?" demanded Henry, with a peculiar smile that made Bessy Conway's cheek scarlet.

"For God's sake, go!" she said fervently, clasping her hands as she spoke. "Go now! there's the mistress. I wouldn't for the world she'd see us together!"

As Bessy hurried away, obedient to a sign from Mrs. Walters, a hand was laid on the arm of the young man, and, turning quickly, he encountered the upturned face of the hunchback.

"Henry Herbert!" said the little man, raising himself on tiptoe and whispering in his ear, "let that girl alone, or you'll rue it the longest day you live."

"And who are you?" asked the young man haughtily. "To my knowledge, I never laid eyes on you before."

"No matter," replied the hunchback, raising his finger menacingly, "yet others have seen you when you least suspected your actions were watched. Do you remember a certain night in the ruins of Ardfinnan?"

Herbert tried to treat the whole affair as a joke, remarking: "Well! well! my little fellow! no need for us to quarrel, even if you were playing the part of Paul Pry. I see you're but a lad!"

"I've my eyes open, anyhow. Remember that, Henry Herbert. A good day to you, sir," and bowing politely the dwarf walked away, while the young man stood eying him with a look half curious, half malicious.

Meanwhile Bessy was closely questioned by Mrs. Walters concerning the young man that she had seen talking to her a few moments before.

"He's our landlord's son, ma'am, Mr. Henry Herbert, from near Ardfinnan, ma'am. His father isn't the head landlord, but it's to him we pay our rent—he has a long lease of the property."

"What brings this young fellow to America? What is he about?" And Mrs. Walters fixed her large blue eyes on the face of her attendant with a searching glance.

"Lord bless me, ma'am dear! how can I tell what he's about? Sure, I wouldn't make so free as to ask him the question."

"Did you know he was going?"

"No more than you did, Mrs. Walters—indeed, and indeed, I didn't," Bessy replied, and with such earnestness that her sincerity could not be doubted.

"You are a good girl, Bessy," said Mrs. Walters, "but take my advice and have nothing more to say to this Herbert. There is little good in the whole family."

"Sure the whole country knows that," said Bessy eagerly. "Nobody likes a bone in the ould man's body, and his lady is no great things either."

When Captain Walters heard about Bessy's experience he exclaimed:

"I'll break every bone in his body, if I hear of his making any advances to the girl. I know him well. He is the son of Wilson Herbert, the man that swindled my father out of business so many years ago. He had to take refuge in Ireland to evade the fury of his enemies, and with his ill-gotten wealth he purchased a long lease of a fine property in Tipperary, which he holds at a nominal rent. As for the son, he is but a chip of the old block, and no better than he should be, from the stories told about him."

Ned Finigan had an opportunity, a day later, to show his championship of Bessy's cause. Bessy was taking a last look at the fading shores of the coast of Ireland, when the voice of Herbert struck mournfully on her ear.

"Thinking of home, Bessy? Well, it is hard to leave one's own country, but your grief is not embittered by dark thoughts of sin and shame. Oh, Bessy, were every heart here as innocent as yours, sorrow would be almost joy."

As Bessy dried her tears and looked up in surprise, Herbert laid his hand on her shoulder and looked her full in the face.

"Bessy, let me console you and be your friend. I have money enough for both, and you shall never know a sorrow or a want that I can prevent."

"Oh, Mister Henry!" said Bessy, in a voice half choked with sobs, "don't talk so—it is not right for me to hear you."

At that moment a rough, heavy hand was laid on Herbert's arm, and Ned Finigan said harshly: "What's goin' on here? Go about your business, my young chap! this is no place for you."

As Herbert showed no intention of moving, Ned laid hold of him and, carrying him under his arm as if he were a child, mounted the companion-ladder and placed him astride on the railing that marked the boundary of the quarter-deck.

Both decks were crowded at the moment, and all eyes watched the actors in this strange scene; but Herbert accepted the situation in a way that surprised all. Stepping lightly down from his awkward position, he turned to Ned Finigan, saying sarcastically: "That was very well done, my man. I had no idea of your prodigious strength. Ha, ha, ha! to take me in his arms up the ladder! Upon my honor, that is good!"

Nevertheless, Ned's purpose in keeping Herbert from Bessy was accomplished, for he did not venture near her again during the rest of the voyage. Mrs. Walters also did her share in protecting the girl, by keeping her so busy that she was constantly in attendance on her mistress.

She continued the same policy after she reached New York, and when on one occasion Herbert ventured to call on Bessy at Mrs. Walters's home, he was very politely escorted to the door and ordered never to show his face there again. Once or twice he happened to meet Bessy when she was walking home alone in the evening; but watchful Paul Brannigan, the hunchback, or Ned Finigan, her cousin, came to the rescue, and Herbert was obliged to withdraw discomfited. This guardianship was maintained by Mrs. Walters as well until she returned to Europe; but Bessy was fortunate in securing employment with a lady who took an especial interest in her welfare, both temporal and spiritual.

Meanwhile Bessy was doing so well financially that she wrote home, asking her father to let her know whether the family needed assistance. On receiving a reply to the effect that all was well, she followed her father's advice and deposited her savings in the bank, for use in case of a rainy day.

Herbert had also been corresponding with his home circle, and received a carefully worded letter from his mother, in which she lamented the idle gossip concerning himself and Bessy Conway.

"Can it be true," she wrote, "that you took Denis Conway's daughter off with you? Some say you married her, but

oh! surely, you would not disgrace your family by such a step." There was little more in the letter, except an urgent request for Henry to let the writer know whether it was true about that unfortunate marriage—if not, all might yet be well.

Pushing back his chair with a violent gesture, Herbert paced up and down the room with rapid strides, muttering to himself in gloomy, sullen tones:

"Is it any wonder that I am what I am with such a mother? Bessy is the only gleam of light and goodness in my life, if only she would trust me. Alas! the curse of that dark hour of guilt is upon me, and will be to the day I die. My wayward fate, my evil genius, flings its dark shadow between us two."

This shows that Bessy was mistaken in supposing that Herbert had forgotten her; for he never really lost sight of her for any length of time, though apparently he was oblivious of her existence. Many a time he dogged her footsteps, but he did not dare to approach her because he felt ashamed of the life he was leading. The feverish excitement of the gaming-table and the uproarious mirth of a career of dissipation led him just so much farther from this innocent girl. Once she had seen him while he was under the influence of liquor, and he had shrunk from encountering again the withering scorn of her glance.

But the time came when Paul Brannigan, the hunchback, deliberately planned a meeting between Bessy, Herbert, the Murphys, Ned Finigan and his wife, and one or two others who had crossed on the same ship from Ireland. When all were assembled at "The Castle Inn," a saloon in Prince Street, owned by Ned Finigan, Paul told the following strange story.

"I b'lieve it's a ghost story I'll tell you," said Paul, fixing his eyes on the ceiling as if there were some cabalistic signs there to aid his memory. "It happened in a place that most of you know well, that's the old abbey-church of Ardfinnan. You all remember, I'm sure, the terror that was over the whole country for miles round in regard to the noise that used to be heard in the lonesome place, where there wasn't a living soul only the old monks that were in their graves hundreds of years. Strange noises were heard and strange sights were seen about the dead hour of night when the world was sleeping. Stories were told fit to make the hair of one's head stand on end. So Billy Potts,

the sexton of Ardfinnan Church, had a talk with me about it, and we made up our minds to go some night and watch at St. Finnan's Abbey, near by the church."

"Lord bless us! An' what did you see, Paul? What did you see, asthore?" said one of the eager listeners.

"I saw what I didn't expect to see," said Paul, speaking slowly and impressively. "It was a dark, dull night in the harvest-time that Billy and myself went up to the Abbey. When we got there, it was such a dark, lonesome place, I says: 'God guard us, Billy, isn't it dark and dismal here?' 'It is,' says Billy, 'maybe the spirits will not stir out the night.'

"Billy laughed, but I didn't laugh, for it made the hair stand on my head to hear him talking that way at such a time and in such a place. The wind was making a mournful sound among the vaults and passages of the old building. The bats were flying around us, flapping their wings in our very faces. Just then Billy leaned over and whispered: 'I hear something.'

"I did hear a noise, sure enough, and the cold sweat was tricklin' down my face, when I saw figures dressed as monks in the church and seating themselves 'round a pile of bones where the altar used to be. I thought the blood in my veins would turn into ice when I saw one of them take out a pack of cards and throw them on the dead men's bones, and the shout of a laugh they all gave, which echoed through the whole building. With that the wind rose in a hurricane and the old walls shook again with every gust, and the thunder crashed right over our heads, and the blue lightning flashed on every side, as if hell itself was let loose in that moment.

"Billy and me crept closer together, while the things below laughed louder and louder, and rattled the dice in hellish glee, and dealt the cards and began to play. The strangest thing is that the faces weren't dead faces—you'd swear they were all living men, and they talked as natural as life. When I felt sure of this, I looked at them, and I knew them—ay, every one—they were living men then, but they're dead men now—all except one."

"Why didn't the police take them?" said Herbert, with a ghastly smile on his face.

"Because, Mr. Herbert," Paul answered quickly, "the game-

sters had plenty of money and greased the policemen's hands so well that they couldn't hold them."

Turning to Bessy Conway, Paul continued, in tones of awful solemnity: "There stands the man," pointing to Herbert, "who dealt the cards on that awful night in that awful place, and threw his dice on the dead men's bones in the consecrated walls of Ardfinnan Abbey!"

Herbert, confounded and overwhelmed, went to Bessy, and seizing her cold, passive hand, said in a choking voice:

"Bessy, I know I am an outcast—I acknowledge all—and more than all they have told—but will you desert me, too?"

Bessy snatched her hand away from Herbert, and averting her face at the same time, motioned him away, saying:

"God forgive you, Mr. Herbert! Oh, I'm sorry for you, but never speak to me again."

"Now I'm lost indeed!" said Herbert, and he rushed from the room saying: "Only one alive—only one!"

Let us now leave Bessy Conway for a while and see what is taking place in the home that she had left seven years before. Famine and disease had found their way into that happy household, and misery sat on the threshold. The aged father and mother, in their hour of need, had sent three letters to Bessy, but received no reply, and resigned themselves to the inevitable. The climax to their misery came when, the rent being long overdue, the landlord gave orders that they should be evicted from their home.

The cruel sentence was being enforced, while the family looked on in hopeless anguish; but the afflicted father still trusted in Providence, murmuring: "God sees all this; don't despair. The darkest hour comes before dawn, and I tell you God won't desert us, though the world may."

The words were still on his lips when the bailiffs stepped into the cottage and were soon hard at work sending the furniture flying through the doorway. The beds, chairs, and tables were trundled out, and the family waited in hopeless anguish for the moment when they, in turn, were to be sent after their goods and chattels.

"What are you about, young woman?" said one of the bail-

iffs suddenly, as a soft, girlish voice bade him stop. "Who the d—l are you?"

The Conways answered the question. Father, mother, brothers and sisters rushed forward with hands outstretched, and the one word "Bessy!" escaped the lips of each with a thrilling cry of joy.

Bessy put them all gently aside with her hand. "Let us get the bailiffs out first," said she. "Oh, father, father, how did it ever come to this with you? Why didn't you write to me?"

"There, now!" said Denis exultingly to the others, "you see she never got one of my letters."

Afterward he learned that Mrs. Herbert, indignant that her son should have followed Bessy to America, wreaked her vengeance on the family by bribing the postmaster to hold back Denis Conway's letters to his daughter. She shrewdly guessed they contained requests for assistance, and by destroying them and at the same time insisting upon the rent being paid she hoped to drive the Conway family out of their cottage.

Bessy arrived just in time to prevent this final catastrophe. Order was soon restored in the lately dismantled home, every penny of the rent was paid, and Denis Conway was well rewarded for his cheerful and patient reliance on Divine Providence.

Soon after Bessy's return from America Mrs. Herbert died, and her home, known as Ivy Lodge, became a drear and lonely spot. Strange noises were heard at night, and the place was said to be haunted. This report soon spread, and it was supposed that the spirit of the late Mrs. Wilson Herbert was unable to rest in the grave. Dismal sounds like the moaning of lost souls awoke the echoes of the deserted halls, and a strange spectral form was seen gliding down the staircase and felt brushing past the living. After a while the place was utterly deserted, and bade fair to fall into ruin, for the few servants left to take care of the house were too alarmed to stay. The neighbors began to wonder what had become of young Herbert, or whether he was still alive. With all his faults, now that he was probably dead, many fine traits of character were remembered that before had passed unnoticed. It began to be said: "Well, to give the devil his due, Master Henry had a good turn in him, after all. He was a wild, harum-scarum fellow—everyone

knows that—but sure he done more harm to himself than to anybody else—he never harried the poor, anyhow."

"'Deed, then, he didn't, an' to tell the truth, many a one he relieved unknownst to the world," another would say, and so on, until some began to hope that Master Henry was indeed alive and would return to his old home. Yet the manner of his return was as mysterious as if he had indeed risen from the dead.

Bessy had desired to visit the ruined Abbey of Ardfinnan ever since she had heard Paul Brannigan's story, and some time after her return home she coaxed Billy Potts, the sexton, to take her there. When they reached the Abbey, and stood together in the shade of a ruined buttress, Bessy asked in a tremulous whisper:

"Where are the bones that Paul told us about?"

"Inside there," said Billy, pointing with his finger, "in the place where the altar used to be. Let us go in before it gets any later"—for the evening sun was setting, and shadows were beginning to gather around the moldering walls.

Trembling with fear, Bessy followed her guide, but as they drew near the altar she recoiled in terror.

"Blessed Mother, who is that?" she exclaimed, and Billy saw to his horror the figure of a man kneeling in front of a ghastly pile of bones. It was a thin, attenuated form, bowed with weakness or with sorrow—perhaps both—and the face, seen in profile, was pale and wobegone—very unlike one well remembered. Yet Bessy trembled as she looked, and Billy muttered half aloud: "If it's not himself, it's his spirit. You'd best come away, Bessy, it's nothing good, you may be sure."

"Hush!" she said, "he hears us."

It was not so; but the figure slowly rose, and, moving to another part of the chancel, knelt again with his back toward them.

"It's his ghost, Billy," whispered Bessy in tones of horror. "Who knows but that's his punishment, forever going 'round and 'round them bones!"

"Oh, Herbert! Henry Herbert! is it you? If the breath of life is in you, speak to me, for God's sake!"

"Bessy, you are not dreaming," replied Herbert—for it was indeed he. "You see before you one who has outraged Heaven

by his wickedness. I have been guilty before God and the world, but not before you; I have never injured you in thought, in word, or in deed. I have loved you, God knows, only too well. It may be that you have prayed for me, for a sinner's conversion."

"Are you in earnest, Mr. Herbert?" said Bessy, as the tears streamed from her eyes. "May I indeed hope?"

"Hope everything, Bessy!" he replied gently. "Like the prodigal son, I have returned home to expiate my crime, and I am now one of your own faith."

"You are a Catholic?" said Bessy, in utter amazement.

"If I were anything else," he replied with a sad smile, "would you find me undergoing a penance like this? For nine days I have tried in this way to atone for the sacrilegious outrage perpetrated within these sacred walls. I have made up my mind to seek salvation in the Church, where alone it is to be found."

"Thank God!" murmured Bessy, with intense feeling.

As the two walked together from the Abbey, hardly noticing Billy, who was in a great hurry to get home, they talked of many things. Now that Herbert was converted from his evil ways Bessy was proud of his affection, and when he asked her whether she could now trust him, she replied, with heartfelt emotion: "I will trust you, Mr. Herbert."

"Even to become my wife?"

"Even to become your wife."

Just two weeks from that evening the parish priest, Father Daly, blessed their union; and Bessy Conway left her humble home for the elegant dwelling of the Herberts. That was the making of the Conways, as the neighbors used to say. Denis Conway's farm was secured by lease to the family for ninety-nine years at a nominal rent. The rest of the family were well provided for, and Ivy Lodge was soon as famous for its hospitality as it had been for its griping parsimony.

As for Henry Herbert, he was in all respects an altered man. He had sown his wild oats, as the people said, and his real character was matured under the saving influence of religion. Bessy became the happiest of wives, as she said herself to Mrs. Walters

when that lady and her worthy husband came to spend some weeks at the Lodge the summer after Bessy's marriage. In the long years of happiness that followed, the dreary past was forgotten like a troubled dream, only remembered in blissful contrast with the present, and as a motive for more fervent gratitude to the Giver of all good.

JOSEPH XAVIER BONIFACE SAINTINE

(France, 1798–1865)

PICCIOLA (1832)

Of this famous little story the author says: "I was allowed to keep for a long time the manuscripts of the Count, his correspondence, and his double journal in prison, on linen and on paper. I have not lacked historic documents to furnish abundant proof of the truth of this narrative."

CHARLES VERAMONT, Count de Charney, was endowed with an uncommon capacity for study, but thanks to the turn his education took, he became a learned man rather than a philosopher. His assiduous and omnivorous studies led, eventually, to the loss of his peace of mind. The farther he advanced in the mysteries of science and metaphysics, the more deeply did he become enveloped in darkness and confusion. Divided in mind between atheism and deism, bewildered among spiritualists and materialists, he finally took refuge in universal skepticism, desperately solving all things by universal negation.

The death of a relative placed him in possession of a large fortune, and he abandoned his studies, resolving to live for pleasure alone, having found that the men noted for learning and good sense, whose companionship he had hitherto sought, were in reality weak, ignorant, and steeped in error. But all his efforts to find satisfaction in sensual enjoyments were vain. Still, to him emotion was a necessity, and he became a philanthropist. In order that he might be useful to the men whom at heart he despised he gave himself up to active politics and became a conspirator against the power of Bonaparte. Bonaparte had wrested from him his title of Count; he was determined that the arrogant conqueror should not, himself, take the title of Emperor.

This conspiracy against Bonaparte, which was in process of incubation during 1803 and 1804, was not permitted to break out. The Government quietly seized the heads of it in their own houses, condemned them almost without trial, and distributed them, separately, in the prisons, citadels, and fortresses of the ninety-six departments of consular France.

De Charney was imprisoned in the fortress of Fenestrella, situated upon a mountain in Piedmont. All correspondence with the outside world was prohibited. He was not allowed to have either books, pens, or paper. He was compelled to live alone with his enemy—thought. In the detached building of the fortress where his cell was situated he had no companions. A massive, spiral stone stairway led to a small, paved court, sunk in one of the ancient moats of the citadel. In this court, for two hours a day, he was permitted to exercise: and from it he could see the summit of the opposite mountain, as the ramparts were lower at the eastern end, allowing the sun and air to enter. From his chamber window he saw nothing but a stone wall. On the walls of his chamber he wrote with a bit of charcoal figures and dates which recalled to him the happy events of his youth; and near the names of his mother and his sister he even dared to inscribe phrases expressing his terrible skepticism. In order to triumph over his morbid abstraction, he set himself to puerile occupations: he made flageolets of straw, constructed vessels from walnut-shells, and chains and musical instruments from the wire in his braces. He carved his table over with fantastic designs.

At one end of the courtyard where he exercised was a small, square window, at which, from time to time, through the bars, he caught a glimpse of a sad, frowning face. This prisoner seemed to avoid his notice, retiring from the grating whenever the Count showed any signs of observing him. De Charney conceived a hatred for him, convinced, from this avoidance of his glance, that the man was a spy set to watch his movements or an old enemy gloating over his misery and humiliation. He questioned the jailer and found that he was mistaken. The jailer said the man was an Italian, imprisoned for having attempted to assassinate the Emperor because his son had been killed in the war in Germany. He was a good man and a de-

vout Christian, whose only remaining child was a daughter. The man's occupation in prison consisted in catching flies.

One day in spring, after the first winter De Charney had spent in the fortress, as he was pacing slowly to and fro in the little courtyard, counting the paving-stones in sheer boredom, he noticed a little mound of earth rising between two of the stones. He imagined all sorts of wild things—that someone was making a secret tunnel to relieve him, and the like. Recovering himself, he bent down and carefully removed some of the earth. The mound was caused by a feeble specimen of vegetation, with barely strength to sprout. He restrained his first impulse to crush it. Then he began to observe it, ponder its growth, hold arguments with himself about its devices for self-protection, and its processes of development. One of the skeptical phrases which he had written on his walls was: "Chance is blind, and is the sole author of creation." His observations on the growth of the little plant led him to say to himself: "Is Chance then intelligent? Must I spiritualize matter or materialize mind?"

That day he saw the fly-catching prisoner watching him, and suddenly realized that he no longer hated him. Returning to his chamber, he took a bit of charcoal and added to his phrase about Chance: "Perhaps!" He spent most of his exercise-time in watching and studying the plant, and often gazed at it also through the bars of his window. One day he saw the jailer, in rapidly crossing the court, pass so near the plant that he almost crushed it. He determined to beg the man to spare it. When, after many roundabout remarks and a soothing approach, he ventured to make his request, offering the man a small silver-gilt goblet from his dressing-case for his child, the jailer refused the cup, and declared that he had already been careful not to crush the plant, having noticed De Charney's interest in it. If De Charney were to attempt to escape from the citadel, said the jailer, he would oppose him mercilessly, at any cost; but touch one of the leaves of a prisoner's plant —never!

De Charney was both touched and surprised to find his rough-looking guardian possessed of so much sensibility; but this very respect for the man prompted his vanity to find some sufficient

reason for the interest he took in the plant, and he told him that the species to which it belonged had medicinal virtues particularly useful in a disease to which he was subject. The jailer suggested that, since the plant might render De Charney such service, he should show his gratitude by watering it sometimes; adding that if he, the jailer, had not moistened it from time to time, as he was bringing the Count's water, the *povera picciola* ("poor little thing") would have died of thirst. De Charney again offered him the cup, and, when this was again refused, his hand. But the jailer respectfully declined this also, saying, "One gives his hand only to his equal or his friend," and friends with the prisoner he could not be without endangering his power to perform conscientiously his duty of guardian.

Day by day De Charney became more absorbed in care for his plant and in meditation and observations upon it. One day, during a heavy storm with wind and hailstones, he made a shield for it with his own body. Then he reflected that it might not only suffer in other storms, but that the dog that often crossed the court with the wife of the jailer Ludovic might destroy his darling with one blow of his paw, one snap of his jaw. He must make a shelter for it. From his scant supply of wood, hardly sufficient for his comfort in the chilly mornings and evenings, he saved a portion, which he carefully pointed, and wove into a shelter with threads drawn from the coarse, loosely woven fabric with which his trunk was lined, and with light twigs made it firm around *picciola* with a cement composed of bits of earth and plaster purloined from the old castle moat. He robbed his scanty bed of straw to make a matting which should protect the tender plant from the rude gusts of the Alpine wind.

At the beginning of his labors Ludovic had grumbled and seemed to disapprove; but eventually helped him with suggestions. One evening, when De Charney saw from his window that a violent wind had scattered bits of his structure over the court, he determined to rebuild it more strongly on the morrow: but the next morning he found it already rebuilt by a hand more skilful than his own.

He had adopted for his plant the name bestowed upon it by Ludovic, when he exclaimed in pity for its thirst: "*Povera picciola*." De Charney always called it "Picciola" now, and began

to long to see its flower; and at last the bud came. The fly-catcher had come often to his window and seemed to take pleasure in watching the Count busy about his plant. On the day when the bud appeared, another face was at that window—the face of the "fly-catcher's" daughter, who had abandoned the gay life of Turin to dwell in the little town of Fenestrella and be near her father, as at first she was not even permitted to see him. When she came again the following week, Girhardi, her father, told her that he feared the other prisoner was ill, as he had not been near his plant for three days, and physicians had been crossing the court. Their decision, so Ludovic had informed him, was that the man could not live. The young girl was much affected, and Ludovic, entering at the moment to bring Girhardi a specimen of a golden beetle, remarked that he had been watering the plant, and that he did not believe in the verdict of the physicians, for he had a secret of his own.

De Charney was, in truth, desperately ill, with a malady the physicians could not understand. The second time the colonel in command of the citadel came to visit the sick man, he brought the priest with him, as the doctors had given up hope. That night Ludovic and the priest watched beside De Charney, who, in his delirium, exclaimed repeatedly: "Picciola! poor Picciola!" At last Ludovic stole softly out, and half an hour later returned with a cup of steaming liquid, which he cooled and then forced De Charney to swallow. Perceiving no effect from the first dose, he administered a second; then, alarmed, he began to reproach himself with having killed the sufferer. Worn out with fatigue, he fell asleep on his knees at the bed beside the priest. At dawn he was awakened by De Charney's hot hand on his head, and his voice asking for something to drink. The patient was in a profuse perspiration, from the hot liquid or from natural causes, and the double dose possibly possessed sudorific power. He was saved: and he requested that the three doctors might be told that he did not owe his life to them—he had understood their discourses—and wished to be spared their further visits. He added that he was indebted to a happy chance for his recovery. The priest said: "Chance!" as he read the phrase on the wall: then solemnly pronounced De Charney's last word inscribed there—"Perhaps!"—and went away.

Ludovic, intoxicated with delight, explained to De Charney that he had a protectress—not the Madonna, but "Signora Picciola," his goddaughter. It appeared that he had taken seriously De Charney's random statement about the use of the plant in the malady to which he was subject, had clipped off a quantity of leaves with the utmost care, and had made of them that liquid which had effected the cure. De Charney, with a look of gratitude, offered his hand. This time Ludovic did not refuse, but pressed the Count's hand with emotion.

During his convalescence De Charney thought of little else than his beloved plant, which he loved almost to the point of worship, persuaded that a supernatural tie linked them to each other. When Ludovic announced that Picciola was in flower, he insisted on going out into the court, weak as he was, and made a careful toilet for his visit to his benefactress. He gazed with delight upon the brilliantly and delicately shaded corolla, where white and purple and rose were mingled in the petals bordered with a silvery fringe. He wished to record in writing his observations on the plant from the first day to the present moment. But he could not bring himself to submit to the form, which Ludovic described, for petitioning the Governor for writing materials. He made a pen from a toothpick; his razor served for a penknife; soot dissolved in water and a golden cup from his dressing-case served him as ink and inkstand; fine white cambric handkerchiefs, remnants of his past luxury, took the place of paper. When separated from Picciola he occupied himself with writing about her. He felt friendly toward Girhardi, and began to smile and wave his hand at the "fly-catcher." Ludovic furnished him with several planks, and he constructed a rough bench, where he sat and watched and dreamed over Picciola. He imagined himself once more in the gay world, surrounded by magnificently attired cavaliers and ladies. Among this throng was one fair, simply garbed young girl whom he had never seen before. The others disappeared before her; and what was De Charney's emotion when he beheld in her dark hair, as her sole ornament, one flower—the blossom of his plant! He stretched out his arms toward her; then the young girl and the flower seemed to melt into each other, the fragrant petals encircled the lovely face, and soon hid it entirely. His time was

now divided between Picciola the plant and Picciola the maiden. After reason and labor he had pleasure and love.

He continued to study and analyze his plant, watched, unknown to him, by Girhardi and his daughter. Endowed with all the graces of mind, person, and character, the young girl felt interest and compassion for De Charney, a prisoner like her beloved father, and constantly stimulated her father in his advances toward the Count. At last, one day Girhardi beckoned De Charney to approach, and told him there was news which might prove good for him: the Emperor was about to return to Milan, where he was to be crowned King of Italy. It was said that pardons were to be granted in honor of the occasion; if De Charney had any friends at Turin or Milan, it might be well to incite them to action. Girhardi had already sent to De Charney, through Ludovic, a strong microscope wherewith to study his plant; and this day he told him that he had done this at the suggestion of his daughter, whom Charney confessed never to have noticed at the window.

When De Charney declared with bitterness that he would ask nothing from General Bonaparte, Girhardi urged him to forgiveness, saying that he had, perhaps, even more reason than De Charney to complain, since his son had died for having served him. He had not attempted to avenge his son, as rumor declared. He had simply mingled his cries of despair with the shouts of joy with which the populace of Turin had saluted the conqueror; and as he had a knife about him, the base wretches had sought to curry favor with Bonaparte by making him believe assassination was contemplated. Girhardi said that prison weighed upon him for his daughter's sake, not his own; and he begged that De Charney would authorize his—Girhardi's—friends to speak in his behalf. But De Charney replied that he never would humble himself by saluting with the title of Emperor the man who had been his equal.

As De Charney meditated upon the friendliness of Ludovic and Girhardi, he realized that in former days he never had loved anyone or anything: that had Picciola not been born, he would have looked upon one of these men as an old imbecile, devoted to degrading occupations, and on the other as a coarse being, actuated by mean and sordid avarice. But now the two men

loved him because he loved Picciola. "Napoleon, Emperor of the French and King of Italy!" That terrible formula, one-half of which had formerly sufficed to make him a furious conspirator, hardly made any impression upon him now. His meditations led him, ere long, to pray. Returning to his chamber, he read on the wall: "God is naught but a word." He added: "May not that word solve the great enigma of the universe?" One day he dreamed, as he sat on his bench beside the flower, of his Picciola, the flower-maiden, and a part of the dream so distressed him that he awoke with a cry. A cry, in a woman's voice, responded, and he beheld at the grated window of Girhardi the apparition, as it seemed to him, of a beautiful, young girl—his Picciola! The vision disappeared in haste as he approached; and the solicitous Ludovic, running to offer aid at the cry, explained that the vision was Girhardi's daughter. Charney realized that he must have seen the girl before, though he had no recollection of it, and thus her image had become the Picciola of his dreams. He recalled that Girhardi had told him of his daughter's interest in his illness, his labors, his studies; and now she had sent Ludovic to his assistance. He felt impelled to manifest his gratitude—but how? With trembling hand he broke a flower from Picciola and sent it to her by Ludovic. By this time the jailer had come to share De Charney's feelings for this plant so thoroughly that he could not conceive how the "fly-catcher's" daughter could have won a token of such value.

Seed-time came for Picciola, and De Charney prepared for new observations, the most interesting of all. But he was surprised to find his plant drooping, dying. Crowded between the two paving-stones, it had insufficient earth, and its stem, swollen just above them, was cut by the granite, and the sap was flowing from several wounds. Charney summoned Ludovic in haste, and offered him the entire contents of his dressing-case if he would lift the stones a little. In vain; it was against orders. De Charney refused either to address himself to the Commandant, or to allow Ludovic to do so. But Ludovic pointed to the fainting Picciola, and De Charney yielded. The proper official brought a sheet of paper, a pen, and ink, and when De Charney had written his petition, he sealed it and carried it to

the Commandant. Hours passed; no reply came. De Charney could neither eat nor sleep. The next day the Commandant answered: the stones of the pavement constituted a part of the walls of the prison, in which he could make no changes without the authorization of the Governor of Turin: he would refer the matter to him. Charney was in despair, for a day's delay meant death for Picciola. Once more good old Girhardi besought him to permit an appeal to the Emperor, who was then at Turin, accompanied by Josephine. It would take four or five hours for the messenger, which his daughter would procure, to traverse the seven leagues to Turin, because the roads were encumbered with troops and baggage-trains.

De Charney at last consented to write a petition and address it to the "Emperor." Returning to his chamber, he took the finest and whitest of his handkerchiefs, wrote the petition, suffering severely in his pride, and fastened it to a string which hung from Girhardi's window. An hour later, the messenger accompanied by a guide, set out on horseback, and late that night arrived at Turin, only to learn that the Emperor-king had just left for Alexandria, where the principal movements of the battle of Marengo were to be repeated as a spectacle.

When the messenger—none other than Theresa Girhardi herself—learned that the Emperor had quitted Turin, she was overcome and almost discouraged. Then she told the guide that they must go on to Alexandria; but the man refused, and went back. She could find no carriage or saddle-horse; but she managed to persuade an old man and his wife to take her with them on their pedler's wagon, drawn by a pair of sturdy mules. The animals could not proceed faster than a walk, she discovered, because the load consisted of crockery; and the pedlers were only going half-way to Alexandria. Nevertheless, she triumphed over all difficulties and reached that town, then joined, on foot, the crowd that was hastening out to Marengo. What her father and De Charney would feel at her prolonged absence she could well imagine; but she was determined to succeed. Partly by the pressure of the crowd, partly by her own efforts, she was stranded in a little grove in the middle of the field of maneuvers. A troop of hussars invaded her retreat to drink at the

spring, and she fled, running between two columns of infantry which were firing, and was nearly crushed by a squadron of cavalry that galloped up. The captain saved her by seizing her in his arms and giving her in charge of two soldiers, to convey her to the magnificent throne where Josephine was surrounded by her attendants. When she demanded to speak to the Emperor, she was told that he was in the field, at the head of his troops. Then she firmly insisted on speaking with the Empress. Efforts to intimidate her were vain and she struggled and raised her voice until she attracted the attention of Josephine. The Empress gave a sign; Theresa, released, threw herself at Josephine's feet, and presenting the handkerchief insisted that she should read it, although it was addressed to the Emperor. Josephine could appreciate the request. She was passionately fond of flowers; she remembered De Charney in his listless, haughty days, and wondered at the change. Encouraged to feel confident of success by the Empress's smile, Theresa kissed the royal hand repeatedly and withdrew to the suite. When Napoleon arrived, surrounded by his generals, the impetuous Josephine begged him to send an express messenger, on the instant, to the governor of Fenestrella. Napoleon stared at her in haughty surprise, turned on his heel and passed on. That evening, after the official banquet, Josephine returned to the charge, telling him the story of the heroic girl.

On the fourth day after Theresa's departure from Fenestrella, her father did not show himself at his window, and De Charney, inconsolable, stood watching the death-agony of Picciola. He had humbled himself to no purpose, apparently. Ludovic, who had become very gruff, informed him that the young lady had been the messenger; that the Commandant had discovered all—how, he could not say—and that De Charney would be punished for this breach of orders. Charney was overwhelmed at the thought of what might have happened to the young girl, yet cherished a spark of hope. Half an hour later, two civilian officials, accompanied by the Commandant, presented themselves to him and requested him to go to his chamber. Arrived there, the Commandant first got De Charney to declare that he had always been well treated; then informed him that, for the breach of discipline involved in the petition, he was to be placed in soli-

tary confinement for a month in a cell of the old bastion; the Emperor did not trouble himself about such nonsense as that petition. The civilian officials made a thorough search of everything in the room, from the chimney to the mattress, and even the linings of the prisoner's clothing, while the Commandant walked about tapping the walls and floor to discover secret excavations containing important documents. When the handkerchiefs containing Picciola's history closely written over them were found in the double bottom of the dressing-case, the officials were jubilant, certain that they had discovered proofs of a vast conspiracy. The handkerchiefs were at once deposited in a bag, sealed and labeled. His bottle of soot-ink and his toothpick pen were also confiscated.

Josephine's intercession had been less successful than she had hoped. The Emperor had refused to believe in a Jacobin botanist. He declared that De Charney was a dangerous man, not a fool; that the flower was only a pretext, the real end being the raising of the stones, with a view to escape. The Governor of Turin passed on the Emperor's reprimand to the Commandant of Fenestrella; and the Commandant, as the fitting close to his visit to De Charney, ordered Ludovic to destroy Picciola's shelter and chop up the bench. De Charney pleaded for his plant; why destroy it? It was dying. The Commandant merely smiled ironically; and De Charney exclaimed, with violence, that he would tear the plant up himself, he would crush it. The Commandant harshly forbade him to touch it. Just as Ludovic had clasped his hands around Picciola to execute the command to destroy it, two strangers entered the courtyard; one, an aide-de-camp to the Governor of Turin, the other a page of the Empress. The aide-de-camp delivered to the Commandant an order from the Governor to the effect that De Charney's request was granted, and that the stones which imcommoded his plant were to be raised. A postscript, in the Empress's own handwriting, recommended De Charney to the special kindness of the Commandant.

The Commandant became extremely courteous; he allowed De Charney to reconstruct the shelter and sent Ludovic every morning to inquire whether he wanted anything, and as to the health of Picciola. He also allowed De Charney pens, ink, and

paper, to record his fresh observations on the plant, and the freedom of the courtyard at all hours of the day.

Freed from her fetters, Picciola recovered herself, though only one flower was left, the last blossom at the foot of the stalk. Desirous of finding her proper appellation, De Charney asked for a work on botany; and the Governor of Turin sent him an enormous pile of volumes. He investigated in vain, until the flower fell off, destroying the possibility of further research or of seed. In wrath he dashed one book after another to the ground. A bit of paper fell from the leaves of one. Upon it was written: "Hope, and tell your neighbor to hope, for I do not forget either of you." It could be from no one but Theresa.

Not long after this he was informed that a prisoner had been placed in the hitherto empty room over him, and that he must share his courtyard with the new man, who was now coming to make his installation call. It was Girhardi. De Charney gave him the tiny note, and he recognized his daughter's handwriting. Thenceforth they saw much of each other, and many confidences followed.

De Charney learned the history of Girhardi, whose father had possessed extensive works for the manufacture of arms at Turin. The father was a disciple of Voltaire, the mother devout to excess. The boy, sharing both natures, dreamed of the united reign of religion and liberty. In an effort to assert the right of others than nobles to dance at a public ball, he struck an influential and titled noble in the face, and took refuge with a relative, who was vicar of a small village, being, also, condemned from Turin by the authorities to five years' exile. The religious sentiments inherited from his mother became developed to excess, and he ardently wished to become a priest. His family persuaded him to marry; but he induced his wife to retire to a convent, while he returned to the village. Eventually he altered his views; with difficulty he persuaded his wife to return to him, and for twenty-five years led the happiest of family lives, enabled also by his fortune to indulge himself in the study of insects, which had earned for him from Ludovic the name of "the fly-catcher."

The brave Theresa had followed the Emperor to Milan, and though she failed to obtain an audience she excited her father's

friends to redoubled efforts toward his release. Returning to Turin, she found shelter with a relative, whose husband was city librarian. Judging from the nature of the books he was ordered to select for despatch to Fenestrella, she knew they must be for De Charney, and had inserted the little note in one volume. After a time the Governor of Turin, touched by her filial devotion, encouraged her to hope for good news. This proved to be not permission to return to Fenestrella to live, but to accompany her father forth, a free man. Soon after this, but before the official documents regarding his release were received from Paris, Theresa arrived, and De Charney beheld in her the incarnation of his dream, his Picciola. He knew now that he loved her; but he thought her indifferent to him. One day, as the three were sitting on the bench near Picciola, Theresa leaned forward, and a large locket suspended round her neck escaped into view. Charney saw on one side of it a lock of her father's white hair, on the other the flower from Picciola which he had sent her by Ludovic. "So you did not despise my poor gift?" he said, as their eyes met, and both flushed deeply. "I have kept it, and shall keep it forever!" she replied. That day she narrated to them the story of her journey in behalf of Picciola, and declared the plant belonged also to her, as she had contributed to its deliverance. De Charney was transported with joy. Before they arrived at the point of expressing their sentiments, the order for Girhardi's release and immediate departure was brought by the Commandant. But at the moment of parting they understood each other, almost without words.

Their departure cast De Charney, at first, into deep depression. Later he became friends with the good priest, whom he had formerly repulsed. The Commandant also was frequently with him, and almost reconciled him to subordinate tyrants. His whole attitude toward God and man had changed, thanks to his beloved Picciola, Girhardi, Theresa, and the priest.

At last he bade farewell to his prison. On his return from Austerlitz Napoleon, importuned by Josephine (probably influenced, in her turn, by friends of the prisoner), caused an account to be rendered him of the seizure made by the officers in their visit of search. The cambric handkerchiefs had been

deposited in the archives of the Minister of Justice. They were now brought to Napoleon, who, after carefully reading them over pronounced the Count de Charney a madman, but harmless, and granted his pardon.

Picciola, transplanted into a large receptacle of good earth, accompanied De Charney at his departure; and Ludovic offered his hand, saying: "Now we can be friends."

Six months later De Charney returned to pay a visit to Ludovic, accompanied by his wife, the former Theresa Girhardi. Before leaving, the Count asked Ludovic to be godfather to his first child, as he had been to Picciola. They went to live with old Girhardi at his villa near Turin; Picciola had a post of honor in the flower-beds, and no hand but De Charney's own was allowed to touch or care for her. When Ludovic came to be godfather to the first-born, a daughter, he wished to visit his first godchild. Alas! amid the love, the prosperity, the happiness that abounded at the villa, the source of all these joys—poor Picciola!—was dead—dead for want of care!

Portrait of George Sand (Madame Dudevant, p. 181)

Photogravure from a photograph

GEORGE SAND

(AMANTINE LUCILE AURORE DUPIN DUDEVANT)

(France, 1804–1876)

INDIANA (1832)

George Sand's first two stories attracted little attention; but after the appearance of *Indiana* she might say with Byron: "I awoke one morning and found myself famous." "Its success has thrown me into dismay," she wrote in July. The 1,200 francs ($240) paid to her by the publisher also alarmed her; she had been afraid the poor man would never get his money back. But the novel of sentimental analysis had come to stay, at least for a generation. *Indiana* was written in her château at Nohant, at the time the author was trying to get rid of her husband, and she wished to express her scorn for marriage as practised in a badly organized society. Those who have read the *Histoire de ma Vie* will see that the misfortunes of Aurore bear a close resemblance to those of Indiana, and that there is an intellectual and moral affinity between Colonel Delmare and the Baron Dudevant.

INDIANA, a young creole, born in the Isle of Bourbon, was the wife of Colonel Delmare, a veteran of the Empire, retired against his will by the Restoration and obliged to devote himself to industrial pursuits. It was an ill-mated union —that of a passionate, sentimental, high-natured girl of nineteen, of intellectual but not visible beauty, with a tyrannical, stupid old soldier, who was rough and uncouth, though he could not be called vicious or evil-minded.

One evening in autumn these two unhappy persons sat in their country house, the wife in a silent reverie, the husband evidently in a bad temper. With them was a handsome, fresh-colored man, in the flower of his age, Sir Ralph Brown. He was Indiana's despised cousin, and had been her guardian-friend from childhood. He was a singular character, so sparing of words that he seemed almost dumb and incapable of thought.

He loved Indiana without ever hoping for a return, and was now engaged in the impossible task of bringing about an understanding between her and Monsieur Delmare. In the midst of an unpleasant scene between the couple, a servant entered and informed the Colonel that persons had entered the park the night before for the purpose of carrying off some of his coal, and would probably do so again. Delmare took his fowling-piece and started for the door.

"What!" exclaimed Indiana, "would you kill a poor peasant for a few sacks of coal?"

"I will kill like a dog, Madame, anyone trespassing in my enclosure at night. The law allows me."

"A frightful law! But it is raining. You will be sure to have an attack of your rheumatism to-morrow."

"And you're afraid you'll have to nurse your old husband."

He went out, slamming the door and growling at his age and his wife. Shortly afterward, Noun, Madame Delmare's creole foster-sister and maid, rushed into the apartment in a state of intense excitement. When the report of a gun rang out she sank on her knees, in an agony of terror.

"They have killed him!" she shrieked. Her anxiety appeared so extravagant that Sir Ralph observed her narrowly, then and subsequently.

In a few moments a wounded man, who gave no signs of life, was carried under the portico.

"I did not touch him," said the Colonel; "my gun was loaded with salt; he has died of fright."

He had fallen, however, from the top of a wall twenty feet high, as soon as he heard the shot. Clearly, robbery was not the motive; he had the appearance of an aristocrat, was attired in the latest fashion, and his pockets were full of gold. He was taken into the house and nursed by Indiana.

Colonel Delmare discovered that he was a young gentleman who had bought an estate in the neighborhood. He learned also that this was not the first time he had been seen in the park, and this, with other compromising circumstances, aroused a terrible storm of jealousy in his heart against his long-suffering wife. But when, after some weeks, the patient was sufficiently convalescent to be conveyed to his own house, he had an ex-

planation that satisfied the Colonel for the time, especially when Sir Ralph pointed to Noun, who was in the room, pale and trembling, and gazing, as if fascinated, on the face of the guest.

Raymon de Ramière, a young nobleman of brilliant talents, and accustomed to the admiration of women, had happened to meet the young creole maiden at a rustic festival. He fell madly in love with her, and his love might have been permanent, consecrated by the bond of marriage, had not the very courage with which the beautiful girl had sacrificed her reputation to his ardor eventually displeased him. In the young creole love was a frenzy rather than a passion. It was not long before his visits to Noun ceased to afford him satisfaction, and he determined to break the tie that united them, especially as his mother, who had gone to spend the winter in Paris, might hear of the scandal. She was already astonished that he should pass weeks at their seat in the country. He did not wish to deceive her, and so he returned to the capital. Noun waited, wept, and, unfortunately for herself, wrote. The artless and ill-spelled missive was the finishing stroke. The poor half-savage from the Isle of Bourbon did not know the rules of language. He never answered the letter.

At a ball at the Spanish ambassador's Raymon first appeared in the higher circles of Paris after his prolonged absence. There he met Indiana, who had been confided to her aunt, Madame de Carvajal, during her husband's absence at Brussels on business. Her strange, almost unearthly beauty had fixed the attention of all the men in the apartment; and as soon as Raymon saw her, he determined that she should belong to him. He asked her to dance, and, as he softly pressed her hand, all her blood flowed to her cheeks, for the unsophisticated young woman had almost learned to love him in the time she had nursed him. During the evening he had many opportunities of talking to her, and he began to feel the passion that he expressed so artfully. While leading her to her carriage, he pressed a burning kiss on each of her hands. These kisses almost extorted a cry from the innocent Indiana, for never before had a man's kisses rested on her delicate little hands. "Madame Delmare is charming," he thought; "but perhaps she is austerely virtuous, and the siege

of the fortress might last too long. I had better give her up, for, if I saw her twice, she would turn my head."

Yet, three days afterward, he was in Madame de Carvajal's drawing-room, whispering words of love in the young wife's ear.

Indiana slept less that night than before. She had not yet loved, and her heart was ripe for a sentiment that no man she had before seen could inspire. She was feverishly happy; but soon a feeling of terror succeeded this happiness. She thought of her vindictive husband, and she trembled, not for herself, but for the man who would wage war to the death with her tyrant. She did not dare to show her affection, for fear of exposing her lover to danger. Self was entirely set aside, and he filled all her thoughts. She formed the resolution of avoiding Monsieur de Ramière; but she forgot everything when he next visited her. As he was covering her hands with kisses and lavishing on her the most endearing names, she turned pale, and, laying her hand on her heart, lost consciousness. Raymon rang for aid, and a woman entered. This was Noun, and she screamed. Recovering his presence of mind, Raymon whispered in her ear: "Silence! I came to see you, not your mistress. I have been obliged to conceal my true object. Be cautious, I am going," and he retired.

The next day Raymon received a letter from Noun, who had returned to the country. It informed him that her secret could no longer be hidden, and she was dying with shame at the thought of having to confess it to her mistress. He saw that a scandal could be avoided only by removing her from the place. But he would first have to tell her that he no longer loved her, and this made him miserable. He set out for the country, and was received by Noun in the apartment of her mistress. The simple girl had imagined that, if she were arrayed in the finery of the grand ladies with whom he was now infatuated, she might revive his affection; and with this purpose in view, she had dressed herself in Indiana's garments. But his manner showed that he was not at all pleased with the metamorphosis. Yet her superb beauty, not to speak of her devotion to himself, did revive, to some extent, his former affection.

When he awoke the next morning, in Indiana's chamber, he was overwhelmed with shame. He wished to leave the house,

but the doors were closed, and his window was fifty feet from the ground. When Noun appeared sometime later, again a creole maid, he showed his irritation, for he could not leave now without compromising her and himself. Then, when he urged her to allow him to take her to Lyons or Marseilles, she saw that he cared little for her, and she refused. She would tell Madame Delmare everything; for Madame Delmare loved her and would forgive her. This resolution threw Raymon into frightful anxiety, and as he was meditating on the consequences, a carriage rolled into the court.

"Fly!" cried Noun, "it is Madame Delmare."

He took refuge in an alcove behind the curtains of the bed, where he hoped to be able to remain until a favorable opportunity offered for escape.

After Indiana had entered her chamber, she sent Noun for a shawl, and then came the discovery of his audacious presence in her own bedroom and his relations with Noun. She uttered a cry, and ran to the bell to call for aid. Raymon knew that if the servants came he was lost. But he trusted in her love, sprang upon her, and, pulling her from the bell, clasped her in his arms. He said in a whisper, fearing to be heard by Noun:

"Forgive an unfortunate man, who has lost his reason, and could not deliver you to your husband's arms without at least one glance more."

"Be silent," answered Indiana, with cold dignity.

Just then Noun rapped at the door.

"Open the door," said her mistress, "and let all my servants see this gentleman, so that the shame of such conduct may rest on him alone."

But the news that Sir Ralph had arrived altered her resolution. She knew he would kill this infamous seducer or be killed by him. She therefore ordered Noun, on whose face fury and hatred were painted, to show him the way out of the park. Noun led him to the grated door, and disappeared.

Madame Delmare, during a night spent in weeping, was a prey to ineffable anguish. This Raymon, whom she had loved as a god, how basely had he outraged her! At daybreak she arose, and walked in the park. When she arrived at the stream that fed the mill attached to the manufactory, she saw a wom-

an's gown, which she recognized only too well, floating on the water, and a cry of horror attracted the workmen to the spot. Madame Delmare had fainted on the bank, and it was the corpse of Noun that was floating before her.

Some months after the Colonel's return, he and M. de Ramière had become excellent friends. Raymon had rendered him important services in his business, and his suspicions had vanished. When he informed Indiana that Raymon was to breakfast with them the next day, she fairly sank under the weight of pain and sorrow. Yet she still loved him passionately, although she believed that she hated him. The first love of a heart like hers is always candid and delicate.

For a long time she kept her room whenever M. de Ramière was the guest of her husband, on the plea of indisposition. But at last the Colonel became angry, and insisted that his wife should do the honors of the house to his friend. When the two met, Indiana was astonished to find that her lover, instead of appearing before her with the timidity of a confused and guilty wretch, showed no sign of repentance, but only a tender pity for herself. Yet when she reproached him with the death of Noun his deadly paleness alarmed her, for it was evidence that his sufferings were genuine. The tears that he shed convinced Madame Delmare that he loved her, and that his heart was warm and generous.

"His repentance," she said to herself, "expiates his fault. I should have forgiven him before." Her confidence was restored, and she mistook remorse for love. "Do not weep," she said; "it was I who killed her by the harsh things I spoke when I discovered her fault, not you."

At these words, love, hope and ardor again fired the bosom of Raymon, and he threw himself at her feet.

"If you love me," he said, "I feel that I am not guilty. Say, Indiana, do you love me?"

She answered: "To a genuine love I am ready to sacrifice fortune, duty, family, position, and reputation—everything. But you cannot love me thus; for such a love is holy."

As he was assuring her that his happiness, his honor, and his very soul were hers to do what she liked with them, she said:

"Be silent; here is my cousin."

The phlegmatic Sir Ralph entered the room and, after asking permission, slowly kissed her on the lips. Raymon turned pale with anger and jealousy. But when he met the pure looks of this young girl, he blushed at his injurious suspicions. He passed the whole of the next day at the feet of Madame Delmare. The other guests, engaged in the chase, left them entirely alone. After this, he had opportunities for several private interviews, although he was often enough annoyed by the presence of the husband and the cousin. But the lofty resignation of Indiana, her eloquent and sublime smile, soon raised him to her level. Seeing her so chaste, confiding, and passionate, leading an entire life of the heart, and not knowing that her lover's soul was wrung with bitter agony, like her, he became virtuous. Indeed, the virtue of Indiana, far from yielding to a first assault, found in love itself a means of resistance. Love was for her a thing so beautiful and grand that she would think she had dishonored love if she had given it an asylum elsewhere than in her soul. To degrade this spontaneous, unreserved devotion, this magnanimous self-sacrifice of her whole existence to another's happiness, was a thought that never could enter the pure mind of Indiana. But, like all women truly enamored, she had no hesitation in surrendering her lips and shoulders to her lover's kisses, and she tried to appease him by her caresses.

An unexpected event changed the fortunes of the Colonel and his wife. A business house in Antwerp, upon which all the prosperity of Delmare's manufactory depended, had failed, and the Colonel set out at once for Antwerp, leaving his wife under the protection of Sir Ralph. One thing alone, in the midst of these unfortunate circumstances, alarmed Indiana; she feared she should be separated from Raymon. But his assurance that he would always remain near her reassured her, and she esteemed herself happy in a misfortune that tested the loyalty of her lover, who, however, found it almost impossible to meet her privately, so close was the watch that Sir Ralph kept over them both. Then Raymon, in despair, wrote her a letter, asking her to meet him secretly at some hour when they would not be observed. She had nothing to fear; he would treat her as a sister. Her answer was, that she had perfect confidence in his honor, and she enclosed the key of the little door in the park, and bade him

come at midnight. This open and generous confidence made Raymon blush; but, as she trusted to his honor, he swore that he would not deceive her.

In spite of the vigilance of Sir Ralph, Raymon succeeded in entering Indiana's chamber, where all his scruples of remorse and virtue quickly vanished. He saw, however, that it would be futile to think of prevailing over the resistance of Indiana unless he employed strategy. Then this consummate tactician, acquainted with every twist and turn in the female soul, acknowledged the delight he had experienced during his intimacy with Noun, a woman, he declared, far more beautiful physically than Indiana herself. He hoped—and the event did not belie his prevision—that she would esteem only the more highly a passion that the most exquisite loveliness had not been able to satisfy. Yes, continued Raymon, Noun was more beautiful than Indiana. But it was Indiana's soul, her entire being, that he wished to absorb in his embraces. Indiana was affected. They remained without speaking for some minutes. Then there was an abrupt knock, which froze the blood in their veins. A slip of paper was slid under the door—a sheet on which were traced, almost illegibly, these words: "Your husband is here—Ralph." Next, the bell of the château was rung by a rough and impatient hand.

"Fly!" said Indiana. "The moon is not yet up. If you fly at once, you will escape."

Madame Delmare spent a great part of the night in writing. She informed Raymon that her husband was ruined and insisted on her accompanying him to the Isle of Bourbon, where he hoped to make another fortune. But she had refused: her place was by her lover's side, and death alone could tear her from it.

The following day, Raymon was at the Colonel's. Delmare, whose confidence in the young man was unbounded, requested him to use his influence with his wife and point out that it was her duty not to separate from him.

"Well," said Raymon to himself as the Colonel went away to his farm, "everything is going on as it should."

The next morning Raymon informed Indiana, with a smile, that her husband had requested him to persuade her to do a thing

that would rob himself of life and heart. But the somber gravity with which he was listened to somewhat disturbed him; and when Indiana said that she would not obey, but would place herself under her lover's protection, he was alarmed, though he still professed an ardent love for her.

After disposing of all his property, the Colonel, accompanied by his wife, went to Paris. Delmare was more irritable than ever, and Indiana was the victim of his fretfulness; but she obeyed his every command. Virtuous and chaste, she thought herself excused from trying to soften his temper by words, provided she respected him in her actions. As the time for his departure drew near, the Colonel ceased to think of the resistance his wife was meditating. Madame Delmare looked on quietly at his preparations, for she was sure of her courage. But she little knew how careless Raymon was now as to her fate. His love had already passed from disgust to ennui; yet, strange to say, she never perceived the change.

One morning, after his return from a ball, Raymon discovered Madame Delmare in his chamber. She had been waiting for him five long hours—ever since midnight. It was midwinter, and there was no fire in the room. She had rested her head on her hands, enduring cold and anxiety with that sad patience which the whole course of her life had taught her. When he came in she looked up, and on her pale face there was neither anger nor reproach; on his there was consternation.

"I have not seen you for three days," she said gently; "and now circumstances have occurred with which I cannot delay acquainting you."

"What incredible imprudence!" replied Raymon, carefully shutting the door; "and my people know you are here."

"I have not concealed myself," she answered coldly. "Imprudence is a rather strong word, considering our relations."

"I said imprudence. I should have said madness."

"And I should say courage. Listen."

Then she told him that, on her final refusal to accompany him to the Isle of Bourbon, her husband had locked her up in her chamber, declaring that she must remain a prisoner until they were ready to set out together. She had escaped by the window. Had he prepared a retreat for her, as he had often

promised, until Delmare should set sail? She had had such faith in him that a doubt of his love had seemed to her impious. She sought now the reward of that faith and of all her sacrifices.

The crisis was too pressing for Raymon to wear a mask any longer: "You have lost your senses!" he exclaimed. "Where have you dreamed of love? In what chambermaid's romance have you studied society?"

"Continue," she said, crossing her arms on her breast. "I will listen to you. Perhaps you have something more to say."

Then this egotist spoke in a strain that gave proof of his selfish cowardice in presence of public opinion and convention. He preached the current morality, never taking thought of the responsibility entailed by the possession of a soul that had abandoned itself to him. He advised her to return home, like a "decent" woman, and so avoid the consequences of this insensate step. In order to calm the young woman and persuade her to return to the conjugal hearth, he could think of nothing better than to invoke the aid of his mother. Then a sudden ray of light shone on Indiana, and revealed to her the naked soul of Raymon.

Madame de Ramière was deeply impressed by the calm dignity and noble manner of Madame Delmare. But all the efforts of the former to persuade the unfortunate woman either to remain under her protection or to allow her to conduct her to her husband failed. Wrapping her cloak about her, and lowering her black veil, Indiana left the house by a secret stairway. When she reached the street her limbs trembled; she felt as if the rough hand of her husband had seized her, and as if he were trampling her under his feet. She stumbled along the quays until she was outside the city. Then she found herself on the bank of a river, and the greenish running water had an invincible attraction for her. She had so long calmed her soul with the thought of death that suicide appeared a kind of pleasure. Fortunately, her attempt to drown herself on this occasion failed. A man who happened to be near the spot plunged into the river, seized her by the waist, and laid her on the deck of a deserted boat. When she recovered her senses, she saw Sir Ralph kneeling before her and chafing her chilled limbs. When she had recovered, he exacted a promise from her that she would never

again attempt her life without letting him know of it. In that case he would not oppose it, for he had often had the same idea himself. She promised, at the same time saying, with tears in her eyes:

"Why did you stop me? I should now be in the bosom of God!"

Ralph drove her to the residence of Colonel Delmare, who had been in a state of terrible agitation since her absence. Though he did not suspect the truth, he turned pale with anger when he saw her.

"Where did you spend the morning? and, perhaps, last night?" he said furiously.

"I refuse to tell you," she answered with cold dignity. "The law of this country has made me your slave. You can bend my body, tie my hands, govern my actions; but with my will you can do nothing."

The tyrant husband felt like striking that noble-souled woman. But he restrained his temper, especially as she was now willing to follow him to the Isle of Bourbon.

When she had attained a certain degree of tranquillity in her new home, the weak and selfish Raymon would not allow her to continue in the enjoyment of her repose. He wrote her many an impassioned and tender letter, which revived her disappointments and her sorrows. She found that she still loved this base recreant, and she answered in letters equally affectionate. Unfortunately she kept a journal of her woes, and these confidences were addressed to Raymon. The Colonel discovered the manuscript, and, instead of being moved by this heartfelt expression of her sentiments, he threw her on the floor and struck her with his heel.

This horrible brutality broke the last fragile tie that held husband and wife together. She had just had a sad and tender letter from Raymon, and she resolved to fly to his protection. She escaped secretly from the house, and arranged with the captain of a vessel to take her to France. Cruelly did she expiate this last confidence in the man she loved. On reaching the home of her lover, whose last letter lay next her heart, she was received by his wife!

She had now drunk the very dregs of the cup of her decep-

tions, and she determined to die. She did not hide her resolve from Sir Ralph, who had followed her from the Isle of Bourbon, like a faithful dog. He applauded her design, and he himself would also remain devoted to her, even to death. They should seek God together. He persuaded the unfortunate woman, however, to return to the island where they had passed their happiest years. When there, clasped in each other's arms, they would fling themselves from one of the precipices on the lovely slopes of Mount Bernica. Indiana, now quite passive and made indifferent to everything by the agony she had suffered, consented. Shortly after their return to the home of their childhood, they set out for the spot that was to witness their last hour. But at the moment they were about to hurl themselves from the cliff into the abyss, they made a discovery. Indiana found that she could love again; Sir Ralph that he had always loved Indiana. Abandoning their fatal purpose, they retired to a valley all clothed with verdure, where they enjoyed that happiness which their virtues deserved.

CONSUELO (1842)

When George Sand wrote this romance she had left Italy and returned to France, where she became acquainted with some of the most eminent intellectual men of that day. Robert de Lamennais discussed religious questions with her, Michel de Bourges politics, and Pierre Leroux socialism. The influence of this association appears in *Consuelo* and in others of her books written at that time. This is the most popular of her stories, and has been translated many times.

ALTHOUGH Anzoleto was nearly nineteen years old, he sat dangling his bare legs in the lagoon while he strung those pretty shells which in Venice are poetically called "flowers of the sea." This child of the canals had all the beauty of a youthful Bacchus of the best days of Grecian statuary; but there was something bold and forward in the expression of his jet-black eyes that displeased the celebrated maestro Porpora. The maestro regarded him carefully for two reasons: one was that in company with Consuelo he was the favorite pupil of Porpora at the free school for music, and the other was that the Count Zustiniani, who amused himself by managing the opera-house of San Samuel, had called the maestro's attention to the boy as being a lad whom, in a few years, he purposed to bring out as a singer.

"If I amuse myself with shells it is to help little Consuelo here," said the boy as he handed the necklace to his companion and arose with self-assurance to bow to the Count and the maestro. Consuelo was at that age when a young girl is apt to be all eyes and legs. Consuelo was not pretty, but she had the voice of an angel, and the Count, who had heard her sing at vespers, was thinking of making a bargain with the maestro for her services when she should have finished her course at the free school.

Consuelo was the child of a wandering singer, a woman

who came originally from Spain and had a dash of the Moresco blood in her veins. Who her father was the child did not know; but she did know that when her mother came to die in the squalid lodgings in the Corte Minelli she had resigned her breath in the firm belief that the handsome and sturdy Anzoleto would look after the orphan. And so it was understood between the boy and the girl. They were to be married eventually, but there was no hurry about it. They loved each other dearly, but it was not necessary to dwell on the fact unduly—at least, so Anzoleto thought.

At last came the day when Anzoleto was twenty-three, and the Count, having dressed him in gorgeous clothes, brought him to sing before a select audience at the Zustiniani palace. Anzoleto was a success. Even had his voice been less worthy of praise, his handsome person would have carried him through.

"And when you sign my contract, my lord," said Anzoleto, "I suppose that the contract of Consuelo will be signed also? We are betrothed, you know, and shall soon be married. We had understood that we were to make our first appearance at the San Samuel together."

"Hum!" replied the Count, "you mean that plain-faced little thing, who does, after all, sing divinely? Well, we will see. But the fact is, my dear fellow, your little Consuelo is too ugly. She would never do for a prima donna."

This unexpected obstacle struck terror to the soul of Anzoleto. As he hurried toward the Corte he kept muttering: "Not pretty? Ugly—frightful? But perhaps the Count is mistaken."

"Why do you stare at me so?" asked Consuelo as the young man entered her apartment. "One would think you never had seen me before."

"Tell me, Consuelo, do you think me handsome?"

"Surely I do, since I love you."

"Is it because you love me, or am I really so?"

"How do I know?"

"Are you ugly, Consuelo? Tell me truly, are you ugly?"

"Do you not see it?"

"No."

"Then I am handsome enough."

"But tell me," the young man urged. "I must know. Are you ugly?"

"No, I am not," at last said Consuelo, a little piqued. "I used to be ugly, as a child, but the years have been kind to me. I am not a great beauty, but I am far from ugly. How do I know? Have I not my bit of looking-glass?"

Consuelo spoke the truth. She had been one of those children who from ugliness develop in a few years into comeliness if not into beauty. The pale, rather sad face of Consuelo had about it a distinction and a grace of intellect that made it attractive.

The next day Anzoleto sought his patron, to tell him that Consuelo was not ugly.

"Perhaps," said the Count. And remembering how the girl could sing, he gave orders that she be brought to his palace to sing before the critics. After that Count Zustiniani partly forgot his enthusiasm for his Anzoleto in his admiration for Consuelo.

Both appeared at San Samuel and scored an instantaneous and great success.

"Bah!" said old Porpora, the cynical music-teacher, who regarded Consuelo as his own child; "bah! you must not marry that Anzoleto. He is selfish. He is entirely without principle. He sings only fairly well. He is handsome, but so much the worse. No, no, decidedly you must have nothing more to do with him."

As a matter of fact, since their great success together, Anzoleto had become filled with mingled emotions with regard to Consuelo. He saw only too plainly that her success had been greater than his. He could not bear the thought that the girl was his professional superior. On the other hand, he was jealous of the Count, who paid altogether too much attention to Consuelo, he thought.

Corilla, the deposed prima donna, began to intrigue, using the weak will and the selfish vanity of Anzoleto for her purpose. He was often with her now. Consuelo felt that her lover was changed, but still trusted him blindly. As for the Count, armed in virtue she neither heeded nor dreaded his advances.

One day old Porpora said to her:

"Come, my child, it is time you were done with this sort of thing. Anzoleto is false to you. The Count seeks your ruin. What! You will not believe me? Be it so. Come to my house to-night. I will give you proofs."

That evening the old maestro led Consuelo to a little balcony that commanded a view of the interior of Corilla's apartments. The girl looked down into the lighted room and saw Anzoleto at the feet of Corilla.

"Oh, my master!" she cried. "Never shall my feet tread the boards of another theater. I must leave Venice at once. You are right, Anzoleto is an infamous man."

The next afternoon when Anzoleto sought Corilla she met him with outstretched arms.

"Great news!" she cried. "Consuelo is off. She has gone to Vienna, where Porpora has sent her and whither he will soon follow her. She has deceived us all, the little cheat. She was engaged for the Emperor's theater, where Porpora intends that she shall appear in his new opera."

"Gone without a word!" cried Anzoleto. "By all the furies, you have gained your point, but you have taken my life along with it." And he swooned on the Persian carpet of the false Corilla.

But Consuelo was not in Vienna. In the western range of the Carpathian mountains, which separate Bohemia from Bavaria, stood an old country-seat of immense extent called the Castle of the Giants. There reigned the lords of Rudolstadt. The head of the family was Count Christian, whose aged sister, the Canoness Wenceslawa, had presided over his household since the death of his wife. With him was stopping now his brother, the Baron Frederick, intent only on the chase—a bluff and hearty nobleman. And the Baron Frederick had brought to the castle his beautiful daughter, the Baroness Amelia, that she might be married to her cousin, Count Albert, Count Christian's son and heir.

To this castle had Porpora sent his pupil, Consuelo, for he was an old friend of the Rudolstadts. The Baroness Amelia had asked for a music-teacher, not that she wished to learn music, but the dreariness of the old castle was more than she

could bear alone. The Count had applied to Porpora, and the presence of Consuelo in the castle was the result.

No guests of the surrounding gentry visited the Castle of the Giants in these days. The family led a lonely existence, keeping within their breasts and screening as far as they might from the public the singular character of Count Albert. This young man had an intelligent face; but there was something repellent about him, something that frightened. He spoke hardly once in twenty-four hours; and when he did speak the eyes of relatives and domestics were turned upon him and there was apparent on every face a deep anxiety. The young man was subject to fits of catalepsy; and at other times he disappeared mysteriously from the castle for days or weeks at a time, to reappear as suddenly and mysteriously, calm and serene as if nothing had happened.

On the evening of Consuelo's arrival she sang the Spanish hymn in honor of Our Lady of Consolation, which begins with the words *Consuelo de mi alma* ("Consolation of my soul"). Suddenly the door opened, and Albert appeared. He fell on his knees, and, raising toward her his large, dark eyes swimming in tears, he exclaimed in Spanish:

"Oh, Consuelo, Consuelo, I have found thee at last!"

"Consuelo!" exclaimed the astonished girl. "Why do you call me by that name?"

Well might she ask, for she was known to the family only as "the Porporina," an adopted daughter of Porpora.

"Because," returned Albert, "a consolation has been promised to my dark soul, and you are that consolation which God has granted to my solitary and gloomy existence." Saying this he fell in a swoon.

As the days passed and Consuelo saw what a hold she had upon the mind of Albert, she began to believe that she might draw him from the abyss of utter madness back to a sane and rational life. Although the Baroness Amelia had protested against marrying her cousin, she was rather piqued now at the attention he paid to Consuelo. She insisted that her father take her away, and the bluff Baron, always dutiful to his beautiful daughter, obeyed.

The Canoness and the Count were alarmed. Albert of

Rudolstadt marry with an unknown singer? The sixteen quarterings on their shield shivered at the idea! But if she could restore him to reason—they were willing to sacrifice anything for that.

When Count Albert made the next of his mysterious disappearances Consuelo discovered how he did it. His path was by way of an old well, the water of which could be turned on or shut off at pleasure. After a perilous journey she found the demented man in a cave under a great stone which was known in the neighborhood as "the stone of terror." It marked the site of a village that had been burned by one of Albert's ancestors in the old religious wars of the Hussites.

There, in that dungeon, where, attended only by a half-witted dwarf, Albert had shut himself up to give free play to his wild and weird fancies, Consuelo exerted all her powers over his clouded mind and brought him back to the castle, if not entirely sane, at least so much improved that the family was content. "You have restored my son's reason by your remarkable power over him," said old Count Christian, "and I not only give my consent to your union but ask it of you as a favor to the family. You and you alone can keep him from the depths."

Albert improved daily, and soon the last vestige of his malady seemed dissipated. The marriage of the heir of Rudolstadt with the unknown singer was looked upon as something to be taken for granted. But again and again Consuelo asked herself whether she really loved Albert. And her heart gave no definite reply.

One day she was told that her brother had arrived and was awaiting her in the reception hall. Filled with anxiety, and half guessing what was to happen, she went to the room and saw sitting there with impudent, nonchalant air—Anzoleto! He had ended his career in Venice by a quarrel with Zustiniani, and, after capsizing the Count's gondola in an effort to drown him along with the false Corilla, had fled to Germany. Traveling through the neighborhood, he had learned the gossip of the castle and in "the Porporina" had recognized Consuelo.

Consuelo saw the Venetian alone, and the wily man gave full scope to his eloquence, reproached himself for the past, humbled himself hypocritically, wept, related his torments and

despair, and implored that Consuelo would take him again to her heart. But Consuelo saw through his protestations and despised him. At the same time she was frightened to find that something in her heart spoke as it never had spoken in the presence of Albert. Yes, after all, there was a lingering love for Anzoleto within her bosom. But she summoned all her resolution and would not give way to it.

"I have already pardoned you," said she, "and I wish to hear no more. I thank you for the kindness which prompted you to delay your journey with a view to reconciliation, but your pardon was already granted. So now, adieu."

"What!" cried Anzoleto, "am I to leave you so? I will tell your new lover that of which he is not yet aware. He will hardly dispute you with an actor, your friend, your equal, your brother, your lover. Ah, do not drive me to despair or—"

"What! Threats?" returned Consuelo. "At last I have found you out, Anzoleto. I rejoice at it and I thank you for raising the mask. I shall regret and pity you no more. I recognize your baseness and your hateful love. But unless you are as expert in calumny as in insult you can say nothing to make me blush."

As she turned to leave the room the door opened and Count Christian appeared. The girl was loath to betray Anzoleto. In spite of all, a little of her old love for him remained. She despised herself for it, but she must have time to think—to consider all sides of the problem which was now presented to her. So, introducing the treacherous Venetian as her brother, she made his stay in the castle possible, and Anzoleto was not slow to take advantage of this opening to play further upon the heart which had once been his.

The family received him well, treating him in all respects as the brother of the woman who might soon become the wife of the heir of the ancient house. Only Albert regarded him with gloomy and threatening looks. Some of the young Count's madness seemed to be returning. Consuelo warned her former lover that his very life would be in danger if Albert suspected the truth; and though Anzoleto affected to laugh at her warning he was secretly troubled.

Consuelo now knew Anzoleto for what he was. Questioning

herself with sincerity, she knew that she was not deceived and that she loved him no longer; she almost hated and feared him, but she cherished her early memory of him.

Anzoleto, realizing that he was failing of effect upon her, determined to leave the castle for a while to give her a chance to miss him. Then, when she thought of him with regret, he would return and surprise her heart. In his confidence he betrayed himself and his plan to the girl, and she formed for herself another plan. As yet she was not sure that she loved Albert, and until she was sure she would not marry him. Anzoleto made arrangements to set out on his journey at daybreak one day, and before dawn Consuelo herself had fled.

She took what little money she had, and, leaving a letter for Count Albert which he would receive when she and Anzoleto were both gone, fled out into the world again. While Anzoleto went one way she took another. Her scanty stock of money soon gave out—but was she not the daughter of a wandering singer? "The Zingara" her mother had been called, though having no gipsy blood—could she not undergo the same privations now as in the days when she wandered over the land, led by her mother's hand? She made her way toward Vienna; for Porpora was in that city, and Porpora was now her only friend. One day, pausing to rest by a fountain, she encountered a boy, a traveler like herself, who looked so gentle and approached her with such courtesy that she accepted acquaintance at once. "And what is your name?" she asked.

"Joseph Haydn," replied the boy. "I am going to Vienna, but first I must seek the Castle of the Giants, where they tell me lives a wonderful singer, the Porporina. She will, perhaps, give me a letter to her old master, Porpora, and he will teach me."

"My child," said Consuelo, "the Porporina is no longer at the Castle of the Giants. Come with me to Vienna. As I know Porpora, perhaps I may aid you."

"You know Porpora!" exclaimed the boy—that boy who was afterward to make immortal music for the world; "then, come, let us hasten. But you cannot journey on in that guise. I have in my bag here a peasant suit—a boy's suit. Retire into the woods and put it on. As two boys we may travel together

comfortably. You would make a pretty boy. But a young lady traveling as you are would not be safe."

So as a peasant boy Consuelo traveled with Haydn to the Austrian capital, where the austere Queen Marie Thérèse—"the King"—then held her sway. Haydn took his companion to the house of a hair-dresser where he had once boarded when he sang in the choir of the cathedral, and the hair-dresser's daughter furnished Consuelo with proper clothes. Then she revealed to Haydn her name and told him part of her story.

Together they sought Porpora. The old man received his adopted daughter with rapture and heard all she had to tell him.

"And so you said in the letter which you left for Count Albert that if you decided, after all, you did love him you would go back and marry him, did you? Foolish girl! No, no! You must not marry into the nobility. Your mission is the stage. You must sing. You are 'The Porporina.' And, if for no other reason, then for the sake of your old master, you must seek the boards again. With you as prima donna I shall make a success here in Vienna. Without you I doubt."

So behold Consuelo once more decked in gorgeous robes, received by the best society in Vienna, again a great singer and in the Imperial Opera House. As for Joseph Haydn, Porpora took him as a pupil and set his feet in those paths that led to his greatness.

Anzoleto she heard of or saw no more. He had dropped out of her life forever. So great became the success of Porpora and his pupil that to Vienna came an offer of an engagement at Berlin where the great Frederick was then assembling famous artists, literary men, and singers.

It was a vast honor to be sought after by the great Frederick, and gold was a further reward. The wars had impoverished the Austrian court, but at Berlin wealth was plentiful. With half her heart still in the Castle of the Giants and the other half pledging her to accompany her master to Berlin, Consuelo hesitated. But finally she cast the die in favor of her duty to the maestro and set out with Porpora for Prussia.

On the way, before they reached the Prussian frontier, they stopped at the castle of Count Hoditz, a patron of art whom they had known in Vienna, and whose chief claim to distinction

was that he had recently married the Dowager Margravine of Bareith, an elderly lady of domineering disposition. The Margravine was to arrive at the castle next day and the Count was preparing to receive her with musical allegories and other demonstrations of regard. Therefore the visit of Porpora and Consuelo was especially opportune—they could advise him.

While the company at the castle were at breakfast the arrival of two Prussian officers was announced, and they were at once bidden to the table. The officer who entered first was a little man with a rather disagreeable expression. His shoulders were round and of ungainly shape, and he had a rather decrepit and aged air, though he could not have been over thirty. But his step was firm and his forehead commanded respect, while his eyes had extraordinary brilliancy.

The other officer appeared ill at ease and had nothing to distinguish him from any other subaltern in the service of the great Frederick. The two soldiers had been buying horses in the neighborhood, they said, and if the Count had any to sell they would like to view his stable. The Count had no horses to sell, but he pressed his guests to remain with him until the arrival of his lady.

At dinner that night the odd-looking man, who seemed the superior, took much delight in conversing with Consuelo and Porpora. The maestro drank rather too much of the Count's generous wine. The Baron de Kreutz, as the senior Prussian officer called himself, asked some questions as to how the Porpora would treat a royal pupil should a royal pupil chance to make a false note. He replied: "I should pardon Frederick a few false notes, even if he had the impudence to make them in my presence, on condition that he would at once correct them."

"But if he would not?" asked the Count.

"Then I should wash my hands of him, even if he cut off my head," replied Porpora. And in this strain he rambled on in spite of the attempts of Consuelo to stop him, and greatly to the amusement of the Prussian, who kept spurring him on to wilder flights of imperial and royal disregard.

That night the Prussians took their departure, and as they rode away the Count said to Porpora and Consuelo: "Did you

not know who he was? It was Frederick himself. I knew it all along. But he flies into a rage if you let him see that you have penetrated his disguise."

Consuelo was troubled for the frank manner in which the maestro had expressed himself, but Porpora felt no concern. Frederick might be King of Prussia, but he himself was king of song. They resumed their journey the next day. The cold was intense and night was closing in as they came to Prague. When they reached the great bridge over the Moldaw, the bridge where the great statue of St. John Nepomuck stands, one of the horses slipped and fell before the statue. "Holy Virgin!" cried the postilion, "an evil sign." Just then, as Porpora and Consuelo alighted from the traveling carriage to see how serious was the accident, a horseman rode up and looked carefully at them. What was their surprise to recognize in this newcomer the Baron Frederick of Rudolstadt!

"I was told to meet you here," he said. "Come with me; I will explain. It is Albert. He waits for you." Then, rapidly as he could, he told them that after the departure of Consuelo Albert had grown ill and feeble with watching and waiting for her return. Now he was dying; and in a vision some days before he had seen the horse fall before the statue, and all that had now taken place. He had written his uncle to be upon the bridge at a certain hour and to bring Consuelo to him.

All was ready for the journey, and by daybreak the next morning Consuelo saw again the turrets of the Castle of the Giants. They found Albert seated in a chair in the hall, where for thirty days he had sat waiting—and dying. The Canoness opened the door and said to Consuelo: "Fly to him. You need not fear to surprise him, for he expects you and saw you coming an hour ago." Consuelo darted to Albert and fell at his feet. It was no longer a man but a shadow she beheld.

"I am happy now," said Albert as he let his withered hand fall upon the head of his beloved. "I believed you had abandoned me and I gave myself up to despair. But during the last eight days I have regained my reason, which they call my madness. I have read hearts as others read books. I have read at one glance the past, the present, and the future. I learned, in short, that you were faithful, Consuelo; that you tried to love

me, and for a time succeeded. Consent now to a marriage of the Church, since it is the only one that holds its place in the estimation of men. This I must carry with me to the tomb."

Thus the dying Albert and Consuelo were wed—and with his head upon her breast he died sitting there in his ancestral hall, the last of the Rudolstadts.

After all was over, and the body of Albert had been placed in the chapel, the austere Canoness sought an interview with Consuelo. "All is in order," said she with cold severity. "You are Albert's widow, and the title-deeds to my nephew's estate shall be at once placed in your hands. You are also, as you are aware, the heir of all that the house of Rudolstadt now possesses."

"Pardon me, Madame," replied Consuelo, "I am rich enough. I have simple tastes and a love of labor. The Baroness Amelia is the heiress of the Rudolstadts, and I must beg permission to resume my journey at once. I am engaged to sing in Berlin."

"What!" cried the Canoness. "The Countess of Rudolstadt appear upon the stage!"

"There is no Countess of Rudolstadt other than yourself, Madame," replied Consuelo.

"Consuelo, my daughter!" sobbed the Canoness, breaking down completely. "Remain with us. You have a lofty soul and a great heart. Do not leave us again." But Consuelo kissed the aged lady and was firm in her resolve.

That night a traveling-carriage bore Consuelo and Porpora again toward the Prussian frontier. Meantime the great Frederick was taking snuff and recalling his adventures at the castle of Count Hoditz. "Buddenbrock," said the King to his aide, "what think you of our maestro, the great Porpora?"

"He seems to me to be foolish, self-satisfied, and ill-tempered," replied the obsequious officer.

"And I tell you," retorted Frederick, "that he is a man of superior acquirements, full of wit and with a most amusing irony. When he arrives with his pupil at the frontier you will send a comfortable carriage to meet him. And you are to hand him into it alone. You understand? But at the same time you will treat him with every respect."

"Yes, Sire. And afterward—is he to be carried to Berlin?"

"You have not common sense to-day," snapped the King. "He is to be sent to Dresden and thence to Prague, if he desires, or back to Vienna. Since I have taken so worthy a man from his occupation I ought to replace him in as good a one as I took him from. See to it that it is done without cost to himself. But do not let him place foot in my kingdom; he is too witty for us."

"And his pupil, Sire?"

"She is to be conducted under escort, whether willing or unwilling, to Sans Souci and an apartment is to be assigned her in the castle. The apartments of the Barbarini will do. She is no longer in Berlin. Consuelo succeeds to all the honors and emoluments of the Barbarini. She is a great singer. Her fortune is made. See that these things are attended to." And it was as the great Frederick commanded.

MAUPRAT (1846)

In her preface the author says that this romance was written at Nohant, just after she had been suing for a divorce, and was composed to distract her mind. She adds that precisely at this time the essence of marriage appeared to her in all its original moral beauty. In the dedication, to Gustave Papet, physician and friend, she says that the materials were collected partly in the huts of the Noire valley. *Mauprat* shows decidedly the influence of the lawyer who procured the divorce—Michel of Bourges, an extreme Radical. He is the "Edouard" of the *Lettres d'un voyageur* and undoubtedly the "M. E——" who figures as an advocate in the novel. The original of the Abbé was probably Deschâtre, an ex-abbé, the factotum of her grandmother's household. *Mauprat* was dramatized by its author and was produced at the Odéon, Paris, in 1853, but the play was less successful than the book.

IN the borders of Marche and Berri, in the province of Varenne, are a ruined château and a gloomy ravine, both called La Roche Mauprat. I chanced to make the acquaintance of Bernard de Mauprat, the last of his family, a man held in high esteem, and he told me his romantic life-history, beginning his narrative thus:

My grandfather, Tristan, was the head of the elder branch of our family, which was called *Mauprat Coupe-Jarret* ("hamstringers") because its members were addicted to brigandage. When I was born the only representative of the younger branch was Hubert, known as "the Chevalier" from having belonged to the Order of Malta. He had his vows annulled and married, but his wife soon died, leaving a daughter. I was the only child of Tristan's eldest son, and Hubert wished to adopt me, especially after my father's death, but my grandfather would not consent. When I was seven my mother died, and my grandfather forcibly carried me off to La Roche Mauprat, a den of infamy. Here he and his eight sons exercised a kind of feudal rule and indulged in crime and all manner of excesses, defying the officers of the law. When pursued by creditors they shut themselves in their stronghold, aided in its defense by a dozen poachers and deserters. I grew

up as rude and perverse as they, in most respects, but abstained from lust and cruelty.

At that time, an old hermit known as Bonhomme Patience, lived in a tower a few leagues distant. A warm friendship existed between him and the curé, De Briantes, and both were hated by the monks; the former for his intolerant morality, the latter for his supposed Jansenistic tendencies. Both were admirers of Rousseau, but Patience had evolved a kind of rustic philosophy, to which the curé had practically become a convert. I hated Patience because he had thrashed me, a nobleman's son, for killing a pet of his.

When I was fifteen my grandfather died, and my uncles grew more undisciplined and debauched than ever. They rallied me one night on my continence, and, half-drunk, I boasted that I would be bolder than they with the next woman brought in. Just then my uncle Laurent entered with a beautiful girl whom he had met, separated from her friends at a wolf-hunt, and had persuaded that our residence was the château of some relatives of hers. My uncles soon withdrew, leaving me with this angel of purity, whom I supposed to be an adventuress and addressed insultingly. On learning that she was at the notorious La Roche Mauprat, she was agonized. Discovering that I was Bernard, she informed me that she was my cousin Edmée, the Chevalier's daughter, but of this I was incredulous.

Suddenly our fortress was attacked by the *maréchaussée* or rural police, and Edmée, supposing that her father had come to rescue her, implored me to save his life, promising in return to marry me. During a suspension of hostilities, I returned to inform her that her father was not there and that she must be my mistress. She at first repelled my efforts to embrace her; then, changing her manner, she smiled and offered her hand. I fell at her feet and she kissed my hands, imploring me to save her. But my evil passions revived and I again insulted her; then, throwing her arms about my neck, she told me she loved me and asked whether I did not love her. Her tact saved her, and the soul of a man awoke in me. The conflict was renewed, and having agreed to escape with Edmée, I led the way to an underground passage. Here I attempted to force her, but she threatened to stab herself with a knife of which she had possessed

herself. I then bound her by an oath that she would be mine before belonging to anyone else. She had kindled my jealousy by saying that her hand was virtually pledged.

On emerging from this passage I discovered my grandfather's horse, and we hastened away in the darkness, but the animal stumbled and threw us, injuring me severely. Seeing a light through the trees, I dragged myself thither, and came to Gazeau Tower, the abode of Patience. The curé and Marcasse, a mole-catcher, were with him, and as Edmée's deliverer I was kindly received. She treated them as equals, to my astonishment. Soon a gunshot was heard, and my uncle Laurent fell at the door, to expire with horrible blasphemies. His brother Leonard was with him, and to escape the pursuing police blew his brains out.

Edmée insisted on my being taken to her father's château, and while *en route* we met her anxious friends. A venerable man embraced her and then advanced to embrace me. A handsome young man, Monsieur de la Marche, Edmée's future husband, thanked me profusely. Being Lieutenant-Governor of the province, he ordered me set at liberty. During the journey Edmée told me to obey her commands in all things and thus prove my love for her. She doubted my sincerity. I protested that I wanted love, not friendship. All she would say was that as I had spared her honor her life was mine.

During my forced detention in bed I chafed like a lion in its cage. The Chevalier was devoted, begged me to regard him as a father, saying that he looked to me to rebuild the honor of my fallen house. Inasmuch as six of my uncles had perished, if not all, I was probably the only heir to the name. He had dreamed that I would some day marry Edmée, but God had willed otherwise. His goodness won my heart, but the friendship proffered by La Marche was spurned, and I delighted in affronting him and trying in vain to rouse his jealousy. I never saw Edmée alone, and her manner at all times, though cordial, was reserved. Meanwhile the fief of La Roche Mauprat had been purchased by my uncle, and he proposed giving me my share of the inheritance, besides willing me the whole estate on condition that I would consent to be educated; but I refused to rob Edmée and to change from a hunter into a clerk.

At the first opportunity I waylaid Edmée and vowed that she should dupe me no longer. Trembling, as she always did when I spoke, she advised me to change my manners. I threatened vengeance, whereupon she drew a letter from her bosom and burned it in a candle. It was, she said, an appeal to my reason, but it was evident that I was still only a brute, and therefore such an appeal would be useless.

Striding into the garden, I leaned my head against a wall and sobbed bitterly. On a level with my head was a chapel window, and suddenly Edmée's face appeared there, illumined by the rising moon. She assured me that when she saw me thus she loved me. She knew I loved her, and hoped the day would come when my love would no longer terrify her. But she said her affection could not be commanded; I must educate myself; I was still too much a subject to my passions. I was introduced into a new world by this conversation, and when she withdrew I wandered into the open country, my brain filled with strange new thoughts. The moon was full, and for the first time I, the savage, realized the beauty of the night. Espying a little daisy, I plucked it, crying: "It is you, Edmée; you will no longer fly from me!"

Nevertheless, she held herself aloof. When I was sulking by myself in the park one night, I overheard a conversation between her and the curé—or rather the Abbé, for he was now chaplain at Saint-Sévère—as they were on their way to visit Patience. Edmée said she still feared my violence; he declared that "the brigand" ought to be removed, and that the oath she had taken, extorted by force, was invalid. She replied that she had renewed her engagement. If marriage should take place, and I was still odious, she would either kill herself or enter a convent. I realized now my baseness and her purity, and, ennobled in my own love, I determined to prove my submission.

I took up studies under the Abbé, and though I was as ignorant as a child, I made rapid progress; but indoor life and unwonted labor brought on an illness. One day, when half delirious, I saw Edmée asleep in a chair, and supposing her to be dead, I implored Patience, who was present, to remove the ring from her finger and put it upon mine, and then place us in the same tomb. To quiet me he complied, but the Abbé re-

moved it while I slept. Edmée restored it to silence my ravings, and on my asking for a pledge of her love she kissed me. She allowed me to keep the ring, but her continued attentions were undemonstrative.

I rose from my bed more vigorous than ever. I accompanied Edmée and the Abbé on their walks, unvexed by the presence of La Marche, who was in Paris. My studies were resumed, but soon, made vain by my new acquirements, I began to argue with the Chevalier, presenting distasteful radical opinions. To end our disputes, Edmée persuaded him to remove to Paris for the carnival. Established there, I entered society, but being inordinately vain I regarded everyone as mentally my inferior. The men were insincere in their radicalism; the women appeared affected and bold, and Edmée shone by contrast with them.

One evening I found her plucking the petals from a flower, playing the well-known childish game, and said I could read her thoughts. She denied this and gave them as follows: "I love Monsieur de la Marche a *little*, and you *much*. He loves me *passionately*, and you *not at all*." I said I forgave her for that word "much," and tried to take her hands, but she pulled them away, exhibiting a pretty coquetry for the first time.

She received a letter one day, brought by one of La Marche's lackeys, and answered it, but immediately threw her answer on the hearth. I spoke insultingly of the "rendezvous" she was appointing, whereupon she went out to deliver a verbal message. I picked up and read La Marche's letter, which said that although he now knew she had been at the terrible La Roche Mauprat he wished to offer her his hand. When Edmée returned I begged to see her written reply, saying that I would submit to the sentence dictated by her first impulse. She asked whether, in case she gave him up at my request, I would renounce my barbarous claim upon her. I accused her of really loving him and of lying to me. She then contrasted my lack of pride and delicacy with his honorable conduct. Though believing that her honor had suffered (he did not accuse me personally), he stood ready to protect her. I vowed that I would win her yet, even should I die in the attempt, and dying would stab her, that she might lie in the same tomb; with my last

breath I would declare that she had been my mistress. I swore it by the name of Mauprat. "Mauprat Coupe-Jarret!" she answered, and left the room.

I offered myself as a volunteer to Lafayette, but before embarking I wrote to Edmée, freeing her from her promise. A note in reply conveyed her blessing and enclosed my ring, which I had returned. I was promoted in the army and became an officer. With one companion in arms I formed a strong friendship, and he brought me to see that my punishment at Edmée's hands was just. Arthur was an enthusiastic scientist and he discovered a plant, which, at my request, he named *Edmunda Sylvestris*.

The Abbé wrote me that La Marche was going to America with a regiment, and that Edmée hoped I would take an interest in him if we met. It was reported that the engagement between them was broken. I saw peace established and the independence of the United States proclaimed, and then hastened back to France and to Varenne. Edmée showed me the holy devotion of a sister, and the Chevalier, recognizing the fact that my military experience had at last made a man of me, was more desirous than ever that I should marry Edmée, but I dared not ask her openly until he in her presence requested me to. She answered that if her father's days were numbered bridal attire was out of the question; if he were likely to live, why should she shorten the time of delay she had asked him for? The Chevalier begged her to allow someone else to come forward, but she insisted that she would marry no one but Bernard de Mauprat.

Not long after this the Abbé met a Trappist monk who was making a journey to perform a penance, and was so deeply impressed by his holiness that he consented to an interview on the following day. The Abbé asked me to accompany him to the spot—a secluded one—but at first sight of the man I recognized my uncle Jean, and I hid in a thicket to hear the conversation. The old sinner declared that he was ready to expiate his crimes on the scaffold, but first must beg forgiveness of his nephew Bernard. He requested the Abbé to bring us together. When my friend and I were alone I denounced the hypocrite, but the Abbé besought me to act prudently in the matter. I finally agreed to go to the convent, and there I was received by

the Prior, who entreated me to dissuade the saintly brother Jean Nepomucène from the course he contemplated. His pious phrases half-veiled a threat that unless I made over half my property to my uncle the latter would drag me into a criminal court; but I was not to be wheedled or terrified, and incensed at my uncle for not meeting me openly, I departed.

The Abbé was with me when I returned to the château that evening. We found Edmée bending over the prostrate form of her father, who had been terrified by the sudden appearance of a loathsomely dirty old monk. The latter, embracing his knees, had asked for forgiveness, but under his words lay a veiled menace to one they held dear, and Jean de Mauprat showed by his words and demeanor that he was unchanged. The sound of approaching footsteps had caused the wretch to take flight. The report that Jean was a penitent was soon noised abroad, coupled with tales of his great sanctity.

A fox-hunt took place soon after this, and Edmée's reckless riding alarmed me so much that after expostulating with her I grasped her bridle, causing her to lose her balance. I caught her in my arms, and she resented the familiarity, as she did my attempt to lift her again to her horse's back. In spite of myself, I kissed her neck; and after she had remounted I followed her in a kind of frenzy. She raised her whip to strike me. I fell on my knees, penitently, but my passions overpowered me. I must fly or yield. Wringing my hands, I hastened away, but had not gone far when the report of a gun was heard, and rushing back I met the Abbé, searching for Edmée. We found her prostrate, Patience at her side. He denounced me as her assassin, but the hunters who now joined us were convinced that my gun had gone off accidentally. Marcasse got me away to La Roche Mauprat, where I lay half-stupefied for days. On my recovery I dragged myself to St. Sévère, and into Edmée's room. She looked at me without emotion, but said with a cold smile, "It is the flower that is called *Edmea Sylvestris*"; but though I covered her hands with kisses she would say no more.

Patience urged me to quit the country, as soon as my uncle, now half-dead, should be buried; the Abbé sternly bade me leave the château; but I refused to conceal myself or to fly. Soon, owing to Mademoiselle Leblanc, Edmée's waiting-maid,

who had always hated me, I was arrested by the *maréchaussée.* Eight days later a formal writ was issued against me for attempted murder.

At the first examination Leblanc, who had been bribed, swore that Edmée, in confidence, had accused me of dragging her from her horse and then shooting her. Marcasse, in my defense, said that the shooting, if done by me, was accidental. The case was transferred to the criminal court at Bourges.

Marcasse produced a declaration signed by ten witnesses proving that a mendicant friar resembling the Mauprats had been in that neighborhood. The Trappist proved an alibi. Marcasse again deposed that Jean de Mauprat had terrified the Chevalier in his own house, and that, through the Prior, he had tried to extort money from me; but all this was regarded as fiction, a fanatical zeal in the Trappist's favor having been exhibited. Several lawyers whom Edmée had rejected leagued themselves against me, and the monks abetted them in their hostility.

On the day of the trial I was questioned as to my relations with Edmée, and answered that her character spoke for itself. My explanations of my actions on the fatal day were regarded only as damaging proofs. The witnesses for the defense, when confronted with the Trappist—who voluntarily and ostentatiously presented himself—declared that he was not the monk they had seen; further, the latter had mysteriously disappeared. The Abbé testified that when he first met me I had no gun (it was proved later that it had been discharged, and rightly, for I had shot at a lapwing). As for Edmée's words before she swooned, the Abbé said that only Patience had heard them. These, confided to him under the seal of the confessional, he had refused to reveal, and, accordingly he was imprisoned. Leblanc, the next witness, swore that I had dishonored her mistress at La Roche Mauprat, and that the latter in consequence had broken her engagement to La Marche. She said that I had often threatened to kill that nobleman, and that Edmée herself stood in mortal fear of me. Leblanc produced a blood-stained letter found on Edmée's person. The only legible passages contained such extravagant expressions as "Sometimes I long to arise in the night and kill you." These carried con-

viction, and the judge pronounced me deserving confinement in a lunatic asylum.

My lawyer, M. E——, confounded, made a cold defense, but demanded an additional inquiry. Patience must be summoned, and it was the court's duty to discover whether Antoine de Mauprat was still living. The prosecuting attorney declared that to search for the friar would be useless, and that Jean had proved the death of his brother years before. The court condemned me to capital punishment. It was then two o'clock in the morning. Just as the court was about to disperse Patience appeared, saying that he had come to make them respect the law. He appealed to the spectators to insist that justice be done, and by his eloquence created a reaction of feeling so great that a reprieve was granted. An order from the supreme court for the reviewal of the trial was obtained by my friend Arthur, who was in Paris on business and, having heard of the sad affair, had come to my aid.

Among those who attended the reviewal was Arthur, who entered with Edmée, sublime in her beauty. I threw myself at her feet, and she, weeping, embraced me; then she lost consciousness and was removed. Patience was called, and said that having been near the spot where the shooting occurred he was the first to reach Edmée, who had exclaimed: "Bernard, I never would have believed that you would kill me! This will kill my father." He said that I had come up then, acting like an idiot, and at the time he believed me to be guilty. Edmée had been almost constantly delirious, but when in her right mind had insisted that Bernard was innocent. The fact that she had already discharged Leblanc was proof against that lying woman. He then related a conversation he had overheard between the mendicant Antoine de Mauprat and Jean, the professing Trappist, in which the latter had told of his shooting Edmée and had quarreled with his brother over the inheritance expected after I should be executed.

Edmée now reëntered, and taking the stand gave her name as Edmonde de Mauprat, adding, in a low voice, "*Edmea Sylvestris.*" She related, delicately and simply, the details of the accident and of our previous dispute. She said she had been about to follow me when she fell, wounded. Compelled to ex-

plain her relations with La Marche, her frequent quarrels with me, my departure for America, her refusal to marry anyone, she said: "Everything that seems so inexplicable in my conduct is justified by one word—I love him!"

Transported with joy, I cried: "Now let me be led to the scaffold! I am king of the world!"

"You!" said Edmée. "They shall rather lead me there, for my pride has caused you to be arraigned as a criminal. Even if you are sent thither, you shall go only with the title of my husband!"

The judge asked her to explain the seven years of refusal that had so exasperated my passions, and she vivaciously attributed it to the coquetry instinctive in woman. To wish to be wooed a long time, as a being of value, was natural. But no woman would continue her coquetry if it were likely to condemn the suitor to death. Surely they would not choose that means of consoling me for her cruelty. Continuing, she accused herself of having enjoyed our quarrels, because in my anger I had revealed the depth of my love. She had let me depart for America, desiring to put my courage to the proof. She restored the mutilated passages in the letter, thereby proving the falsity of Leblanc's charges. She had carried it in her bosom for days, it was so precious. She would have killed herself rather than marry anyone but me. She added that La Marche had released her in the most chivalrous manner.

Edmée retired, and a murmur of applause was heard. The Abbé, who had been authorized by Edmée to speak, followed, saying that he had gradually become convinced of my innocence. He confuted the assertions of Leblanc and testified that Edmée had always loved me ardently.

The Lieutenant-Governor of the province now championed my cause, and the continuation of the trial was postponed. Jean de Mauprat was arrested, and thereupon abandoned his brother who, he confessed, was hiding at La Roche Mauprat. A posse, headed by Marcasse, discovered Antoine in a garret there, and after a desperate struggle he was secured. He made a full confession, and a scandalous trial followed. Jean denied having sanctioned the shooting; Antoine accused him of having poisoned my mother and Edmée's, and said that it was the inten-

tion to poison Edmée and me the night we were together at La Roche Mauprat. The clergy brought about Jean's acquittal, but he was sent back to La Trappe with orders to be confined there. He died in a state of exalted frenzy. Antoine was broken on the wheel.

On my release I hastened to St. Sévère, to receive the last blessing of my uncle. At the expiration of Edmée's mourning we were married in the village chapel, with the Abbé, Arthur, Marcasse, and Patience, as spectators. The days of my married life were many. Six children were born to us, and I have lived for their sakes, as Edmée commanded on her death-bed. During the Revolution she suffered for the distresses of both parties, yet to her the cause was grand if fanatical. I was of service to La Marche at that time, enabling him to fly the country. When the enemy invaded France Edmée sent me to the front; when the Republic fell she recalled me to her side. I have ever been guided by her wisdom and integrity. She was the only woman I have ever loved; never did any other attract my gaze, or know the pressure of my hand.

JULES SANDEAU

(France, 1811–1883)

MADELEINE (1848)

The main idea of this little tale, by the friend and literary colleague of George Sand, is that of the dignity of labor, and it was inspired by the events of the revolution of 1848 in France, when Louis Philippe was forced to abdicate and a republic was declared. The story was crowned by the French Academy.

EUVY-LES-BOIS was a small and unimportant town, so small, indeed, that the weekly passage of the diligence from Paris to Limoges was a great event; all the inhabitants turned out to see the vehicle pass, ranging themselves on each side of the road, and staring with eyes and mouths wide open.

One Sunday in autumn, instead of driving rapidly through the village as usual, the diligence stopped and a young girl alighted, carrying a small packet in her hand. She was about fifteen years of age, was dressed in black, and was on her way to the Château of Valtravers. She had still three leagues to walk and lost her way; being very tired and discouraged, she sat down on the grass and wept. Presently a young man on horseback appeared before her. She asked him to tell her the way to the château, and he said he was going there himself; then he sprang from his horse and offered her his arm.

At the same hour the Chevalier de Valtravers was sitting at his own door with the Marquise de Fresnes, who lived in a château not far away. They were old friends and had been together in exile during the French Revolution. At the beginning of political troubles the Marquis de Fresnes and his wife, and the Chevalier, had left France to travel, expecting to return very

soon, but the time of their exile was extended and they settled in Nuremburg. When their money was gone the Marquise painted miniatures and pastels, and the Chevalier made toys and nut-crackers, and carved in ivory and wood.

Monsieur de Valtravers was born in 1760, and was educated when the world of fashion was under the influence of Rousseau's writings, and it was customary to complete the education of youths by teaching them a trade. This is how it came about that the Chevalier had learned the art of turning in wood. His products and the paintings of the Marquise were in great demand and brought them a comfortable income. The Marquis, however, would not work, and deplored the stain that the Marquise placed on his escutcheon by doing so. One day he quietly and unexpectedly passed away.

In 1802 Napoleon invited the exiles to return to France, where they took possession of their estates. As soon as the Chevalier was settled in the home of his father he married a German girl whom he had met in Germany, and who died in giving birth to a son, to whom the Chevalier and the Marquise devoted themselves. The Marquise continued to paint, and the Chevalier to occupy himself with wood-carving, adding to the decoration of his château.

The two young people reached the château, and the girl handed a letter to the Chevalier. It was from her mother, the sister of the Chevalier's wife, who felt that she was about to die; she was in reduced circumstances, and commended her child, her Madeleine, to her brother-in-law, begging him to care for her. At the end of the letter were a few lines exhorting the Chevalier's son to protect and watch over his cousin when his father should be no more. The Chevalier welcomed his niece warmly, and presented her to the Marquise; and her companion, who proved to be her cousin Maurice, embraced her cordially. Madeleine became one of the family, devoting herself to the happiness of the Chevalier and the Marquise. The latter had lost a daughter at about the age of Madeleine, and to her the young girl became very dear.

Maurice was polite to his cousin without being attentive, as she was but a child in his eyes. He was twenty years old, impetuous, and somewhat spoiled. His father had taught him

wood-carving, and he occupied himself with this pastime, but often asked himself whether his life must forever go on in this quiet way; was there nothing more in life but this? He was at times sad and dreamy, and then impetuous and full of energy, not knowing what to do with himself, and was frequently absent all day, hunting in the neighborhood. Life was all very tiresome to him. His abrupt manners and his melancholy were not understood by his father and the Marquise, who did not comprehend that Maurice was under the influence of the new ideas of the new century.

The Chevalier discussed Maurice with the Marquise, and they decided that the life he was leading was too quiet, and deemed it wise to send him to Paris for two or three years, thence to Germany or to Italy, as he might prefer.

When the day of parting came they were all so affected that Maurice felt as if he were a brute and was half inclined to remain. After his departure Madeleine redoubled her attentions to her elderly friends, and became the light of their eyes.

Maurice's letters were frequent and affectionate, and Madeleine usually read them aloud to the Chevalier; if she found her own name in them she blushed and was happy; but if her name was not mentioned she was unhappy for many hours.

At the end of a year Maurice's letters were less frequent, and the family at the château became alarmed. The time fixed for his stay in Paris had expired, but he showed no desire to leave that city.

The whole town of Neuvy-les-Bois knew of the gay life that Maurice was leading, and anonymous letters soon told the Chevalier all. He and the Marquise were overwhelmed with grief and knew not what to do. Madeleine defended Maurice and tried to make them believe that he would soon return. One day she wrote to him in secret, but he did not reply. When the Chevalier's health began to fail, he wrote once more to his son. At the end of three months an answer was received. Maurice had been away from Paris nearly a year, and on his return he found the letter from his father. He wrote in reply a touching letter of affection and repentance, saying that in a few weeks he

should have broken certain ties and would then go to Valtravers. When this letter arrived at the château the Chevalier had been dead twenty-four hours. After the funeral the Marquise de Fresnes took Madeleine to live with her at the Château de Fresnes.

In his will the Chevalier left Madeleine the small farm of Coudray, but she destroyed the paper and refused to accept the bequest.

The death of his father was a terrible blow to Maurice, and he could not make up his mind to return to Valtravers. His lawyer settled all matters, and Maurice wrote to Madeleine, again offering her the farm at Coudray. She declined to accept it, saying that she needed nothing, as she was living with the Marquise.

A few months later the Château de Valtravers was offered for sale, and was bought by Madame de Fresnes, but she continued to live in the Château de Fresnes.

One evening she told Madeleine she dreamed that she saw Maurice in an abyss where serpents hissed and crawled at his feet. He made vigorous efforts to escape, and she tried to aid him, but could not. Suddenly she saw Madeleine appear, and, untying a white scarf from her neck, throw it to Maurice, who caught it and was drawn up from the abyss and saved. The Marquise died the following day, and when her will was opened it was found that she had left Madeleine her paints and brushes and the Château of Valtravers.

Madeleine removed to Valtravers and lived there quietly, retaining all the old customs. At the château still lived Ursula, Maurice's foster-sister, and Madeleine never tired of hearing her talk of Maurice. They continued to believe that some day he would return, but at last they heard that the Coudray farm was for sale; at the same time they learned that a nephew of Madame de Fresnes had returned from America and intended to contest his aunt's will.

A few days later Maurice returned to his old home, and was quite overcome on entering the house and at Ursula's greeting. He was about to undertake a long journey, he said, and he wished to bid good-by to the home of his ancestors. He remained a few days and went away without saying farewell.

Two months later he wrote saying that he should soon he gone forever, and so discouraged was the tone of these letters that Madeleine was alarmed.

Maurice intended to commit suicide. Deeply in debt, dissipated, and disheartened, he thought this was the only way out of his troubles. He wrote a letter of adieu to Madeleine and loaded his pistols.

Madeleine went to Paris, taking Ursula with her, to place herself under the protection of her cousin, as she told Maurice, giving him to understand that she had lost her lawsuit and must support herself. Maurice was overcome at seeing her, and related the history of his life in Paris, concluding by saying that he was about to kill himself. Madeleine persuaded him to give up this sinister idea, and he promised to devote two years in trying to help her establish herself comfortably.

Madeleine found two small apartments in a quiet street, and as soon as the three friends were settled she began to paint and embroider, making an income sufficient for their needs. Maurice was discontented and angry with himself for submitting to live under such changed conditions. He was taken ill with fever and Madeleine and Ursula nursed him back to life. Learning that they were in need of funds, he resolved to find work of some kind. Pierre Marceau, a cabinet-maker, in the same building, needed assistance in carving a statue, and Madeleine proposed to Maurice that he should try what he could do to fill this place.

He was successful in his efforts, and after this he went to work regularly and received as many orders as he could fill. But he hated the life he was leading, and often, discouraged and desperate, he threw down his tools and destroyed his work. He had many bitter struggles with himself, relapses into dissipation, followed by anger and irritation, before he finally became content with his simple working life. Throughout these trying years Madeleine and Ursula showed him unvarying patience and devotion.

The two years which he had pledged to his cousin expired, and Maurice found himself devoted to his art and enjoying a good income from it. He blushed and paled in Madeleine's presence and trembled at the sound of her voice. Having an

order for a statue of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, he unconsciously modeled a likeness of Madeleine. Sir Edward —— who had given the order, declared it fulfilled the ideal of which he had long dreamed. The two men soon became warm friends, and Sir Edward showed himself strongly attracted by Madeleine the first time he met her. He called to see her frequently, and Maurice began to be uneasy at her apparent enjoyment of the Baronet's society.

One day Sir Edward —— made proposals to Maurice for Madeleine's hand in marriage; Maurice gave his consent, but when he was alone confessed to himself that he loved his cousin. He suffered the pangs of jealousy and despair, and bitterly regretted his dissipated life, and his past blindness to Madeleine's purity and worth. But he could offer his cousin nothing compared to what the Baronet had to offer her. He decided instantly what he would do.

The next morning he wrote Madeleine a letter in which he reminded her that the two years had expired, and said that he should feel for her eternal gratitude. He referred to Sir Edward as in every way worthy of her, and able to give her the rank she deserved. As for himself, she need not fear that he would sink back into the night from which she had rescued him; her image would always strengthen him, and he was now able to make an income sufficient for his needs. He was going to bid farewell to the home of his fathers before going wherever God would lead him.

After a walk of fifteen days, clad in workman's costume, Maurice reached Neuvy-les-Bois and entered the park of Valtravers. When he came in sight of the château he saw on the doorstep Madeleine and Sir Edward —— and Pierre Marceau, with his wife and children. He was so overcome that he leaned against a tree for support. Madeleine came forward and greeted him without surprise, saying that he was expected.

Madeleine had not lost Valtravers; the château was still hers, but she had deceived her cousin in order to save him. A month later they were married.

"Watch over your happiness," the Baronet said to Maurice before his departure. "It is a delicate plant, which needs tender and vigilant care."

And when Maurice blesses Madeleine for their happiness, she says:

"My friend, it is not I that you should thank. I have only pointed the way in which you should walk. It is Labor that you should bless, for it is through Labor that you have found again youth, love, and happiness."

MARMION W. SAVAGE

(Ireland, 1823–1872)

THE BACHELOR OF THE ALBANY (1847)

This novel is famous not so much for its plot as for clear delineation of character in British middle-class life in the mid-nineteenth century. The author dedicated it as "an airy nothing" to Lady Sydney Owenson Morgan, an Irish writer of novels having decided political tendencies.

NOT long ago the opulent mercantile firm of Spread, Narrowsmith and Company, of Liverpool, had in its two partners characters utterly at variance. Mr. Spread was generous, enlightened, and bounteously charitable, while Mr. Narrowsmith was a sordid person, often called a skinflint, and his wife was a fitting consort. Their home in Rodney Street was as cold and inhospitable as Spread's house was the opposite.

Mrs. Spread was a tall, comely, warm-hearted wife and mother, and Augusta, her eldest daughter, was her facsimile. Elizabeth was a pale, rather quiet girl, religious, and inclined to Catholic observances—in the English Church. She was engaged to Owlet, a fellow—and a very odd fellow—of Balliol, who doted on the Dark Ages and on Mystery Plays. He had quarreled with the Dean of Salisbury for not lending the Cathedral for a performance of the story of Balaam and his ass.

Mr. Spread was good-natured, kind, with an inexorable sense of duty, but calm, if energetic, in its accomplishment. His only son, Philip, was ardent, somewhat erratic and volatile, but a general favorite, and highly susceptible to the charms of the fair sex. There were three younger children, still in the hands of an imposing governess, Mrs. Martin. Mr. Spread's ample fortune had disposed him, at the age of fifty, to dissolve his partnership and to pursue tastes which were not commercial, especially as

Mr. Narrowsmith was so uncongenial to him. Spread's whole family loved a rural life, and the head of the house enjoyed many friendships, despite the pleasure he took in home life. The closest of all his friends was an eccentric Mr. Barker, a bachelor of forty who lived in The Albany, and never went five miles from Piccadilly, except to visit Mr. Spread at Christmas and at Easter. Whenever Mr. Spread heard Mr. Barker accused of heartlessness he denied it warmly. "He has a heart but is ashamed of it. I love Barker," Mr. Spread would protest. "He is upright and downright; hates his enemies, and tells them so; loves his friends, and says nothing about it."

No one really knows London who is a stranger to The Albany, that narrow arcade of chambers between Piccadilly and Burlington Gardens, where Barker had a small, fastidiously arranged suite. Spread was always urging his friend to leave it, to enter the world, take a wife, and "give hostages to fortune," but Barker simply growled at these entreaties. To have "no responsibility" was his aim in life.

On his way to the Spreads for Christmas, Barker was annoyed by a raw youth of eighteen, in the railroad compartment with him, who kept dragging things out of a huge, rough coat, a loaded pistol being one of the articles. From his talk it appeared that he was the son of a West Indian who had died recently, but that he had an uncle named Barker, or Parker, in England whom he wished to find. Barker had once had a brother who died in the West Indies! His "no responsibility" platform got a jolt at the mere thought that this cub might be his nephew, and an orphan thrown upon his care.

He met two charming, lively, clever orphans, however, at Mr. Spread's, the Misses Smyly. They were twins, Adelaide and Laura, and were very pretty. At a dismal "housewarming" dinner given by the Narrowsmiths, at which the Spreads had felt constrained to assist through duty, another orphan was a more pitiful object. This was a niece of Mrs. Narrowsmith's. The pretty girl had been wrecked on the English coast, and also had been despoiled of her maternal inheritance through Mrs. Narrowsmith's availing herself of some technical claim upon it. Maria Theresa Narrowsmith, a tall, showy girl, who sang, had aspirations toward Philip Spread. When the orphan inmate

of the Narrowsmiths' home (for poor Grace Medlicott, despite her charm and sweetness, was not treated like a guest by her relatives) showed that she had an exquisite voice, and Mr. Philip Spread was roused to a most ardent interest in the charming girl, the Narrowsmiths' conduct toward her became so unendurable that one morning she mysteriously disappeared. As soon as he heard of it Philip Spread promptly set out in pursuit.

Mr. Barker had incurred the enmity of Mrs. Harry Farquhar, a very pretty little Amazon of a woman, Mrs. Spread's sister, by inducing the Spreads to take The Rosary, a lovely villa at Richmond, when the lady wished them to come to Norwood, where she herself lived. This energetic lady actually bearded him in his den by coming to The Albany and volubly expressing with a sharp tongue what she thought of him.

But something more disturbing than this awaited that worthy bachelor, whose dominant desire was to be left to himself. His talk on political subjects at Mr. Spread's had induced some friends of that gentleman to propose that Barker should represent a Yorkshire borough. Although Mr. Spread never had a heartier laugh in his life than at such an idea, the electors carried it through, and the first Barker knew of it was when he read in the *Times* that *he* had been elected to serve in Parliament for the town of Boroughcross! He promptly determined to apply for the Chiltern Hundreds, but heard that his pitiless foe, Mrs. Harry Farquhar, had left no stone unturned to have her husband elected to the position he had obtained for Boroughcross. Barker was human enough to crush the ambitious hopes of the woman who contemptuously alluded to him as "Peter the Hermit" by accepting the honor that had been thrust upon him. The exercise of his legislative functions afforded infinite play to his crotchety disposition.

The Spreads had secured the country-seat they were so eager to possess, an ideal villa in Richmond. There was one little thorn among the roses, when they learned that the gay Mrs. Farquhar had secured a cottage on the river, not a quarter of a mile away from them, and had already installed her children there under a new governess, a Mrs. Grace.

Mr. Barker was to dine one evening at the Dean of Ormond's, at Far Niente, his Richmond villa, and then pay a visit to the

Spreads in their new home. Mrs. Spread had thoughtfully secured as a guest Miss Laura Smyly, whose clever and lively ways had appealed not a little to the reticent Mr. Barker.

The Dean's dinner had progressed to the second course without any sign of Barker, when an imperative call for the services of Dr. Borax startled the guests. A gentleman had been almost drowned in the Thames by the upsetting of a wherry. He had been rescued, but was lying in a dangerous state at Mrs. Farquhar's villa, to which he had been removed because of its nearness. This unfortunate was no other than the Bachelor of The Albany. Mrs. Farquhar had shown the good points in her character by expressing satisfaction in offering hospitality to the victim, and wrote to Mrs. Grace, the governess, to do everything possible for his comfort.

Mr. Spread sent a nurse, and visited his friend twice every day. Barker's recovery was slow, owing chiefly to his perverse ways and irritability. "He is the fretfulest gentleman I ever see'd," said Mrs. Lilly, the nurse. "And the hardest to please." Mr. Spread could not make him heed the doctors, whom he dubbed quacks.

"What do they know about my interior?" he sneered. "If they do know what they pretend to, disease should be banished from the world. If they don't, they prescribe in the dark. I follow Molière's opinion about physicians," he growled. "'*Ils m'ordonnent des remèdes; je ne les prends pas, et je gueris*' ("They order remedies for me; I do not take them, and I recover")."

But this was not quite true. Barker had a second crisis, and although he pulled through, it set him to thinking about his temporal affairs and his duties. If his brother really had left a child, there was his natural heir. Then it irked him tremendously to think of the trouble he was making in a stranger's house. Suppose somebody had tumbled into the Serpentine and had been brought to his apartment in The Albany to be a nuisance there for weeks! He never had seen young Mrs. Grace in her becoming mourning as a widow, for she never visited his room, though she was most thoughtful for his welfare. Poor Barker began to wonder whether his rescue from a watery grave was a benefit or not!

One day Mrs. Grace said to the nurse: "Will you put this

miniature somewhere in your patient's room where he will be likely to see it? This may seem strange to you, but do not ask any explanation at present." Mrs. Lilly, unseen by her patient, laid the miniature, which was the portrait of a gentleman, on the table by Mr. Barker's bed.

The next time Mr. Spread called, which was soon after this, he noticed the miniature and asked whose it was. Barker had not noticed it. He took it, and as soon as he saw the face he started and exclaimed: "Raymond!"

The original of the portrait had been the friend of Barker's youth and college days. The two had been bound by a friendship like that of Cowley and Harvey, or of Milton and his Lycidas. They had a kindred passion for literary pursuits. Memory recalled to the invalid their loyal companionship until their parting, before either was yet twenty-three years old. Raymond had received a colonial appointment and left England. The friends exchanged rings; Raymond's was a carbuncle with a head of Shakespeare, and Barker's was a topaz with a mastiff's head—his heraldic emblem, "a barker." Several letters had passed between them; then Barker heard no more from Raymond. After gazing long at the miniature, the patient fell back upon his pillow, sighed, and fell asleep.

About this time, Mr. Spread noticed an advertisement in the *Times* referring to Mr. Barker. He looked it up and discovered that it had been inserted by a Cornwall clergyman, and that the person concerned in it was a young woman and an orphan. Mrs. Spread recalled the name as that of the clergyman who had been so helpful to Grace Medlicott at the time she was shipwrecked on the Cornish coast upon her return to England. Philip Spread was enchanted to learn of any possible clue to the charming girl, who had not been heard of for a long time, and set out at once for Cornwall.

Shortly after this, two young men, friends of Mrs. Farquhar, after a very gay dinner with that dashing lady at the Star and Garter, were caught in a furious storm on their way home, and Mrs. Grace felt constrained to put them up, especially as they were in a rather irresponsible condition owing to their potations. It was cold, and so they built a fire, which burned so successfully that Mrs. Grace awoke and found the cottage in flames!

With young children and an invalid to be rescued, it was a trying situation. The light from the blazing cottage was noticed by the Smyly sisters at Far Niente, across the river. They had been talking till a late hour, Adelaide teasing Laura by predicting her wedding to Mr. Peter Barker. The plucky girls got a boat and a ladder and rowed across to the rescue. Their forethought was most fortunate, for that ladder saved several lives, including that of the Bachelor of The Albany!

Mr. Barker showed great firmness and composure. Just as he began to descend the ladder, he recalled Raymond's miniature, and returned to secure it at the peril of his life. The boat, rowed by the Smyly sisters, conveyed him, wrapped in a coverlet and two blankets, to Far Niente. This was a trying situation for a bachelor sensitive to ridicule and with "No responsibility" for his motto. "Six months ago," he brooded, "I was as free as any man in existence. Now look at me, a Member of Parliament, perhaps a guardian or an uncle, under obligations to friends, a burden upon all who know me, and indebted for my life to two young ladies!" Fortune had indeed demolished The Albany system of independence.

His host's Irish hospitality was unflagging. Strange to say, in a few days Mr. Barker was able to dine at the family board and accepted Mrs. Spread's invitation to Elizabeth's wedding to the solemn Owlet that day week! The Spreads wisely believed that the pretty Smyly sisters had contributed to this rapid recovery.

Mr. Barker returned the miniature to Mrs. Grace without a word, fearful of embroiling himself with womankind. She received it silently, but was disappointed at his lack of interest. But soon after that he noticed upon her hand the ring he had given to Raymond and told her that it had once been his.

"It was my father's," she answered sweetly.

"And my best friend's! I loved your father, madam," he continued, his voice tremulous with emotion, "as a brother, and his daughter can reckon on all the aid I—who am neither influential nor wealthy—may be able to render her."

Mrs. Grace, it seems, was no other than Grace Medlicott, Mrs. Narrowsmith's niece. When she fled from her odious relatives she assumed the garb of a widow as a protection, and

her weeds had proved a most effectual disguise. Her father had bequeathed all his possessions to her and appointed Mr. Barker executor, and through that gentleman's exertions the former decision which, through the venality of a colonial judge, had assigned the property to Mrs. Narrowsmith, was set aside.

The delightful convalescence at Far Niente had accomplished much for the Bachelor of The Albany. He was thrown continually in the society of Laura Smyly, until her sister began jocosely to call him "Petrarch" Barker, to her sister Laura's confusion. Fate seemed to indicate the outcome one day, when archery was going on. Laura, an expert, had lodged her arrow, with the grace of Diana herself, in the golden center of the target. Mr. Barker's two preceding efforts had placed his shafts in the extreme outer ring, called "the petticoat." He was pressed to try his luck again, and consented. His arrow lodged so close to Laura's that they made but one wound in the burnished canvas.

"Barker," said Mr. Spread one day after this, laying his hand kindly on his friend's shoulder, "didn't I tell you in your chambers one day that there is no living in society without taking one's fair share of its cares and of its duties? Was I not right?"

"It seems that you were," replied Barker somewhat sulkily.

"Let me tell you one more truth. You have lived in heresy long enough, out of the congregation of Love. You must do penance, and be reconciled to the Church. 'Woman,' says the wisest of profane writers, 'is the Mistress of Youth, the Companion of Middle Age, and the Nurse of Declining Years.' You are in the second predicament, Barker. You want—and I recommend you—a 'Companion.'"

"Come, Spread, there's no use in mincing the matter. You mean Miss Laura Smyly," said Barker.

"I do. The girl who saved your life; who carries her heart in her mind, and would love you after your own fashion, with a remarkably sound and well-regulated understanding."

Barker offered no reply, but that evening he made a proposal of marriage to Laura Smyly. As that young woman of thirty was clever enough to discern, through the distorting medium of his oddities, the true nobility of his character, she graciously accepted the offer of his hand and *understanding*, and consented

to become Mrs. Peter Barker. An early date was appointed for the momentous wedding. The three marriages were to be celebrated on the same day by the Dean of Ormond.

No lovelier day ever smiled upon a wedding since that of Cupid and Psyche in the parish church of Paphos. The roses at The Rosary burst into their fullest bloom. All Richmond came forth to see the spectacle of three lovely brides and fifteen charming bridesmaids, a beauty show not to be witnessed every day. The observed of all observers, however, were the Bachelor and his Bride—Philip and Grace, Elizabeth and her Owlet, seeming mere accessories to the scene. Barker bore himself gallantly; he had pulled down the system of his past life with his own hands, and he looked as proud as if he had demolished the fortress of an enemy. Never was a bachelor metamorphosed into a married man with more *éclat*, or surrounded by so much to make the transition a triumph.

In process of time little Spreads, young Owlets, and small Barkers crept into the world. The Bachelor of The Albany made a nervous husband and a fidgety father, but supported marvelously well the new cares and duties which devolved upon him.

OLIVE SCHREINER

(South Africa, 1862)

THE STORY OF AN AFRICAN FARM (1883)

The author of *The Story of an African Farm* was asked why the book did not concern itself with wild adventure, with cattle driven into inaccessible "kranzes" by bushmen, with ravening lions, and hairbreadth escapes. Her answer was, that such books are better written in Piccadilly or in the Strand, where "the creative imagination, untrammeled by fact, may spread its wings." This story (which was published originally under the pen-name "Ralph Iron") is like all the stories of all farms—the tragedy of the soul's aspirations and failures, of the heart's loves and hates, of the mind's ambitions and defeats.

IN the dwelling-house of the homestead on an African farm, on her great wooden bedstead, Tant Sannie, the Boer woman, rolled heavily in her sleep. In the next room were two small beds; in one lay a little girl with yellow hair, a low forehead, and freckles; in the other, a tiny child, as old as the first, but smaller and more daintily formed, a child of elflike beauty. In one of the outbuildings the German overseer slept soundly. But his son, a boy with long, silky curls and deep black eyes, was awake. As he heard the ticking of his father's great hunting-watch he tried to count. He knew that every time the watch ticked a man died.

"Dying, dying, dying," said the watch. He thought of the words his father had read that night—"Broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat."

"Many, many, many," said the watch.

Where were they going, all those people? "O God, save them!" cried Waldo in agony. He wept, and crept closer to the ground.

The next day the old overseer went about singing hymns as

he worked, and Waldo herded the sheep. Lyndall and Em were stringing beads.

"Lyndall," said Em, "why don't your beads sometimes fall off your needle?"

"I try," said the little one gravely, "that's why."

On the kopje the boy cleared a space, and at the noon hour he drew together a few stones, and on them he placed the chop that was his dinner. Then he looked up to the blazing sun, and prayed: "O God, my Father, I have made Thee a sacrifice. This is my dinner-meat. Please, my Father, send down fire from heaven to burn it." He bowed himself three times—surely the smallest and most ragged priest the world ever saw. Nothing broke the intense stillness of the blue overhead. As he walked home behind his flock, his heart was breaking.

"God cannot lie," he thought. "I am like Cain. God hates me."

Two years later, on the afternoon of a long, thirsty summer day, the two girls sat under a shelving rock, looking at a few ferns and ice-plant leaves.

"Diamonds must look as these drops do," said Lyndall. "When I am grown up, I shall wear real diamonds exactly like them in my hair."

"Where will you find them?" asked Em.

"Do you think I am going to stay here always?" and Lyndall's lip trembled scornfully.

"Oh, no," said Em. "I suppose some day we shall go somewhere, but now we are only twelve, and we cannot marry until we are seventeen. And we might not have diamonds if we did marry."

"Tant Sannie is a miserable old woman," Lyndall answered with indignation. "Your father married her, though he was English, because he thought she would take better care of the farm than an Englishwoman, and he was dying. He meant we should be taught and sent to school, but she takes every penny and does not even buy us a book. But I intend to go to school."

"And if she won't let you?"

"I'll make her."

"But why do you wish to go, Lyndall?"

"Nothing helps in this world," said the child slowly, "but to be very wise and to know everything—to be clever."

"But I should not like to go to school," persisted the small, freckled face.

"You do not need to. When you are seventeen this Boer woman will go; you will have this farm and everything that is upon it; but I shall have nothing. I must learn."

"Oh, Lyndall," said Em, in a burst of generosity, "I will give you some of my sheep."

"I do not want your sheep," said the child slowly, "I want things of my own. I shall be rich, very rich, and I shall wear for every day—not just Sundays—a dress of pure white silk."

At this moment Waldo, an awkward boy of fourteen, came up, followed by Doss, the dog.

"Someone has come to-day," he mumbled. "His name is Bonaparte Blenkins."

"That's a funny name," said Em.

The newcomer had a very red nose and a bald head, and was otherwise so offensive to Tant Sannie that she was disposed to send him packing. He was an Irishman, he said, related to the great Corsican, and to most of the crowned heads of Europe, besides, his horse had been killed and he had lost a purse of five hundred pounds just before arriving. The old German was moved with the deepest sympathy for his misfortunes, and finally persuaded Tant Sannie to let him shelter the stranger under his little cabin roof. As the German, kindly apologizing for her treatment, led him away, Tant Sannie cried out:

"All the sin he does I lay at your door."

Late that evening Lyndall took the German's rations to the cabin.

"Uncle Otto," she said, pointing to the stranger, who was stretched on the cot, the only bed the cabin afforded, "how long did that man say he had been walking?"

"Since this morning, poor fellow," said the German, almost with tears.

"If he had walked only since morning, his boots would not have looked so."

"If—if—" said old Otto, irritated at this doubt, "why, he told me so himself."

The child's large, gray-black eyes rested on the figure on the bed.

"I think he is a liar. Good night, Uncle Otto," she said, going out.

There was no place where the German could lie down. He put some skins under the boy's head, who was asleep on the floor, and sat up till the dawn came in through the little window.

Bonaparte had been obliged to represent himself as a married man on his first appearance; but at a convenient season a letter arrived telling him that his beloved Mary Ann was no more. The whole household gathered round him to console him, so violent was his grief. In fact, it took a whole large bottle of brandy to assuage it. After he had been restored to calmness, he looked at Tant Sannie through gentle tears, and when she withdrew, she said to the interpreter:

"Tell him to sleep well, and the Lord will comfort him."

Tant Sannie was very ugly to look at and very big and fat; but her heart was in the right place, and she could heartily pity a widower—she had buried two husbands and was on the lookout for another. When the room was cleared of his comforters, Bonaparte arose, and washed away the soap he had put on his eyelids.

"Bon," he said, slapping his leg, "you're the cutest lad I ever came across. If you don't turn out old Hymns and Prayers, pummel the ragged coat, and get your arms around the fat one's waist and a wedding-ring on her finger, then you're not Bonaparte. But you are Bonaparte. Bon, you're a fine boy."

Soon the "widower," with cunning lies, turned the credulous woman's heart against her faithful overseer, who, dismissed, died of a broken heart the night before he was to leave the farm. He whipped Waldo and shut him up, till the children could do nothing but cry. Only Lyndall, while she cried, kept on with her work.

"I don't see how you can cut aprons while Waldo is shut up," said Em.

Lyndall worked ten minutes longer. Then she walked into the sitting-room where the key to the fuel-house hung, took it down, and walked out with it.

"Do you wish her to have it?" asked Tant Sannie of Bonaparte.

"Why don't you stop her?" asked Bonaparte of Tant Sannie.

But neither of them stopped her. She went to the fuel-house, helped Waldo to stand up, and kissed his sore shoulder with her soft little mouth.

"Waldo," she said, "we shall not be children always. We shall have the power some time."

After Bonaparte had won Tant Sannie's favorable consideration, she had a visitor, a niece, who, as she imprudently disclosed to her suitor, was heiress to two thousand pounds, a farm, five thousand sheep, and countless goats and horses. Bonaparte was not particular, one farm was as good as another, perhaps better. It chanced one morning that Tant Sannie determined to clean the loft that was over one end of the sitting-room. After she was safely ensconced by the side of the barrel of salt mutton, and the ladder had been removed by the Hottentot maid, she heard her niece, Trana, enter below, with Bonaparte. Neither of them noticed the open trap-door above their heads.

"Sit there, my love," said Bonaparte, motioning Trana to her aunt's elbow-chair. "Long have I waited for this auspicious event."

Trana, who understood not a word of English, feared the old gentleman and disliked his red nose. Bonaparte pressed his hand to his heart, but she thought that he was trying to tell her that he had a pain in his stomach. She pushed past him and brought from her room some pills which she offered to him.

As she held them out, Bonaparte advanced and, standing directly under the trap-door, exclaimed:

"Rose of the desert, nightingale of the Colony—nay, struggle not. Fly into the arms that would embrace thee, thou—"

Here a stream of cold pickle-water, heavy with ribs, descended on his head. Rolling his half-blinded eyes upward, he saw the red face of Tant Sannie blazing with anger. With a cry he fled. As he passed through the door, a well-directed shoulder of mutton struck him in the small of the back. He rushed wildly into the fields, and the Boer woman saw him no more.

Three years passed, and one day, as Waldo was lying in

the red sand, Doss basking in the sunshine near him, Em appeared. She was grown into a premature little old woman, ridiculously fat.

"Waldo," she said, "as I came up the camp, I met someone on horseback, and I do believe it must be the new English overseer that is coming. Perhaps he has brought us letters from the post from Lyndall. You know she can't stay at school much longer."

"Yes," said Waldo.

She tripped off, and Waldo continued a piece of carving that he had long been working at. He did not hear a sound till a stranger drew rein beside him and asked whether he might rest a little time in the shade. He was dark, and looked like a Frenchman, certainly not the new overseer. Under half-closed lids he watched the boy.

"Your father's place, I presume," he said sleepily.

"No, I am only a servant."

"Dutch people?"

"Yes."

"You like the life?"

The boy hesitated. "On days like these."

"And why on these?"

"They are very beautiful," the boy answered, after a pause.

The stranger looked at him. What had that creature, so coarse-clad and clownish, to do with the subtle joys of the weather?

"May I see what you work at?"

Waldo handed him the wooden post.

"Will you take that for your carving?" He handed the boy a five-pound note; but the boy shook his head. "You think it is worth more?" said the stranger, with a slight sneer.

"It is for him," the boy said, pointing with his thumb to a grave.

"And who is there?"

"My father." The man silently returned the note to his pocketbook. He turned over the carved post.

"What your work wants is not truth," he said gently, "but beauty of external form. Skill may come in time, but you will have to work hard. Boy," he spoke with earnestness, "you are

happy to be here. Stay where you are. If you ever pray, let it be the old prayer, 'Lead us not into temptation.' The time may come when you will be what other men have hoped to be and never will be now." And the stranger went on his way.

Gregory Rose, the new overseer, was a pink-cheeked, blue-eyed youth, who promptly fell in love with Em.

"You are so beautiful, Em," he said.

"I can't be pretty," she said simply; "but when my cousin comes to-morrow you will see a beautiful woman, Gregory."

Em was not demonstrative, but that night she knelt to pray with her hands extended over the drawer where she was putting away with pretty pride her store of household linen for her marriage, and she said:

"O God, I do not know what I have done that I should be so glad. Thank you!"

Lyndall was like a lovely princess, and Em was very anxious that she should admire her lover Gregory.

"Do you not think him handsome, Lyndall?" she said.

"He must have been a fine baby," said Lyndall, in a tone that puzzled Em completely.

Lyndall twirled a massive ring on her forefinger—a diamond cross let into the gold with the initials "R. R." below it.

"Oh, Lyndall, perhaps you are engaged yourself. Look at that ring," said Em.

"I am not in so great a hurry to put my neck under any man's foot," she said, "and I do not admire the crying of babies."

Em felt rebuked. How could she show her the drawer full of white linen, and the wreath, and the embroidery? The next day Lyndall joined Waldo when he went to feed the ostriches. "Have you learned much?" he asked her.

"On the whole," she answered, "I am not dissatisfied with my four years. I have not learned what I expected to, but I have learned something else. Do you take an interest in the position of woman, Waldo?"

"No," said he. "I have only a few old thoughts. I never get any further. I am weary of them."

"I thought not," she answered. "I am sorry. It is the only thing about which I think much or feel much. It is not

what is done to us, but what is made of us." She paused long, and then spoke again. "To you the world says 'Work'; to us it says 'Seem.' I once heard an old man say that he never saw intellect help a woman so much as a pretty ankle; and it was the truth. When we ask to be doctors, lawyers, law-makers, anything but ill-paid drudges, they say: 'No, but you have man's chivalrous attention; think of that and be satisfied.'"

"But sometimes women have power," said Waldo.

"Power!" she exclaimed in a sudden outburst; "and since we cannot use it in tunneling mountains or healing diseases, we expend it on you. We keep six of you dancing in the palm of one little hand. They say," she continued rapidly, "that we have one great and noble work to do and we do it ill. And yet, thank God, we have this work. The meanest girl that dances and dresses becomes something higher when her children look up into her face and ask her questions. But they tell us that when men and women are equals they will love no more. No. By every inch that our intellectual height increases, our love strikes its roots deeper. It is for love's sake that we long for that new time."

Just then Gregory Rose rode by.

"There," said Lyndall, "goes a true woman. How happy he would be sewing ruffles into little girls' frocks!"

Although Tant Sannie had not found her mate in Bonaparte, she had not given up all idea of mating. And it occasioned no surprise when, after "sitting up" with Little Piet Vander Welt, she announced that she was to marry him in two months. And all the country round was bidden to the wedding. Waldo drove Lyndall, and Em went with Gregory. Em was loving, unsuspicious and patient, but it was becoming painfully evident to her that her lover's zeal toward her was waning. When Lyndall was near, he could not keep his eyes off her; and when she was not, he was uneasy. The wedding of Tant Sannie was a time of great interest to him because on that occasion Lyndall seemed to see him for the first time. She had looked at him sometimes, but he had sadly felt that it was with unseeing eyes. But that evening he felt a change. When he tried to talk to her, however, she swept past him and sought Waldo in the wagon. She curled down on the floor, Doss in her lap.

"I should like to lie here," she said, "and hear the noise and feel the life all round me. It makes my little life larger. I wish, Waldo," she knit her little fingers into his as she spoke, "I could make you see that you must decide what you will be and do. The secret of success is concentration. Suppose a woman, young, friendless, the weakest thing on God's earth—like me—but she must make her way. She has a sweet voice, a delicate, expressive body, a rare insight into other lives. What art's for her? The actor needs all these gifts. This is her end. She must be content to wait long. If she has blundered, has weighted herself with a burden, she must bear it bravely to the end. But if she never despairs, never forgets her end, she must succeed at last."

Waldo listened. To him these words were generalities, no confession, no glimpse into the proud, restless heart of a woman. She said again:

"Waldo, I wish your life to end in something. You are stronger than I, and as much better as one of God's angels is better than a sinning man."

She shivered in the night wind.

"I am cold," she said. "Span in the horses, and call me when you are ready." She slipped down from the wagon and went toward the house. Gregory met her.

"I've been looking for you everywhere," he said. "May I drive you home?"

"Waldo drives me," she said, but suddenly added: "You may drive me, if you wish."

The day after the wedding Waldo left the farm. And not many days later Em told Gregory that it was better they should not marry. He made a pretense of resentment, but he was glad to be free, and he now gave undivided attention to Lyndall. One day he followed her to the kopje and tried to get her into what he called conversation.

"What do you think now of that German fellow, Miss Lyndall? Do you think he'll ever amount to anything, or have money enough to support a wife?"

"I don't expect to see him the possessor of bank shares, the chairman of a divisional committee, wearing a black hat and going to church every Sunday. But if he were to

invent wings, or carve a wonderful statue, I should not be surprised."

"And what do you think I'm like?" he asked eagerly.

"Like a little tin duck floating on a dish of water," she answered without hesitation.

"You are like an angel," he declared rapturously. "If I could only serve you."

She spoke calmly: "You can. You can give me your name. If you will give me your name, and nothing more, I will marry you in three weeks."

Gregory's heart almost burst from his body with joy. "I wish only to be of use to you," he said.

As they were walking back, Em saw them, and that night she went to Lyndall's room to say good night. She bent over her cousin. "Lyndall," she said, "it isn't anyone's fault, or your fault, that everyone loves you. They can't help it."

"Thank you, dear," said Lyndall wearily, "it's nice to be loved; but it's better to be good."

About two weeks later, beside the hearth of the unused cabin, on which a bright fire glowed, sat a stranger with white hands, a melodious voice, and a heavy flaxen mustache. He listened. In a moment Lyndall entered, followed by Doss. He turned to her.

"You give me a cool reception," he said.

"I could not take you to the house without telling lies, and I hate lies."

"Your conscience is growing to have a certain virgin tenderness," he said, in his mellow tones. "Who is this fellow you talk of marrying?"

"A young farmer. A fool."

"If you love me, why not marry me?"

"Because, though you call into activity one part of my being, there is a higher part that you do not touch. But if I married you, you would control me."

He smiled and said: "I like you when you grow metaphysical. Why not say, 'I love you with the right ventricle of my heart, but not with the left; with the left auricle, but not the right.' But I am here. What are your intentions?"

"I cannot marry you," she said slowly, "but, if you like, you may take me away."

"Oh, my darling," he said, bending tenderly, "why not give yourself wholly to me?" She shook her head.

"Then if you say so, so be it," he answered. "When will you go?"

"To-morrow."

He looked into her face, over which an appearance of weariness often passed, deepening its beauty to his eye. He lifted her to his knee. She hid her face on his shoulder. "Poor little thing!" he said and kissed her soft cheek and winsome mouth.

"I must go," she said, and went out into the darkness and the mist.

Seven months later, Em, alone at the farm, answered a knock. She opened the door, to find Waldo. After a greeting, he said:

"Em, do you know where Lyndall is? I wish to write to her." He began to write, and covered sheet after sheet of paper.

"Do not write any more," said Em. "Lyndall is dead. Gregory is coming home next week. He will tell us about it."

Gregory Rose had traced Lyndall to the Transvaal, but finally lost all clue. As he was resting at a hotel, the appearance of Doss told him that she was under the same roof with himself. She had been very ill, and the landlady was bemoaning the loss of her nurse. In an hour, in a nurse's attire, Gregory presented himself as a professional nurse. Lyndall never suspected his identity, and often said to him, with a wan little smile:

"Thank you so much. You never hurt me." And the doctor said he never had seen so expert a nurse. Love had been Gregory's only teacher. Once Lyndall said:

"It was so small. It lived only three hours. They might have kissed it, one of them, before they put it in. It never did anyone any harm."

When the end was near she wished to go back to the colony, and the doctor said:

"Let her go. It will make no difference."

They laid her gently on the bed in the big wagon, and the great oxen set out toward the blue mountains—home. The

white-handed gentleman had written: "Let me come." She had answered with trembling fingers: "It cannot be."

On the morning of the third day, Doss, lying on her feet, shivered. His bed had become so cold. The strong soul had gathered itself together for the last time, and was gone. Had it found the object of Lyndall's unceasing search — someone stronger than herself—someone to worship?

CHRISTOPH BERNHARD LEVIN SCHÜCKING

Germany, 1814–1883

PAUL BRONCKHORST 1868

The unique distinction of this romantic novel lies in its pictures of Westphalian character and life in that little country a century ago. The story turns upon a family [illegible] on a peculiar basis of rank, that is, upon *Stiftsfähigkeit*, meaning eligibility to the office of canon or canonesses. A noble not in this rank might be a field-marshal, an imperial ambassador or minister, even a pope, but never a prebendary. And a marriage [illegible] *stiftsfähig* family with one lacking that distinction was, in a sense, a mesalliance; a child of such a marriage could not hold the right of an oldest son, provided he had a younger half-brother, both of whose parents were of *stiftsfähig* families. No English translation of this story has been published.

August, 1802, the Herr Moorhaim, a notary in Westphalia, was sent to meet General Blücher, who was approaching with a body of Prussian troops, to offer a solemn protest from the Cathedral chapter against the occupation. The great General listened courteously and replied:

"Very well, Mein Herr Notarius, in your duty, I am doing mine."

Filled with gloomy forebodings about the fate of his "narrower fatherland," now to be swallowed up and become an insignificant part of Blücher's Prussia, the notary returned to his home, where several of his neighbors gathered to hear the result of his mission and to bewail the impending change, mingling with their patriotic lamentations tears of personal losses, [illegible] his allowance of firewood, even if his salary and pension were left; another thought it would go hard with the interest of the treasury funds; the syndic feared the excise and loss of the perquisites of the syndicate.

Moorhaim remarked that their loyalty to the Empire had not

prevented their country from being cut in pieces by the Diet at Ratisbon and the treaties at Paris, in order to make presents to complaining dukes and princes who had been plundered by the French on the left bank of the Rhine.

"It makes," said the lawyer's clerk, Reinhard von Tondern, "a sort of political playhouse for a foreign prince, with a little army, a little court, a little council, a sweet little ministry with embroidered collars, and a little consistory with charming little black and white bands."

Tondern now slipped quietly out to discuss less important but more interesting topics with the notary's pretty daughter, Annette, who answered his declarations of devotion with saucy retorts that did not in the least discourage him, and left him with the plea that her father's guests must be ready for more wine.

Tondern looked after her smiling. "Mademoiselle Annette will take me," he said to himself, not without a thought that even if his long-drawn-out lawsuit should fail, Notary Moorhahn's plebeian dollars would insure a comfortable living for himself and Annette; for, though he loved Annette, he was a thrifty and practical youth, and did not disdain to consider material advantages.

He was a slight, active young man, blue-eyed, fresh-colored, with features of genuine German impress—that is, as little regular as they could be without being coarse or ugly. In appearance, as well as in most other respects, he was in striking contrast to his friend, Paul Bronckhorst, whom shortly afterward he met at the market-place, now alive with Prussian soldiers.

Bronckhorst was tall and broad-shouldered, heroic in form and bearing, with head and face of a peculiarly handsome and noble type. Tondern belonged to an ancient and noble family, whose revenues had been diverted, by the will of a pious aunt, to the use of a church hospital for two hundred years to come; and as he was an infant when she died, his pious guardian had accepted for him the terms of the will; and he was now engaged in a suit to recover his rights. Bronckhorst, on the other hand, knew nothing of his origin. The only father he ever had known was the head of a *convictorium*, a kind of home founded for boys who should devote themselves to study; while there he had at-

tended school and the university, and had studied law. His wants had been provided for with money coming through Notary Moorhahn; and Anton Werdekoping, a wehrfester—that is, an independent yeoman, owner of a freehold estate, a sort of peasant lord of the manor—had exercised a kind of guardianship over him; but neither of these men had ever disclosed the source of his responsibility. Tondern had been at the same *convictorium*; and the two had been allies then and ever since.

Paul was on his way to the house of the wehrfester, and Tondern walked with him. When allusion was made to the fact that one motive of Tondern in holding the clerkship at Moorhahn's was the hope of finding out what Moorhahn was concealing about Paul's origin, he said that if he failed to get the information as Moorhahn's clerk, he would get it as his son-in-law. Paul remonstrated against such a sacrifice, for him, as he regarded it, not believing that Tondern could desire a marriage with Annette on his own account.

Their conversation was interrupted by excited voices in the road, which was separated from the path where they were walking by a high hedge. Working their way through the hedge, they saw a heavy carriage overturned in the narrow road, now a clayey abyss from the action of recent rains. A gentleman and a lady were standing near, and three servants were wasting French exclamations on the postilion, who stood beside his struggling horses staring at the talkers, as if wondering how they could be so excited over such an every-day occurrence.

The young men went forward, and Paul, who spoke French, offered assistance. Finding that the axle was broken, he sent the postilion to Werdekoping's for something to mend it temporarily, and advised the lady and the gentleman to go there also, as it was damp and cold where they were standing.

As Paul walked with the gentleman, he answered various questions about the land and the people, which the stranger put in broken German mixed with French—among others: "Are they, the peasants, good—*facilement à manier*?"

"Not to any great extent," Paul answered, smiling. "They prefer, for instance, an exhaustive suit to a profitable compromise; and any request made of them will have the less prospect

of being complied with the more cogent are the reasons in its favor."

"Do their landlords get on well with them?"

"Those do that understand them and know how to manage them."

"You show me a flattering prospect, young man!"

"You?"

"You do not know who I am?"

"No."

"And you have given us help so willingly."

"We gave you the help due to anyone in embarrassment; and, moreover, it is a pleasure to offer it to a young lady."

"So, so; then, but for my daughter, I might have been left sticking in the mud. But I thought you had seen my coat-of-arms on the carriage door."

"I do not understand heraldry," Paul answered coldly, disgusted with the man's vanity and his assumption that they had offered help only because they knew him to be a person of consequence.

"I am," the stranger said after a pause, "Gaston du Merle de Blanc-Buisson, Duke d'Anglure and Count d'Epaville."

"I congratulate you," said Paul.

"On what?"

"On your exalted rank, and also on the fine tract of land the Duke comes to take possession of."

Looking at him as if not knowing what to make of his apparent indifference to this revelation of greatness, the Duke said presently: "You need not congratulate me on the tract of land. I have had losses that can hardly be replaced by it."

In the wehrfester's great kitchen they found a company of rustics ranged around a long table, from which rose a monotonous sing-song murmur, which did not cease at their entrance, though all heads were turned toward them.

"Wehrfester," Bronckhorst called, "will you come here?"

"Wait till the litany and rosary are done," was answered from the head of the table. But on further urging he left his place and came toward them. "Why do you come so late, Bronckhorst?" he said. "There is nothing left for you to eat. And what sort of folks have you brought with you?"

Bronckhorst explained, and upon the Duke's condescending interference, with the offer of a sovereign, of which the wehrfester took no notice, he whispered in French: "For Heaven's sake, do not offer him money again."

After some more blundering condescension on the part of the Duke, received by the wehrfester with only a stare, they were interrupted by the arrival of four comrades of the Seventh Royal Regiment of Death's Head Hussars of Zitzewitz, who demanded quarters, flourishing an order for Colonus Liborius Werdekoping. On learning that "Colon" was the wehrfester's brother, the corporal refused to take his tired horses any farther over the horrible roads, and threatened to force an entrance. The wehrfester prepared to repel him by force; and a combat was prevented only by the intervention of Bronckhorst, who brought the soldiers to reason, and persuaded Werdekoping to furnish them with glasses of brandy and a guide to his brother's.

As they returned to the carriage, Bronckhorst being a little in advance, the Duke spoke to Tondern of the ability shown by his friend in arbitrating the quarrel; and Tondern took the opportunity to explain that he had just finished his legal studies and was preparing for his examinations in retirement at the Werdekoping farm. He did not mention the fact that the farm was Bronckhorst's only home.

The next day Jodocus Moorhahn received a visit from one of his clients, the Baron von Schlettendorf, whose estates lay within the territory just placed under the sovereignty of the Duke d'Anglure. The Baron called his attention to the fact that no such dukedom as Anglure was marked on any of the maps of the territory ceded by the Peace of Luneville; and that therefore the Duke was receiving indemnification for the loss of something he never had possessed. To discover the motive for this singular transaction was what the Baron was now concerned to do; and to this end he wished to have someone in the Duke's service in a position to look at his papers.

For this office he had selected Tondern, and he arranged with Moorhahn to bring it about. Before he went he directed Moorhahn to raise three hundred thousand thalers on his securities, mentioning the probability that the Duke would be obliged to borrow money, and would ask Moorhahn to negotiate a loan,

when it would have to come out that he could offer no reliable security. Having thus blocked the way for the Duke to obtain money except from him, and planned to have a secret agent in his service, the Baron departed.

He had hardly gone when Schulze (Justice) Werdekoping came. In his interview he made known that the Duke and his daughter had pleased him, and that he was planning a marriage between the Princess and Paul Bronckhorst. The notary asked him what he could be thinking of, and explained that the Princess could marry only one of rank equal to hers.

But the main object the peasant had in view was to induce the lawyer to influence the Duke to make a new law concerning entail and inheritance; namely, to set aside the statutes of families requiring, as a condition for the succession, that the heir should be descended on both sides from families of *stijtsfähig* rank, and providing that henceforward legitimate birth alone should be requisite for the exercise of the right of primogeniture.

The notary thought it possible that this change might be effected, since the Duke himself might not be so strictly descended; but he asked how that would have the result the peasant desired, since it could come about only by one of them breaking his oath.

The wehrfester agreed. "It could not be done without sin," he said; and after thinking it over, he added: "It would be better if you would take it on yourself. If you won't take it ill of me, I believe the Lord would sooner pass it over in a notary; it wouldn't surprise him so much as it would if Schulze Werdekoping were to do it."

Not mentioning Schlettendorf, Moorhahn unfolded to Tondern the scheme for his advancement, saying that in case he should receive the appointment they two should have no secrets from each other. Tondern expressed his gratitude, and took time to consider. He was not slow to see the hand of his cousin Schlettendorf, and to guess at his design to get the upper hand of the sovereign whose most powerful vassal he was to be. He had no desire for the office and no fancy for the rôle of spy.

Going to the Duke with papers sent by Moorhahn, Tondern managed to lead his Highness to see the desirability of having someone in charge of his affairs familiar with the conditions of

the country. When the Duke spoke of asking Moorhahn to recommend such a man for his private secretary, Tondern said that his principal's partiality would doubtless lead him to recommend his own clerk; but that he himself could name someone much better qualified, namely, Paul Bronckhorst.

The Duke had been so favorably impressed by Bronckhorst that he received the suggestion with pleasure, sent for Paul, and engaged him as private secretary.

While the Duke busied himself with the pleasant and easy task of directing the alterations and furnishings of the monastery of Marienborn, which he had "secularized" and taken for his official residence, his secretary struggled with the many questions that rose in connection with the separation of the principality of Emsa-Ravenstein from the larger territory of which it had been a part; the money in the treasury, the debts, the obligations to the Empire, the shares in the common public institutions—all were to be divided and adjusted. Then the Duke called for money with French eagerness; the treasury filled with Westphalian slowness.

In all this press of affairs Bronckhorst found an able counselor in Baron Schlettendorf. This man was a widower with one son, Clemens, a tall, blond young man, who spoke little, troubled himself about few things, and did little. Yet for all his quiet demeanor, he was arbitrary with servants, easily excited to anger, and supercilious toward all inferiors.

Notwithstanding an instinctive antipathy to both the Schlettendorfs, Paul was glad of the aid of the Baron, and, indeed, was forced to receive it, since the Duke had constituted his first subject a sort of counselor extraordinary. The Baron went thoroughly into the questions that arose, examining freely all documents within reach, whether connected with them or not, while Clemens spent much of his time with the Princess Leonie and her companion.

Paul was frequently invited by the Duke into the family circle, where he took an increasing interest in the beautiful Leonie and grew increasingly jealous as he witnessed the homage of the insipid Clemens, of whom and of his father's plan to bring about a marriage between them she spoke very freely to Paul.

His thoughts were, however, turned in another direction

when he discovered that a handsome young man, disguised as a monk, was hidden with a few of the old friars who had been left in possession of a part of the former monastery; and that his presence was evidently concealed by Leonie from her father while she was waiting for a favorable time to intercede for him with the Duke, as he was impatiently begging her to do at once.

Paul's jealousy of Clemens paled before the certainty of this relation between the Princess and the hidden stranger. About the same time he found that Schlettendorf was negotiating with a Parisian banking firm for notes of the Duke amounting to one million francs. Since the Duke could not pay, he would be in the position of owing a subject; the debt would then be a debt of honor; for though a banker might be put off for any length of time, it would be disgraceful not to honor the demand of a subject. Paul therefore told the Duke of the impending transaction, and warned him plainly that Schlettendorf designed to get him where an alliance could be proposed between the houses of Anglure and Schlettendorf.

Paul winced at the Duke's indignation over this intended misalliance, but told him there was a way to put an end to Schlettendorf's hopes, and in consequence to his proceedings with the notes; that, as his daughter had already chosen for herself, he had only to sanction her choice and let the fact be known, when Schlettendorf would see that the coveted alliance was not to be hoped for, and hence no object for him to buy the notes would remain.

Greatly mystified, the Duke sent for his daughter to explain. It then transpired that the young man masquerading in the cowl was the Duke's nephew, many years married; that in his younger days he had been the Duke's heir presumptive; but his marriage into a lower rank had cut him off from the succession at Anglure according to family law; the republican laws of France had done away with the entail that would have given him the Duke's property in the Netherlands; and only by the Duke's will could he now inherit the sovereignty of Emsa-Ravenstein instead of Leonie. He had come to be reconciled to his uncle, and Leonie had been awaiting a propitious time for helping him. Bronckhorst's revelation precipitated matters, and the Duke consented to receive him and his wife on a visit, but showed no intention of

adopting him as the heir. Paul, however, in order to block Schlettendorf's scheme, wrote to Tondern to let him know that a male heir had appeared; but it was too late; the Baron had already bought the notes.

At last he came forward with his proposal to unite the interests of his house and the Duke's by the marriage of Clemens and Leonie. The Duke was to secure the succession to his daughter and to hear no more about the notes; and the Baron offered to recompense Count Antoine, the nephew, for his disappointment, by using his influence to have the Duke's sequestered estates in the Netherlands made over to the Count.

Count Antoine and his wife had been scheming to promote the love-affair between Bronckhorst and Leonie, in order to bring about a misalliance, which, they thought, would so enrage the Duke that he would set aside his daughter and make his nephew his heir. Now, the Baron's offer being more attractive as well as more certain of realization, they changed their tactics. The Count dropped his friendliness for Paul, whom he had been encouraging, treated him with insulting contempt, and became the active ally of Clemens.

Leonie sent for Paul, told him she was to be sold, and declared that she would marry Clemens, bitter as it would be to her, if there were no other way to save the honor of her family. But she had one hope—a very slight one, but worth testing—that an aunt in Paris, who had quarreled with her father, might furnish the money to take up the notes if she knew of her niece's extremity. For this purpose she asked Paul to go to this aunt and let her know. The next forenoon, leaving a message for the Duke, saying only that he was called away on business, Paul set out on horseback and reached the city and Moorhahn's in the afternoon. Tondern had just received from Annette the document relating to Paul, which she had taken from her father's most carefully guarded closet. This he handed to Paul, who put it away without looking at it, stayed but a moment, seemed constrained and distraught, and gave only vague information as to his journey. He did not know, nor did Tondern, of a tragic event that had happened that morning in the hunting-field.

The hunters were arranged in a semicircle, into which the game was driven by the beaters. When they gathered after the

firing Clemens was missed. He had been stationed near the road over which the private secretary had passed on his way to the city, and there he was found, shot dead. The suspicion of the court-judge, whose duty it was to investigate, was thrown upon the private secretary by Count Antoine, who disclosed the fact that in an angry interview the secretary had said he would find a way to stop the marriage—which was true; that Bronckhorst had gone away that morning on a mysterious errand; and, as it was found, must have passed along the road at about the time the murder took place. Steps were therefore taken to have him arrested.

Another fact that shortly became known served to make the case against Bronckhorst still stronger. The document Tondern had given him showed that he was the son of Schlettendorf and his first wife, a daughter of old Baron Eggenrode. She had died early, and Schlettendorf had married again. An ancient Eggenrode had married the daughter of a newly made Italian count, and had thus vitiated the pure *stiftsfähig* blood of the race; hence the son of the second marriage, Clemens, took precedence of his elder brother and was the heir.

The old Eggenrode was so angry at the setting aside of his grandson that he kept the child from his father and soon gave out a report of his death—having put him in the care of his former servant, Werdekoping, and entrusted Moorhahn with money for his support and education. They were sworn to keep his identity secret unless the time should come when there was no heir having a prior right.

This was now the case; and the wehrfester came to Moorhahn; but when they looked for the document, it was gone. Moorhahn divined that Tondern had stolen it and accused him. Tondern confessed that he had, taking all the blame upon himself, and also that he had given it to Paul that day; whereupon Moorhahn told him that he had destroyed his friend by supplying a motive for the crime, since no one would believe that Paul had not received the paper before the crime was committed.

For the wehrfester believed that his oath required him to make the facts known at once; it was in vain that Moorhahn showed him that this would be fatal to Paul; for then the document would be called for; they would have to admit that it had

been taken; and it would be traced to the only man who would profit by the death of Clemens. Though he loved Paul as his own child, the peasant's simple conscience required him to keep the letter of his oath.

"It is fratricide, Wehrfester! He will be put to the wheel alive."

"And yet, Notarius, I must."

Baron Schlettendorf, who was in the depths of despair, received the news with astonishment but with little interest. Clemens was his son; he knew nothing and cared nothing about any other. He took the general view of Paul's guilt and was content to let justice take its course.

Tondern was perhaps the only one convinced from the outset of his friend's innocence. Leonie, who thought at first that he might have been overcome by passion at sight of his rival, was the first to divine the real state of the case when she accidentally heard of a desperate poacher, smuggler, and outlaw, Jan Selke, whose brother, a conscript, had deserted and had been taken by Clemens and delivered to the soldiers that were pursuing him. Through the efforts of the Princess and Tondern, the outlaw was induced, by means of a safe-conduct for himself and the promise of a discharge for his brother, to go to the court-judge and confess the crime, which he had committed in revenge.

The rest followed. The heart of the old Baron turned to his elder son; and he journeyed to Vienna to have him made a Count of the Empire, that the houses of Anglure and Schlettendorf might be united without disparity of rank. The succession to the sovereignty was secured to the Princess. Baron Tondern zu Rellingstein, Assenheim and Walderbosch gained his suit and the pretty Annette. And Count Antoine was promised the good offices of Baron Schlettendorf to obtain for him the Netherland estates, which he did not deserve.

JEANNE SCHULTZ

(Switzerland, 1850)

THE STORY OF COLETTE (1887)

This story is a little classic, an exquisite bit of romance, which unites the French sprightliness with the German feeling for nature. It is one of the few French stories that may claim the attention of the highly intellectual and at the same time be put safely into the hands of the young and inexperienced. It appeared originally in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

MARCH 1, 18—.—"Keep me, O Lord, from dying of despair and *ennui*, and do not forget me, buried in this snow, which deepens every day." I have so often said this little prayer that now my patience is exhausted, and I write it.

Alone at eighteen, full of ideas, with no earthly being to tell them to; to be gay alone, to be sad alone, to be angry alone—it is insupportable. It was less trying in summer, and even in autumn; trees and flowers understand much more than most persons think. But this wind, which has been blowing for six weeks, this blockade, and the voice of my aunt, which is like the wind, more disagreeable every day, combine to drive me nearly to despair. No imagination can resist it all. I have come to the end of all the romances I invent for myself; I am afraid that my brain is empty, and that, when I need it for some extraordinary adventure, I shall call in vain. For I shall have my adventure some day—I can foretell it already.

He is tall, dark, with black hair, straight eyebrows and severe eyes. In his glance there is a singular look—Oriental in its softness, but Oriental also in the sleepy blue light as of a cimeter, or like the recollection of a terrible past; for my adventure, to reach me, will have traveled perhaps by strange routes. How

will my adventure come to me? I do not know. I only know that it will come.

March 2d.—I never have dared to ask my aunt the nature of our relations to each other. Am I in her house, or is she in mine? Do the two towers and four walls still standing, with strength to bear the name of "Erlange de Fond-de-Mieux," belong to Mademoiselle d'Epine or to Mademoiselle d'Erlange?

As far back as I can remember, we were as now: she as cold, as dry, always shut up in the largest, sunniest room of the château; I getting on as best I could, in the house or out of it, in heat, cold, or storm, without notice from her. With us are Bénoite, who is cook, farmer, butler, gardener, and Françoise at the mill-wheel.

Later came my two years at the convent, those happy years when I was talked to, called by my name; when my bed was one of twelve, all alike, under whose coverings there were such joyous whisperings, and during which I learned many things, if I neglected some that were taught in the class-room. My convent, where I formed eternal friendships, where I learned to dress my hair, to use a fan, where I knew for the first time what an ideal is, and how, for a man to be a hero, he must be dark, pale, slightly middle-aged, gloomy, and sarcastic. Who will bring back those happy days to me?

Then came the day when my aunt appeared to bring me home, without a word of warning.

This thought plunged me in such despair that I cried out, almost without knowing it:

"And if I have a vocation for a religious life?"

"In that case," she replied with an enigmatical smile, "I should leave you here."

I was ready for this sacrifice. The convent was home to me. I would stay there forever.

The next morning all was excitement. The Archbishop came unexpectedly, and the preparation for taking the veil of five novices was hastened. I followed all in a state of exaltation; it seemed to me the height of romance.

But when the five open coffins were brought, and the novices were placed in them, my resolution suddenly gave way.

At the hour fixed I was in the parlor. My aunt entered and

greeted me with surprise. "What does this mean?" she inquired.

"I am ready to go," I said, without remarking a shade of vexation, which I recalled later.

March 3d.—Some words of my aunt as we left the convent together remained in my mind and puzzled me. "Since you have not found means to establish yourself suitably in these two years—"

What did she mean? Was it to look for a husband she had sent me to the convent?

From our short interview I understood my aunt's character better than ever before, and guessed at her plans for my future. I do not trouble about this. I shall have strength, when the time comes, to follow out my own destiny in spite of her.

Aurora-Raymonde-Edmée d'Epine never has had the consciousness of having been anything but ugly at any period of her existence. Bénoite is a witness, and certifies to her frightful ugliness from the cradle. She had, as well, a frightful temper. Bénoite says she oftener repelled by her spiteful words than by her hideous looks. Everyone avoided her. My mother had long been married, while she was still waiting for the courageous man who should lead her to the altar. The sense of intolerable humiliation still remains the principal sentiment of her heart. The most curious part of it all is, that her resentment is directed toward women who have pleased men, and even to those who may, in their turn, one day marry. The music from a wedding in the village drives her nearly wild, and if she chances to see a couple of lovers she follows them with a look terrible and impossible to forget. Such is my aunt, and such are the causes of the singular life I lead with her.

March 4th.—It snows still. It is colder than ever. Something has increased my aunt's ill humor, for she is merry over my unhappiness. Her predictions for my future are less amiable than ever. Solitude and poverty! For it seems that I am poor. Ah! will my adventure never come?

While waiting for events, I decided to refurnish. I happened to glance through the open door of my aunt's apartment, and saw where the easy chairs and pretty furnishings that I remembered in my room before the convent days had gone. My

aunt's room is a paradise. She shuts herself in there, and tries to forget her fate. I wander about the house and garner what she has left.

I find three sofas all alike, the old carvings mouse-eaten, the damask faded. These I range by the wall, far from each other in the immense room. I then drag a dozen *prie-dieux* from the chapel, and station them at intervals. And tables—there are hundreds of them. Nothing but tables. I place them in every corner. At least, this is better than bare walls.

March 8th.—This life is intolerable. I rush down to see the milk-woman who has just struggled up through the snow from the village. Our cows have gone dry, and my aunt, who never denies herself anything, must have butter and cream. I talk with the old woman about my life and its dulness.

"It is certain," she said, "that for a young person the life here is not gay." She thought about it for some time, and then very simply inquired whether I did not think that the best thing would be for me to marry and go away, and asked whether my aunt was not trying to do something about it.

I answered no. As she went out the door I heard her mutter to herself: "The Mother Lancien could perhaps give some advice." I must find out who this Mother Lancien is who gives good advice, and who, according to my milk-woman, may help me.

March 9th.—To-morrow I will have the advice of Mother Lancien, if I know myself. Why did I not hear of such a woman before? The veneration in which she is held is so great one would think it might have reached us.

Death, marriage, birth. This woman is interested in whatever takes place in the village. She blesses the young couples and distributes to each child its lot in life. She is something of a doctor; she mends and cures like a fairy. A holy woman, a good woman she is, with no black art. I will certainly see her to-morrow. I shut up my faithful dog One; he shall not follow me. I will go alone, and even Bénoite shall not know of my journey.

March 10th.—The house of Mother Lancien is a little away from the village, in a small grove of pine-trees, whose branches spread out so as almost to make a second roof. While I knock

at the door I look in at the window. The prophetess is there, sitting by the hearth. Without seeing me, she knows I have come.

"Ma'mselle Colette," she says, and rises; "come in."

I told her my troubles and asked her advice.

"My child," she said, "in this case, where no one on earth can help you, why have you, my young lady, forgotten the saints in Paradise?"

"I did not think of them," I answered.

"Very well," she replied. "It is just as I supposed."

And then she explained to me clearly how one obtains in prayer all one's desires; how one must go to work; of whom to ask such a favor and of whom another; and she told me that it is to St. Joseph that I should address myself, and that it is not within the memory of man that he has rejected such a prayer as mine. Only the prayers must be frequent and the faith unwavering.

March 11th.—The altar I have made for my saint is superb. A whole corner of my room is transformed by it. I found, covered under some rubbish in the chapel, a small St. Joseph, in silver, with an exquisite little rod of lilies in his hand. I placed him upon several things, and grouped all my *prie-dieux* around, and in front some branches of holly I had gathered in the fields.

March 12th.—How will he come to my aid? I do not know. Nine days must I pray and never doubt. "Blind faith," said Mother Lancien.

March 13th.—As the days go on my hope becomes a certainty.

March 14th.—Only five days more.

March 15th.—Certainly my saint and I understand each other better every day. This morning, as I was dusting him, it seemed to me that there was a smile in his eyes, and that he moved his branch of lilies slightly as a sign of encouragement.

March 16th.—Is there something new in my face or manner, I wonder, for my aunt looks at me uneasily? I looked in the glass to see what I could have revealed; I only saw my cheeks a little rosier and my eyes a little darker. It seems to me that all my colors are richer, and that everything about me heralds the approach of the great event.

March 17th.—My agitation increases, and I do not know what new thing to do to show my fervor.

March 18th.—The wind blows, the snow falls in masses. I am frightened to think of the risks of my poor traveler.

March 19th.—The day of the beginning of my new life, the day of destiny for me! My prayers do not tranquillize me. To-day I kneel in front of the window; my voice can easily reach the altar, while I keep my eyes fixed on the court.

Every noise agitates me. I hear footsteps! Are they his? The noon is passed; and still I am waiting. In the twilight I can still see a long distance and watch without ceasing—still I am alone. Doubtless my saint prefers the evening shadows. He has until midnight; it is his right, and I prepare to watch.

March 20th.—I am sad, I am cold, and even in my bed I cannot get warm after my long, cold watch. Perhaps he prefers that nine days should be completely finished, and to give the reward the next day. So reflecting, I went to sleep, calmly, if without joy, and now, how will to-day end?

March 23d.—How it ended? O heavens! who could have thought that by a foolish imprudence I should nearly cause the death of a man? I was revolted, exasperated, and in a passion of anger I seized the statue and hurled it into the road, through the window, crying out: "You have deceived me. Go!"

I heard a cry below. It was a man, and his face was covered with blood. These last three nights Bénoite and I have watched him, and as I sit waiting by the bed, the tears fall.

Pierre de Civreuse to Jacques de Colonges

You have thought me dead, have you not? For some days I have thought so too. I have been buried, I know not where; but I have forced open my coffin. I awoke and looked around, not sure of my identity. Before the chimney, in an arm-chair, was a little lady, slight, elegant, and blonde, who was sleeping in a dress of pink satin. Her dress was two hundred years old, her face eighteen. How to make them agree? If you wish to know the whole truth, my friend, my head is cut open, my leg broken, and now for the facts.

I wandered from the road in my walking tour, and found

myself before a château in a deserted neighborhood. A singular curiosity seized me. It seemed to me that behind those walls something original and unexpected must be concealed, and I was suddenly stung by a strong desire to penetrate them. I cannot say of exactly what I was thinking, as I gazed at the walls, mechanically measuring them with my eye as if to scale them, when a great noise of broken glass made me raise my head, and at once a projectile, whose nature I do not know, was thrown at me with a sure hand, striking me full on the forehead. I staggered, and falling on my knee with my whole weight, found myself in the condition of which I write. The place is inhabited by two women, aunt and niece. The doctor scoffs at the idea of my presence being an embarrassment to them, and says I am a prisoner here for a month, and for that time I must lie flat on my back.

Pierre to Jacques

If you persist in seeing something romantic in my proximity to the little châtelaine of these ruins, learn that it is the mark of her fairy fingers I bear on my forehead, and that my antipathy to Mademoiselle d'Erlange was a premonition.

Do you see that image of St. Joseph almost hidden in the corner of the room? It is a beautiful thing, and might even be signed Cellini, so exquisite is the work. It is, however, the instrument of my misfortune. This I learned from the old Bénoite, who related to me that for some days Mademoiselle had passed her time in passionate adoration before his shrine, and then suddenly, without reason, a difficulty had arisen between them, and she in an access of impious rage cast the once revered statue ignominiously out of doors. I was there, and, without ceremony, forgetting its sacred and pacific character, it cut open my forehead with the skill of a professional bomb. I am awaiting, with more curiosity. than I can show you, the explanation that must take place between us on the subject. I am certainly her victim, and if she make light of the thing I will tear off my bandage and show her my gaping wound.

March 20th.—Bénoite has spoken. Monsieur Pierre knows all. Heavens! what shall I say, and how dare I see him? Ten

times in the afternoon I came so near the door that I half turned the latch, and seized with fear fled to the library at the last moment. I there made rehearsals before the divan. The thing must end. Finally, I burst into the room and walked straight to the bed.

M. de Civreuse, after bowing to me, began to look behind me so fixedly that I glanced behind, following his eyes. "I thought you were pursued, Mademoiselle," he said, and leaned back among the cushions with an air of ineffable ease and superiority.

"I beg your pardon for this accident," I said hurriedly, "but really it was not my fault."

"Really, I do not think it was mine either," he replied.

"What I mean is," I said, "that I did not do it on purpose."

"Mademoiselle, I am sure of it," with a sarcastic smile.

"For how could I know that anyone was there? The road belongs to us, and usually no one passes."

"Certainly, it was I who was in the wrong place."

I felt my tears coming, and was about to escape, when he stopped me with a gesture, forgetting for a time his insupportable coldness.

"Mademoiselle, it is I who ask your pardon now. I am brutal and make you, who have been my nurse, weep. Will you forgive me?"

It is one thing to make tears flow, and another to stop them. With all my efforts I resembled a fountain. After a long time, we both began at once—

"So you are not angry with me?"

"Do you really forgive me?" and I went to bathe my eyes.

Pierre to Jacques

You never could believe the amount of talking we have done for the past five weeks. Be shocked if you like, but I believe Mademoiselle is absolutely ignorant, a veritable little savage. Yet she has spent two years in one of the best convents in Paris: but we are great fools, you and I, if we think that study is the occupation of such places. I find that the old château is gradually falling to pieces, and that, as soon as one part crumbles,

they take up their abode in another. Truly, it is a great shame to see a noble pile thus dissolving. Mademoiselle eats apples and pasties, and talks. Such a childlike flow of words, as if they had been dammed up for a lifetime! And her beauty! With eyes like flaming stars and hair of a Merovingian red! But do not think I am in love, my friend. And as for my wound, it grows better, and soon now the bandages will come off.

April 28th.—All is over. M. de Civreuse is gone, and I feel lost here. I have known Erlange empty and silent before, but all is changed now. It was only tediousness before; now it is sadness, and things weigh differently.

Pierre to Jacques

Yes, I love her! Yes, I adore her! She is like a charming wild flower that has blossomed between earth and sky for me, and for me alone. With her hand in one of mine, and yours in the other, the world is full for me, and my happiness is so great that there is but one thing to which I can compare it—infinity.

April 30th.—"My God, my happiness is too great, too sudden, and it overpowers me." This was my first cry; and yet, half an hour later, I did not know that I had wept, and my joy was so completely part of myself that I could not remember when I had not had it.

Yesterday, at about ten o'clock in the evening, I was sitting sadly alone in the room where M. de Civreuse and I had spent so many happy hours, when through the window came flying a little object attached to a stone. It was a letter. I opened it. Oh, my God, could it be true?

"Colette, in this road, where you threw me on my knees one morning without intending it, I am waiting for your answer, as you found me there that winter day. Forgive me the broken window; I think it is the sacred window, and I chose it knowingly, because I believe superstitiously in it, as the way happiness came to me. When we go away together, if the joy of carrying you off is granted me, I will take with you that little statuette you know of, to which I have vowed passionate gratitude, for without it, Colette, I should have passed you by."

MICHAEL SCOTT

(Scotland, 1789–1835)

TOM CRINGLE'S LOG (1833)

The author of this novel was a native of Scotland, but passed a large part of his comparatively brief life in the West Indies. He wrote but two stories, which first appeared anonymously in *Blackwood's Magazine*. His style, however, is so vivid and rich with incident that one is surprised that he wrote so little. Until the secret was announced after Scott's death, these two novels were attributed to Francis Marryat.

THE brig *Torch* was cruising in the neighborhood of Bermuda when his Majesty was having a brush with the United States in 1812. The evening was closing in dark, thick and rainy, with a gale threatening from the west. The lookout was coming down from the masthead, when he sung out:

"A sail on the weather bow."

"What does she look like?" asked the officer of the watch.

"Can't rightly say, sir."

Soon afterward he hailed again: "She is a ship, sir, close hauled on the same tack."

Ever since noon the wind had been blowing in very heavy squalls, sometimes burying the lee guns in the waist, although we were under storm-sail. Suddenly the sky cleared at the horizon, and the setting sun flashed over the sea, vivid, fiery red and gold. Right in the wake of the sun was now clearly seen a large American frigate, bearing directly toward our much smaller brig.

Captain Deadeye, a one-eyed veteran of the old school, who knew little of the fighting qualities of Yankee seamen and ships, was for engaging the formidable stranger, but changed his mind

after receiving a broadside that killed or wounded a fourth of our men. Fortunately, our last shot carried away the enemy's foretopmast and the hamper belonging to it, which proved a very lucky thing for us, for we had already lost part of our mainmast. We could manage to run to Bermuda with our foremast standing, while he could do nothing until he had stopped to replace or fish his foremast.

At the Bermudas we repaired our rigging and stopped up the holes made by shot between wind and water. Soon after putting to sea again we encountered a large Yankee privateer schooner and exchanged shots with her. She maneuvered so skilfully in the moonlight, with a rig more favorable than that of the *Torch* for working to windward on a bowline, that we could bring only our bow guns to bear. Her last shot struck in the midship port. The gunner fell across his carronade, pulling the lanyard and discharging the gun with his fall. The next instant the ball pierced the magazine of the privateer. A blood-red glare like that of a volcano followed, as the gallant ship blew up with a terrific explosion. A corpse or a burning spar were heard dropping here and there, and then we were again alone on the wild waste of waters.

Fearfully had that ball been fired by a dead man's hand. But what is it that clings blank and doubled across the fatal cannon, choking the scuppers with clotted gore?

"Who is it that was hit at the gun there?" asks an officer.

"Mr. Nipper, the boatswain, sir. The last shot has cut him in two." Such is war.

From those hostile waters we cruised to a region full of beauty but not less full of fierce adventure than those we had left, a region subject to appalling storms and the stealthy movements of all manner of ruffians, assumed to be romantic by those who never have seen them—smugglers, slavers, pirates, sharks under and above water—the scum of the earth, the very reek of hell.

Our first port of call was Jamaica. There we remained for some days, and then put to sea, with fresh vegetables and fruits galore, from which we promised ourselves many a good meal before coming down again to hardtack and salt horse. But man proposes, and God disposes.

There was a strong breeze with a lump of a sea running, but nothing unusual, when the cry rang through the ship: "Look out for that sea, quartermaster! Mind your starboard helm! Ease her, man—ease her!"

On it came, what they call a tidal wave, although the real cause is unknown; it was high as the foreyard, and tumbled over the bows, green, clear, and unbroken. The deep waist of the *Torch* was filled, the boats were torn from the davits, doors were burst in, hen-coops, sheep, and water-casks were swept away.

At last the lee ports were forced out, giving a vent to the deluge of water, and the men were got to the pumps with some hopes of outriding the damage, when a sudden and appalling change came over sea and sky that made the stoutest quail and hold his breath. A dead calm had succeeded the wind, and vast masses of tumultuous, black clouds whirled furiously over us almost down to the masts, indicating a dreadful convulsion of the elements preparing to burst over our devoted ship. But not a flash of lightning, not a drop of rain, accompanied these phenomena of the impending hurricane. All hands waited spellbound for the coming doom.

"Do you see and hear that, sir?" said Lieutenant Trevail to the Captain.

We all looked eagerly in the direction indicated. A white line, fearfully contrasted with the rest of the scene, gleamed astern on the extreme horizon, fast growing broader, then a low growl was heard, and then a thick mist and a sharp hail followed, and the hail was salt.

And now the fierce spirit of the hurricane himself, the sea Azrael, tearing off the snowy scalps of the tortured billows, crushing the howling ridges into one level plain of foam, was upon us. Chain-plates, strong fastenings, shrouds and stays were torn away like gossamer, and masts and spars were blown clean out of the ship, over the bows, into the sea.

"Stand by to heave the guns overboard!" was the wild cry that rang from officer to officer, but it was too late; for the old carpenter, with his white hair streaming straight in the wind, sprang from the forehatch, clambering to the Captain, who was lashed to the capstan, yelling: "The water is rushing in forward,

sir, like a mill-stream; the wreck of the foremast has gone through her bows, and she is going down by the head."

O God! the cry that arose fore and aft as the good old *Torch* went down from under us amid a chaos of spars and wreckage, upturned hands and faces, and cries for help!

In all this unspeakable horror I felt a bite on the neck, and breathed once more, when my Newfoundland dog, Sneezer, snatched me from the vortex of waters as the brig disappeared.

Lieutenant Splinter, the dog, and I were all that escaped alive. How we managed to climb into one of the boats floating our way I know not.

For three days without food or water, in the blaze of the tropical sun, we simply existed. I remember that I tried to suck the blood from the veins of my faithful dog, and then collapsed. I knew no more until I awoke in a low, smoky hut, lying on some plantain leaves, Sneezer watching by my side, licking my face. Near me lay the corpse of John Deadeye, Esq., late commander of the brig *Torch*, in uniform, and Lieutenant Splinter was roasting a joint of meat on the coals, while a dwarfish Indian squatted on the ground, watching the proceedings.

After eating I fell into a restful sleep. But I was wakened by the growling and bark of the dog, followed by several dropping shots and a bugle. Mr. Splinter was rushing out when the Indian caught him by the leg, muttering: "Españoles!"

A young Indian woman with an infant in her arms, and with a shot-wound in her neck, flew to the door. Another shot pierced both mother and child, and they rolled down the hill dead. The Indian was also shot down with his family, and the squad of ruffians then turned their attention to us. Lieutenant Splinter spoke Spanish well, and called out that we were English officers.

"That's a lie," growled the officer of the squad. "You have no uniforms; you are pirates."

They prevented us from getting out, and then set fire to the hut. With a superhuman effort we pushed out one end of the burning hut, and, dragging with us the body of Captain Deadeye, pointed to his uniform and the buttons with crown and anchor. The Spaniards examined them carefully, and admitted that our story was true. After this we were treated with

great civility, they assisting us to bury our late Captain. The party belonged to a force that was besieging Carthagena. After the fall of the place we encountered one Peter Musgrave, who had been a Jamaica pilot, employed as such in his Majesty's service. For reasons of his own he had deserted the service, but being homesick by this time, and pining to see his dusky spouse, this bulky, rollicking son of Neptune agreed to find a way for us to get back to Jamaica if we, in turn, would agree to soften whatever penalties might be in store for his delinquencies.

This matter being arranged, Peter introduced us to the captain of a rakish schooner, a colossal negro, with scarred features and a commanding but not altogether winning deportment. However, one who knocked about the West Indies in those days could not be particular as to the company he selected. The numerous crews of blacks swaggering about the decks also had a picarooning look that added to our suspicions, which were still more aroused after we put to sea that night, when two boatloads of deckhands, all colored, were taken on board after dark, and the old sails were replaced by a new set; and when, finally, two batteries of guns were hoisted out of the hold and rolled up to the portholes. The crew of one hundred and twenty hands were also all armed with cutlasses. But it was too late to recede now, as the trim schooner bowled before a brisk breeze under the stars, apparently for Jamaica. Our course was to keep our eyes open and our mouths shut, and await the tide of events.

By a flash of lightning a ghostlike sail was made out to windward, and instantly everyone was on the alert. It proved to be, as surmised, the armed cutter *Spark*, of the Jamaica station, on the lookout for picaroons, but, as the event proved, having more daring than discretion in her management. The schooner was hailed by the cutter and ordered to heave to. But as the freebooters, most of whom lay low out of sight, said they had no seaworthy boat, the cutter imprudently sent out a boat under a midshipman. I whispered "Treachery," and a knife was held to my throat. As soon as the boat came alongside of the schooner, and the middy had stepped on her deck, the boat and all its crew were sent to the bottom by cannonballs dropped into it. The poor little middy was ordered to hail for another boat, and when, with blood on his face and tears

in his eyes, and a pistol at his head, he replied "Never!" a ball crashed through his skull.

The pirate now fell aboard the cutter, and a tremendous struggle followed. In the midst of it the main boom of the cutter swung over the quarter-deck of the pirate, and Splinter and I seized the opportunity to drop on the deck of the cutter, and concealed ourselves below until the battle was over, lest we be mistaken in the dreadful confusion for some of the black boarders and be treated accordingly. Although greatly outnumbered, the English crew, backed by superior energy and intelligence, succeeded in beating off the swarm of black devils and returned to Port Royal, Jamaica, for repairs and recruits. Three fourths of her complement had been killed or wounded.

Soon after landing I was the involuntary witness of a duel between two naval officers, in which the aggressor, the captain of a frigate, a noted shot, met his death—a proper end for one who had now a questionable reputation for arrogance and over-readiness to settle every petty difficulty at the pistol's mouth.

Having surfeited on horrors unlimited for some time, I got a leave of absence for several days and took a run over the island to meet old friends and make new ones in the paradise of Jamaica scenery and hospitality. I enjoyed an interval of delightful romance, rest, and adventure, but before my leave of absence was up I ran most unexpectedly into a network of perils that came near to bringing my career to an untimely close. When one is in the heyday of his youth he is reckless and regardless of possible consequences. When one is older his courage is no less, but his caution is greater.

The negroes, who swarm on the island, were about to hold a grand rigmarig sort of jamboree or midnight celebration of some of the hideous religious orgies which they had brought with them from their bloody jungles in darkest Africa. I had an intense desire to see the performances, but had been warned to keep away if I did not wish to sacrifice my life. The very fact of the danger was enough to fire my young blood with a determination to see what was to be seen, whatever the cost.

At the end of one of the delightful days and evenings I passed at that time with my cousins and other dear friends, made all the more agreeable by the news of my promotion as lieutenant of the

corvette *Firebrand* on her expected arrival, I slipped quietly out of my window and made for the spot among the dense thickets where the negroes were celebrating the death and burial of a "gemman" of their ilk and color. I was watching the scene a little aside and, as I supposed, out of sight, when four white-armed Yankee seamen passing by discovered me. On seeing my uniform, they jumped to the unpleasant conclusion that I was a British spy watching their smuggling operations. I had already seen their skipper the day before, a lean, spider-legged, canny rogue, known all over Jamaica, but usually able to elude the grasp of justice. It was useless for me to fly; my arms were pinioned behind, and, emphasizing his oaths with a cocked pistol against my head, Paul Brandywine, the faithful mate of Obadiah, informed me that resistance meant instant death. Their little American-built schooner *Wave* was lying near by, behind some trees, and I was soon on board. Obadiah recognized me, and grimly smiled as he told me that no harm would come to me so long as I quietly accepted the situation, but that in the mean time I must stay below in a cuddy, where I could not stand up straight, the companionway being also closed tight.

All sail was made, and the vessel bounded ahead northward. Ere long, however, a large war-schooner was seen putting out and firing a gun. It was evident that news of my capture had spread rapidly, and she was carrying sail hard to capture the *Wave*. Nor was it long before a British corvette appeared around a headland, in answer to the gun; signals were exchanged, and the two vessels laid a course to intercept and capture the mite of a schooner that was running away with a young officer of his Majesty's navy. The skill now displayed by both sides in the game was of unusual interest, especially that of Obadiah and his crew, whose cool courage and ability were extraordinary. There was no flinching. After a time he took the helm himself and sent the men below for safety. But even there they were not safe from the balls that struck several times between wind and water, one ball crushing the spine of Paul Brandywine and paralyzing his lower limbs. After we had narrowly escaped capture several times, the wind moderated so considerably that the *Wave*, being of less weight than her pursuers, finally slipped

away and by sunset they were hull-down below the horizon. After dark she had the field to herself.

I may add that at the most exciting moment I slipped on deck and sat down near Obadiah. He was civil in manner, but observing my inclination to take advantage of his good nature he warned me to guard my speech. With the recklessness of youth, I continued my impudent if justifiable remarks. Thereupon he snatched up his pistol and fired at me point blank, and the ball pierced my neck, narrowly missing the jugular vein. He assisted to bind up the wound, steering meanwhile, and fortunately there was no serious effusion of blood. But I learned my lesson, namely, that when one is in the jaws of a lion it is foolishness rather than courage to pull his whiskers.

The next day the schooner entered the narrow mouth of a creek on the coast of Cuba, and slid up a winding channel to the haunt of a large band of pirates and smugglers, thoroughly concealed by dense forests and jungle. There were collected storehouses, all the apparatus for building, docking, and repairing boats and ships, munitions of war, wattled huts for the pirates, their families and slaves, and the like. I was locked up in a loft, of which Obadiah kept the key, as much to keep me out of sight of the ruffians, his associates, as to hold me prisoner. He took meals with me and showed a friendly feeling.

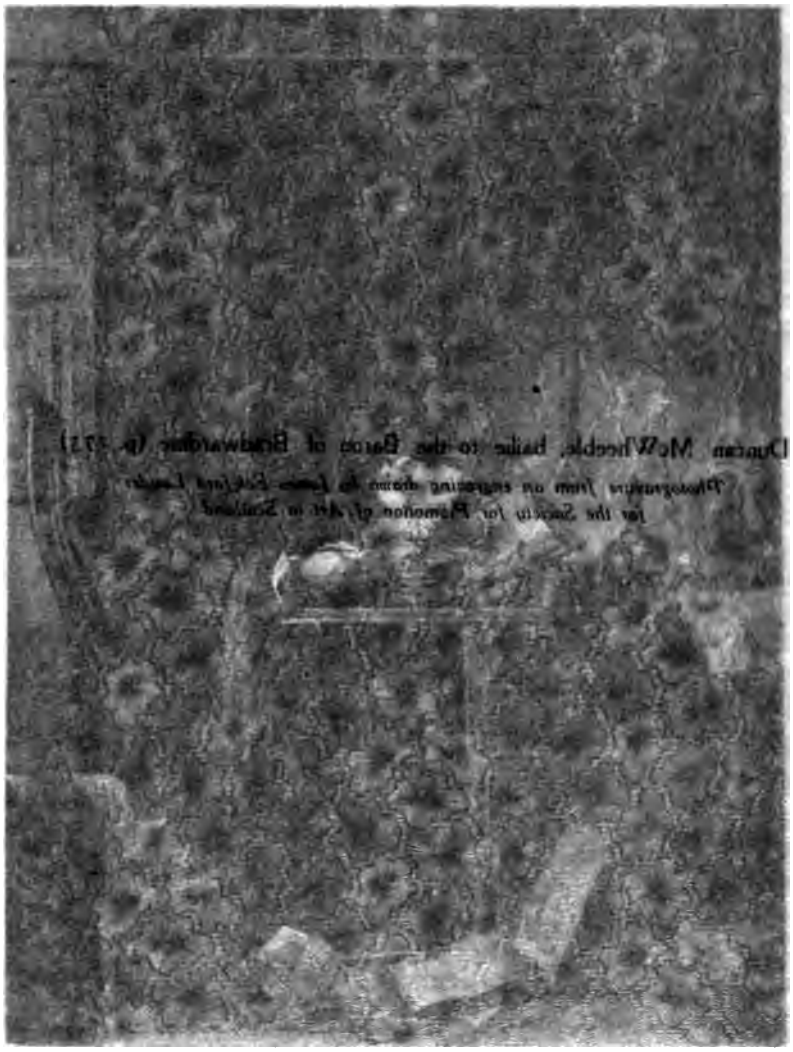
The schooner and corvette, in the mean time, arrived off the creek and sent in two boats. The expedition was badly managed, and, after severe fighting, the boats and crews were captured, and many of the latter were killed. During the fighting Peter Musgrave, the old pilot, who knew where I was hidden, together with my old dog Sneezer, managed to get me out and away in a canoe through a bayou, and out to the British ships. Another expedition, better organized, was then sent in, which I accompanied, and which broke up this nest of all wickedness. Vessels and buildings were destroyed, and forty-one of the miscreants were taken alive. Several days later they were tried by court-martial and condemned to die, and they were hanged in two batches. Most of them were of lofty stature, and handsome as Apollo. Obadiah fought to the last, and was just escaping from the fight by swimming, when he was shot by one of our men who had a special grudge against him. He was a man of

[illegible] without some redeeming [illegible]

[illegible] this [illegible] incidents, when it seemed [illegible] I was suddenly taken down [illegible] fever, which nearly finished me. When at last [illegible] I was appointed captain of Obadiah's [illegible] schooner [illegible], with a commission to cruise after [illegible] those waters. She had been rebuilt and strengthened [illegible] hi[illegible] bulwarks added and several light guns on a side, [illegible] with quarters for the crew. It would take [illegible] can spare time for further to narrate my ex[illegible] [illegible] schooner, nor is it worth while, as in [illegible] the state of matrimony, and, having taken my [illegible] wife, I gave [illegible] going to sea, to try the pleasures [illegible] life on land.

Duncan McWheeble, bailie to the Baron of Bradwardine (p. 273)

Photogravure from an engraving drawn by James Eckford Lauder for the Society for Promotion of Art in Scotland



WALTER SCOTT

(Scotland, 1771–1832)

WAVERLEY (1814)

Sir Walter Scott's novel of *Waverley* is one of the best known and least read of all his works. Its publication marked a new era in English prose literature, and its title gave a name to that remarkable series of romances with which he followed it, and which not only astonished his own age but have been the delight of subsequent times—the *Waverley Novels*. Scott began this story in 1805 and threw it aside unfinished. His first great successes were with his long poems. But he found that a poet had arisen—Byron—of whom Scott said: "He has overshot me with my own bow." Hence he turned to prose, took up the unfinished story in 1814, finished it in three weeks, and published it anonymously.

COSMO COMYNE BRADWARDINE, ESQ., commonly called in Scotland the Baron Bradwardine because of his possession of an ancient barony bestowed on his ancestors by King Duncan, was entertaining at his feudal mansion of Tully-Veolan, in Perthshire, Captain Edward Waverley, the nephew and heir of his old friend and fellow-Jacobite Sir Everard Waverley, of Waverley-Honour.

The Baron dispensed the rude but bountiful hospitality characteristic of the period, and had as his guests to meet the young Captain his two neighbors, the Laird of Balmawhapple and the Laird of Killancureit, whose feats of eating and drinking astonished the more temperate Englishman.

When the Baron's daughter, a motherless girl whose simple manners and delicate beauty already had made a strong impression on Waverley, had left the table the wine circled freely, and, when it seemed to Waverley as if all hands had already drunk as much as was possible, the Baron's chief treasure, an antique drinking-cup of preposterous size, in form like a bear and

called "The Blessed Bear of Bradwardine," given to the house of Bradwardine centuries ago, was brought forth, filled, and sent around the board.

Soon the guests departed, the Baron insisting upon escorting the two lairds as far as the village tavern, where they had left their horses and where they would have a stirrup-cup.

The stirrup-cup proved simply an excuse for a prolongation of the festivities. The stout old Baron sang French hunting-songs, for his political principles had made him for some time an exile in France; interspersed his talk with scraps of Latin, for he had been educated for the law, and told interminable stories of Field-Marshal the Duke of Berwick, under which commander he had made several campaigns in foreign service.

They sang or talked by turns, and sometimes all together, but in high good humor until Balmawhapple proposed a toast insulting to the reigning family and all who served it.

Waverley was clear-headed enough, for he had passed the cup as often as he could, to realize that his uniform had been insulted; but before he could resent the affront the Baron had taken the quarrel upon himself and his sword clashed against that of the ill-bred Laird. The Laird was young and stout, but the Baron was a celebrated master of fence and would, no doubt, have soon "pinked" his adversary had not Waverley created a diversion by rushing to interfere, and the mistress of the inn at the same time appeared with a plaid which she threw with the skill of experience over the clashing swords. The servants rushed in and the combatants were separated. The two lairds mounted their horses and rode away, while Waverley and the Baron walked back to the mansion-house, the sturdy host apologizing all the way for the rudeness of Balmawhapple.

Unaccustomed to the use of wine, Waverley slept until late the next morning, and awoke to the unpleasant recollection that it had become his duty to challenge the Laird of Balmawhapple, and, perhaps, either kill him or be killed himself in the foolish quarrel. What was his surprise, however, upon descending the stairs, to see the Baron and the Laird approaching, arm in arm. That is, the Baron had hold of one of the Laird's arms, while the other was done up in a bandage. They seemed to be

on good terms, and the Laird made an apology to the young man for his rudeness of the preceding evening.

Not long afterward did Waverley learn that before retiring the Baron had sent a challenge to Balmawhapple and had met him at daybreak in a glen. The aged Baron, whose head was as clear after a night of revelry as before one, had not only run his rapier through the sword arm of the Laird, but had forced him, at the point of his steel, to promise the apology.

The picturesque old mansion, the feudal state maintained by the Baron, the pleasure he found in the company of Rose Bradwardine, all fitted so well with Waverley's natural inclination that it was easy for the Baron to induce him to prolong his stay.

One morning the establishment was thrown into agitation by the discovery that the Baron's cattle had been driven off in the night by a band of robbers, who had descended from the neighboring highlands. As the family sat at dinner that day the door opened and a Highlander, fully armed, entered the apartment. He was a stout, dark young man of low stature, the ample folds of whose plaid added to the appearance of strength which his person exhibited. The short kilt showed his sinewy and clean-made limbs, the goat-skin purse, flanked by a dirk and steel-wrought pistol, hung before him. His cap, or "bonnet," had a short feather, which indicated his claim to be considered a Duinhewassel or sort of gentleman. A broadsword dangled by his side, a target or shield hung upon his back, and a long Spanish fowling-piece occupied one of his hands.

"Welcome, Evan Dhu Maccombich! What news of Fergus MacIvor Vich Ian Vohr?" said the Baron.

"Fergus MacIvor Vich Ian Vohr," returned the Highlander in good English, "greets you well, Baron of Bradwardine and Tully-Veolan."

The Highlander was, indeed, an ambassador from a chieftain in the neighboring highlands, between whom and the Baron there had been some coolness owing to a question of precedence which had arisen from their meeting in state with their followers at a county gathering. He now sought to reëstablish his friendship with the house of Bradwardine.

When the treaty of amity had been fully ratified, and Evan Dhu, who was the chief's foster-brother and devoted attendant, heard of the lifting of the cattle, he undertook to restore them to the Baron, surmising rightly that they had been driven off by Donald Bean Lean, a notorious robber, who sheltered on the territory of Vich Ian Vohr.

Waverley, whose imagination had been excited by the stories he had heard of the dwellers in the highlands, requested permission to go along with Evan when he departed to visit the hold of the cattle thief, and, perchance, to go as far as Glennaquoich, the castle of Vich Ian Vohr, and see a Highland chief surrounded by his clan.

Rose Bradwardine took leave of him with a repressed sorrow, which, however, was hardly noticed by Waverley, for, though he had much enjoyed the companionship of the gentle maiden during his stay at Tully-Veolan, he was young and fond of adventure, and did not realize the place Rose filled in his heart.

Evan sent an attendant gillie in advance to warn Donald Bean Lean of their coming, and after a toilsome day they reached at nightfall the hold of the robbers. It was a cave opening on a small lake, accessible from the land only by one narrow footpath. Waverley and his guide reached it by boat from the further side of the loch. The cave was very high and was illuminated by torches made of pine. The light was assisted by the red glare of a large charcoal fire, round which were seated five or six armed Highlanders, while others were couched in the more remote recesses of the cavern.

In one large aperture hung the carcass of a sheep and two cows recently slaughtered. The only woman in the cave was a strapping Highland damsel, Alice, the daughter of Donald Bean Lean, upon whom the robber lavished great affection.

After an evening meal, cut probably from the Baron's stolen cattle, and served to Waverley with some skill and a little coquetry by the robber's daughter, the young man lay down to sleep upon a bed of heather. Awakening the next morning he found the cave almost deserted, and so, with his guide, took his way further into the Highlands, Evan assuring him that the stolen cattle, except two which had been slaughtered, were already on their way back to the Baron's mains.

Donald Bean Lean had not ventured to disobey the commands of Vich Ian Vohr, delivered through Evan Dhu, for well the robber knew that but for the refuge afforded him by the chieftain on the lands of MacIvor he would have graced a gallows long ago.

Another journey brought the travelers within a short distance of the castle of Fergus MacIvor, and Evan cautioned Waverley that at any time they might encounter the chief.

"Ah," said Evan proudly, "if you, Saxon Duinhewassel, saw but the chief with his tail on!"

"With his tail on?" echoed Waverley in some surprise.

"Yes—that is, with his usual followers, when he visits those of the same rank."

The report of a gun was heard and a sportsman was seen with his dogs and an attendant at the upper part of the glen.

"It is the chief!" said Evan, adding in a tone of disappointment, "and he has not his tail on after all! There is no living man with him but Callum Beg."

Fergus MacIvor advanced to welcome Waverley with the dignity that came from his lofty birth and lifelong habits of command, mingled with the easy grace due to his education at the Court of St. Germain's, where he and his sister had been brought up as orphans under the care of the royal Stuarts, in whose cause Fergus's father had made himself an exile.

Fergus MacIvor was the head of a branch of a powerful clan, and the founder of his branch having been named John and having achieved the sobriquet of "the great," each chief since his time had been Vich Ian Vohr, or Son of John the Great. Above the middle size, with a countenance which was at once bold and haughty, winning and frank; with his erect and lofty port, his picturesque Highland garb with the eagle's feather waving from his "bonnet," he looked the part his ambition prompted him to play upon the stage of affairs.

Callum Beg, a handsome Highland boy who acted as page, carried his chief's claymore and his hunting-pouch.

Waverley's imagination was captured at once by the magnificent chieftain, and they had become friends by the time they had reached the rude castle of Vich Ian Vohr. Fergus, though the existing government permitted him to exercise his feudal

rights, held an Earl's patent from the Stuart at St. Germain's which he hoped to make public "when the King should enjoy his own again." At the castle of Vich Ian Vohr Waverley was entertained with the half-barbaric splendor which at that time characterized the hold of an ambitious Highland chief, and there he met and fell in love with Flora MacIvor, the chieftain's sister.

Flora MacIvor had been reared under the especial care of the Princess Sobieski, Queen of that throneless monarch, the "Old Pretender," "King of Great Britain, France and Ireland by the grace of God, but not by the will of men." She was a most beautiful young woman and bore a striking resemblance to her brother, except that the haughty and somewhat stern regularity of Fergus's features appeared softened in those of Flora.

Her whole heart was wrapped up in one idea—the return of the exiled family of Stuart—and for that she was willing to devote her own and her brother's life and the lives of their clansmen to the last drop of the blood of Ivor.

When, under the spell of his romantic surroundings and the fascinations of Flora MacIvor, Waverley had prolonged his stay at the castle for three weeks, he proposed for the hand of the chieftain's sister—and was rejected; though Fergus, knowing the social position of the young Englishman, and the great wealth to which he was heir, bade him not to take the rejection as final, but to hope for a reconsideration when events of which he hinted the near approach should have occurred.

Soon after this Fergus, at the head of four or five hundred of his clansmen, started on a journey still farther into the Highlands, where he was to meet some of his fellow-chieftains at a grand hunt, and Waverley went as his guest. At the appointed rendezvous several powerful Highland chiefs appeared, accompanied by their vassals in such numbers as to amount to a small army. On this occasion Waverley had the misfortune to sprain his ankle badly.

Fergus had him sent to the house of a kinsman in the neighborhood.

On the sixth day Fergus reappeared, and the young Captain being by that time able to travel, the two proceeded to Glennaquoich.

This hunting, though Waverley did not know it at the time, was in reality an excuse for a gathering of Vich Ian Vohr's neighboring chiefs and their vassals to take measures for joining "Prince Charlie," who, with only seven followers, had already landed on the coast of Scotland and raised his royal standard on the Braes of Mar; and all the Scottish Highlands were swarming with the plaided warriors of the clans gathering around the white flag with the red cross, under which Charles Edward Stuart had come to fight for the throne of his ancestors.

But no word of this had been allowed to reach Waverley in the seclusion of the castle of MacIvor, and he was astonished and dismayed when, upon returning from the hunt and opening the mail that awaited him at the castle, he found a letter from Colonel Gardiner sternly reproaching him for forsaking his allegiance, neglecting to answer the repeated letters which the Colonel had, he said, despatched to him, and ordering him to rejoin his regiment within three days from the date of the letter or suffer the consequences.

The three days were long since passed, and in a newspaper, which had come with the mail, Waverley read that he had been suspended for absence without leave and was supposed to have thrown in his lot with the young Pretender.

Among his other letters Waverley received one from his father in London. This gentleman, who had been intriguing for a cabinet position, had been disappointed in his ambitions, and therefore wrote to his son in a bitter strain concerning the existing government. From his uncle at Waverley-Honour was another letter in which Sir Everard expressed himself rather stronger than was his wont, if possible, regarding the "usurping House of Hanover."

Waverley at once sent in his resignation as an officer in the army and announced his intention of proceeding to Edinburgh and thence to England, where he wished to seek the advice of his father and his uncle as to his next step.

Fergus begged Waverley not to carry out his intention of returning to England and frankly asked him to avenge his wrongs by embracing the cause of the House of Stuart, in whose behalf his ancestors had rendered such signal service. But Waverley insisted upon departing; and going to take leave of

Flora he found her with her maidens engaged in the manufacture of what were apparently white bridal favors.

"They are Fergus's bridal favors," said Flora, "and Fergus woos no bride but Honor." They were, indeed, white cockades —the badge of the royal Stuarts—for the wearing of the clan.

After endeavoring in vain to win from Flora a reconsideration of her rejection, Waverley set out on his homeward journey. In the low country he learned of the disturbed state of the nation, of the mustering of the clans, of the landing of the Prince, and of the march of Sir John Cope into the Highlands with an army, which had avoided battle with the followers of the young adventurer and marched north, leaving the lowlands open to invasion.

At the first considerable village the inhabitants tried to stop him as a suspicious character, and in the *mêlée* Waverley shot the leader of the rioters, but was immediately arrested himself by a band of Covenanters who appeared on the scene marching to join the Government forces.

Waverley was taken before a magistrate, who on learning his name informed him that a proclamation was out accusing him of high treason and offering a reward for his apprehension. He told him also that the recruits from Waverley-Honour who had joined Gardiner's Dragoons with their young Squire had been tampered with by a person who showed the seal of Waverley and was supposed to be acting in the Captain's behalf. One of the men had been shot as a traitor and the others disgraced.

Waverley was then delivered to the Covenanters with instructions to carry him prisoner to Stirling Castle; but ere he had journeyed far under this escort his guards were attacked and put to flight by a band of armed Highlanders. In the skirmish Waverley's horse was shot, and, falling upon him, caused some severe injuries.

It was sunset when Waverley's rescuers appeared, and now in the darkness he was hurried along over the country until finally he was borne into a rude cottage, where for seven days he was held half as a patient and half, as it seemed to him, as a prisoner.

Armed Highlanders kept guard about the house, and on the

seventh day, when it was seen that Waverley was able to travel, he was mounted on a horse and, still under the escort of the Highlanders, taken to the castle of Doune, which was then held for Prince Charles and over the ancient towers of which floated the white flag of the Stuarts.

The Governor of the castle received Waverley from his Highlanders and treated him with great courtesy, though he was still made to feel that he was in some sense a prisoner.

This was all very mysterious to Waverley. The Government seemed to want him as a prisoner; the Highlanders also seemed to desire to hold him as their own captive and had only given him over to the Prince's forces by the express command of some high authority—and now the Prince's forces treated him as a person in custody.

The Governor of Doune delivered the young man to the captain of a troop of horse in the Prince's service, and with escort he was conveyed to Edinburgh.

While Waverley had been mooning in the Highlands, making love to Flora MacIvor, or lying ill in the hut to which his Highland rescuers had conveyed him, events had been marching rapidly and Charles Edward had gained almost complete possession of his ancient kingdom of Scotland. As the cavalcade escorting Waverley came within sight of Edinburgh, wreaths of dun smoke, broken by occasional lurid flashes, hung about the battlements of the castle which still held out for King George; but the royal banner of the Stuarts waved over the palace of Holyrood, the city itself was in the possession of the insurgents, and an army, composed largely of Highlanders, lay encamped beneath the city walls.

Waverley was taken to Holyrood and delivered to a guard of Highlanders, the captain of which conducted him to a long gallery, in which officers in both Highland and Lowland garb loitered or passed in haste, and secretaries were engaged in making out passes, musters, and returns.

As the bewildered young man sat meditating upon what all this might mean the rustle of tartans was heard behind him and, turning, he was warmly embraced by Fergus MacIvor.

"Welcome to Holyrood, once more possessed by her legitimate sovereign!" cried the chief. "Did I not say we should

prosper and that you would fall into the hands of the Philistines if you left us?"

"Dear Fergus," returned Waverley, "it is long since I heard a friend's voice. Where is Flora?"

"Safe and in this city," replied Fergus, and taking Waverley by the arm he dragged him out of the guardroom, and ere he knew where he was being conducted the young man found himself in the presence-chamber, fitted up with some attempt at royal state.

A young man, distinguished by the dignity of his mien and the noble expression of his features, advanced out of a circle of military gentlemen and Highland chiefs, and Waverley was presented to Prince Charles Edward.

"Bonnie Prince Charlie" was one of those men possessing in an eminent degree the power of exciting personal loyalty in the breasts of all with whom they are brought in contact, and his romantic character and adventures have made his name one that appeals to youth and daring.

At the close of the audience Waverley, falling upon his knee, devoted his life and his sword to the vindication of the rights of the adventurous Prince. Choosing to serve for the present as a volunteer with Fergus, Waverley was provided with a Highland costume of the MacIvor tartan. Thus arrayed, he attended that night the Prince's court and there met again both Flora MacIvor and Rose Bradwardine—for the old Baron had again taken the field and brought his daughter to the Scottish capital.

Flora greeted Waverley with coldness and reserve, but Rose met him with an affectionate warmth that found a responsive chord in his own breast and awakened him, suddenly and finally, to a realization of his true feelings toward that young lady.

Before dawn the next morning the army of the Chevalier marched out of Edinburgh to meet the forces of Sir John Cope, which had come down from the North by sea and debarked at Dunbar. On the second day the battle was joined at Prestonpans and resulted in an overwhelming defeat for the government forces.

"Forward, sons of Ivor! or the Camerons will draw the first blood!" shouted Fergus at the beginning of the conflict, and, with Waverley by his side, charged at the head of his clan. The

young volunteer fought with great valor and was thanked by the Prince in person after the battle.

After this decisive victory the Prince led his army into England on that celebrated march which penetrated as far as Derby. As they marched down into the rich and fertile English country, Waverley and Fergus were together one day when the chieftain asked the young man how his suit was progressing with Flora.

Waverley replied that, Flora having dismissed him finally, he had relinquished his pretensions to the hand of the chief's sister. The haughty spirit of Fergus took umbrage at this, and, having heard rumors that Waverley was attached to Rose Bradwardine, whom the chief himself had decided to seek in marriage, he demanded that the young man resign all claim to the hand of the Baron's daughter. This Waverley refused to do, and the two men were about to fall upon each other with their swords when the timely arrival of the Prince stopped the duel and his authority partially reconciled the Captain and the chief.

When the army had gone as far as Derby it was decided to be too hazardous to attempt to penetrate nearer to London and the retreat to Scotland began. One night on the retreat the rear-guard, which was held by the Clan MacIvor, was set upon by a strong party of horse. Many were killed, the chief was captured, and Waverley, cut off from the army, took refuge on a neighboring farm.

The country swarmed with government troops and he was not able to venture out of hiding until the battle of Culloden had ruined forever the cause of the Stuarts and sent the Prince himself a hunted fugitive into the remote Highlands.

Going secretly up to London, Waverley found that his father was dead and that he had come into a considerable fortune. He lay concealed for a time in the house of an officer whose life he had saved at the battle of Prestonpans, and then, while his friends were procuring a pardon for him from the Government, he went under an assumed name to Scotland and sought out Rose Bradwardine.

Strong influence procured a pardon for the old Baron, who was in hiding in a hut belonging to one of his tenants; and it needed not the old cavalier's encouragement to induce Rose to listen favorably to Waverley's suit.

Before the marriage Waverley hastened to Carlisle, where Fergus MacIvor was being tried for high treason. All efforts in behalf of the chieftain had proved futile, and Waverley reached the court-room just in time to hear the sentence of death pronounced upon the last Vich Ian Vohr and upon Evan Dhu, who was tried with his chief.

The chief received his sentence with a calm dignity, but Evan, addressing the Judge, who had talked of grace for him, said: "Since you are to shed Vich Ian Vohr's blood, the only favor I would ask of you is—to bid them loose my hands and give me my claymore, and bide you just a minute sitting where you are!"

Waverley paid a visit to Flora, whom he found at the home of a Catholic lady of rank near the castle. She was sewing upon a white flannel garment.

"Do you remember," she said, looking up with a ghastly smile, "that you once found me making Fergus's bridal favors? And now I am sewing his bridal garment."

She said she was to retire to a convent in France to end her days after the execution should be over. Then the poor girl broke into torrents of self-accusation that it might have been her influence and the strength of mind upon which she had so prided herself that had hurried Fergus to his doom.

From Flora Waverley went to visit the chieftain in his dungeon. Fergus had no regrets except for his clansmen, and charged Waverley that when he heard of a MacIvor in distress to remember that he had worn the tartan and assist him. As for himself, he said: "I am no boy to sit down and weep because the luck has gone against me. I knew the stake I risked; we played the game boldly and the forfeit shall be paid manfully."

While Waverley was in prison they came to strike off the irons from the chief and Evan and to take them to the place of execution.

"It is the last turnout," said Fergus, with a smile, as he heard the drums of the guard; and the last glimpse Waverley caught of his former friend was the tall form of the chieftain, standing erect upon the hurdle that bore him to execution, and framed by the Gothic arch of the castle gate as he lifted his cap and shouted with a clear voice, in response to the Sheriff's "God save King George!" "God save King James!"

After these painful scenes Waverley rejoined his bride, and the two went to live in peace and quiet at Waverley-Honour with the old uncle, whose title and estates Waverley ultimately inherited. He never went to war again, but was fond of showing his children the claymore and pistols presented to him by Bonnie Prince Charlie in the halls of Holyrood.

When Donald Bean Lean was hanged, it came out that it was by Rose's orders that he had rescued Waverley from the Covenanters, and that the Prince, hearing of Donald's exploit, had directed that the young man be turned over to his officers and brought to Edinburgh, rightly judging that a personal interview might win him to the Stuart cause. It was Donald also who had stolen Waverley's seal the night he slept in the robbers' cave, and with it had seduced Waverley's followers in Gardiner's Dragoons from their allegiance.

GUY MANNERING: OR, THE ASTROLOGER (1815)

This, the second of the *Waverley Novels*, was published seven months after *Waverley*. The scene is in Galloway, a former division of southwestern Scotland, on the borders of England, from which it is separated by the Solway Firth, and north of the Isle of Man. It corresponds nearly to the present counties of Wigtown and Kirkcudbright. The events are supposed to take place in the years 1750–1770, in the reigns of George II and George III. The prototype of Meg Merrilies was a gipsy named Jean Gordon, of Kirk Yetholm, a village in the Cheviot Hills, near the English border. Dirk Hatteraick is drawn from a Dutch skipper called Yawkins, well known on the coast of Galloway as master of a smuggling lugger named *Black Prince*. One of his favorite landing-places was at the entrance of the Dee and the Cree, near the old castle of Rueberry, where a large cave is now called Dirk Hatteraick's Cave. The Rev. George Thomson, son of the minister of Melrose, who acted as tutor at Abbotsford, is said to have given the author many personal features for the character of Dominie Sampson. *Guy Mannering* was dramatized in 1816 by Daniel Terry, and played with great success.

GUY MANNERING, a young English gentleman just out of Oxford, belated while traveling in Galloway, sought hospitality at Ellangowan, the seat of Godfrey Bertram, who had succeeded to a long pedigree and a short rent-roll. The Bertrams, formerly heads of a numerous tribe called Mac-Dingawaie, who had adopted a Norman surname, had gradually sunk into a subordinate position. Godfrey Bertram, the present owner, looked upon by the gentry as a degraded brother, was a favorite with the lower classes, who on all possible occasions took advantage of his good nature, turning their cattle into his parks, stealing his wood, and shooting his game. Pedlers, gipsies, tinkers, vagrants of all descriptions, roosted about his outhouses or harbored in his kitchen, the laird finding recompense for his hospitality by questioning them on the news of the countryside.

The New Place of Ellangowan, hard by the Old Place—a turreted and ruined mansion of considerable extent overlooking the sea—was a modern house of three stories. Mannering was

hospitably welcomed by the laird, who explained the absence of the lady of the house by saying that an heir to the estate was momentarily expected. Besides the laird, the only other occupant of the drawing-room was a tall, gaunt, awkward figure, in a threadbare suit of black, who was introduced as Dominie Sampson. Abel Sampson, whose poor parents had nearly starved that their son might "wag his pow in a pulpit," had been graduated at Glasgow College, where he was the butt of his companions. His long, sallow visage, goggle eyes, and huge under-jaw, and his harsh, dissonant voice, added fresh subject for mirth to his tormentors, to whose gibes he was never known to retort. In time he was admitted to the privileges of a preacher, but from bashfulness he failed at his first appearance in a pulpit, and after trying teaching a while, he took refuge at Ellangowan, where he made himself useful by copying accounts and writing letters.

While Bertram was explaining to his guest the peculiar circumstances in which he had found the family, he was interrupted by the entrance of a gipsy woman, called Meg Merrilies. She was full six feet high, wore a man's greatcoat over her dress, and had in her hand a sloethorn cudgel. Her dark elf-locks flew out of an old-fashioned bonnet, heightening the effect of her strong and weather-beaten features, while her eye had a wild roll that indicated real or affected insanity.

"Aweel, Ellangowan," she said, "wad it no hae been a bonnie thing an the leddy had been brought to bed and me at the fair o' Drumshourloch, no kenning nor dreaming a word about it? Now, laird, will ye no order me a tass o' brandy? Some o' ye maun lay down your watch, an' tell me the very minute o' the hour the wean's born, an I'll spae its fortune."

"Aye, but, Meg, we shall not want your assistance, for here's a student from Oxford that kens much better than you how to spae its fortune; he does it by the stars."

"Certainly, sir," said Mannering, entering into the simple humor of his host, "I will calculate his nativity according to the rule of the 'triplicities,' as recommended by Pythagoras, Hippocrates, Diocles, and Avicenna."

Shortly afterward news was brought that the lady had presented her husband with a fine boy, and while Mr. Bertram

hastened up-stairs and Meg descended to the kitchen, Mannering, noting on his watch the hour and minute of the birth, gravely requested the Dominie to conduct him to some place where he could observe the heavenly bodies. The schoolmaster threw open a half-sashed door and led him to a terraced walk behind the house, communicating with the platform on which were the ruins of the ancient castle. Mannering saw that Ellangowan Castle stood upon a promontory that formed one side of a small bay, the opposite shore of which was wooded. It was an hour after midnight, the moon was high, and the planets were easily distinguishable from the inferior stars. After enjoying the scene a while, he noted the position of the principal heavenly bodies and returned to the house.

On the following morning he calculated the nativity of the heir of Ellangowan, partly to keep up appearances and partly from curiosity to know whether he still remembered and could practise the imaginary science that had once interested him. The result showed that three periods in the child's life would be particularly hazardous—his fifth, his tenth, and his twenty-first year. Mannering had once before tried a similar piece of foolery at the instance of Sophia Wellwood, a young lady to whom he was attached, and he was struck with the coincidence that the same year threatened her with the same misfortune presaged to the infant whom that night had introduced into the world.

When he had finished his work he walked out on the terrace and entered the ruins of the old castle. Hearing a voice singing, he peeped through an aperture in the wall and saw the same gipsy he had seen the night before sitting on a stone in the angle of a paved apartment, with a distaff and spindle in her hand. As she spun, she sang what seemed to be a charm. Mannering was about to speak to her when a hoarse voice called:

"Meg, Meg Merrilies! Gipsy—hag—tausend deyvils!"

"I'm coming, Captain," answered Meg, as the impatient commander came into view.

He was a seafaring man with a bronzed countenance and a thick-set, muscular frame. A surly and savage scowl darkened features that would have been harsh and unpleasant under any circumstances.

"Where are you, Mother Deyvilson? Donner and blitzen! Come, bless the goods and the voyage, and be cursed to ye for a hag of Satan!"

At this moment he observed Mannering and made a motion as if to draw a weapon. As the gipsy joined him, he questioned her in an undertone; then, as his visage cleared up: "The top of the morning to you, sir. I find you are a visitor to my friend, Mr. Bertram."

"And you, sir, I presume, are the master of that vessel in the bay?"

"Ay, ay, sir; I am Captain Dirk Hatteraick, of the *Yungfrauw Hagenslaapen.* I am not ashamed of my name nor of my vessel."

There was a mixture of impudence and of suspicious fear about the man that was inexpressibly disgusting. His manners were those of a ruffian; and, after a surly good morning, he retired with the gipsy down a narrow stair leading to the seaside, where he embarked in a small boat with two men.

"There goes Captain Dirk Hatteraick," said Bertram, joining his guest, "half Manx, half Dutchman, half devil! That fellow, Mr. Mannering, is the terror of all the excise and the custom-house cruisers; they can make nothing of him; he drubs them, or he distances them, half smuggler and half pirate."

"But, my good sir, I wonder he has any protection and encouragement on this coast."

"Why, Mr. Mannering, people must have brandy and tea, and there's none in the country but what comes this way. Besides, you'll be surprised to hear it, I'm not a justice of the peace."

Before Mannering departed, he delivered to Mr. Bertram the nativity of his son, requesting him to keep it for five years with the seal unbroken, until the expiration of the month of November. Mr. Bertram promised this, and Mannering, to insure his fidelity, hinted at misfortunes that would certainly take place if his injunctions were neglected.

Mrs. Bertram's first employment, when able to work, was to sew the nativity between two slips of parchment and enclose it in a little velvet bag, which she hung as a charm around her

infant's neck, resolved that it should remain there until the period for satisfying her curiosity should arrive.

About four years later a political overturn in the county in which Ellangowan was situated made Mr. Bertram a justice of the peace, and Gilbert Glossin, his agent, a clerk of the peace. Bertram, seized with a new-born zeal of office, endeavored to express his sense of the honor conferred upon him by activity in the discharge of his duty. He detected poachers, orchard-breakers, and pigeon-shooters, and determined that all beggars, pedlers, and gipsies should leave the county. A tribe of these itinerants, to whom Meg Merrilies belonged, had long been settled in the glen of Derncleugh on his estate. The laird began a crusade against this village; and the gipsies, without scruple, adopted measures of retaliation. Ellangowan's hen-roosts were plundered, his fishings poached, his linen stolen, his growing trees girdled. Warrants were now sent out without mercy; Meg's nephew was convicted and sent to the press-gang, two children were soundly flogged, and one matron was sent to the house of correction.

While this war was in progress Harry Bertram approached his fifth birthday. He was a hardy and lively child, and was acquainted with every dell and dingle around Ellangowan. He clambered over the ruins of the old castle, and more than once had made a stolen visit to the hamlet at Derncleugh. On these occasions he was usually brought back by Meg, who apparently did not extend her resentment to the child, however she might feel toward the father.

Though the laird had determined to put an end to the gipsy village, certain qualms of feeling deterred him from attending to it in person, so he entrusted the business to Frank Kennedy, a supervisor of the excise, while he rode away to visit a friend. But it so happened that, on his return, he met the little procession of his late tenants leaving the homes they had known so long. His sensations, as he saw their sullen faces, were bitter enough, and he felt a natural yearning of heart on parting with so many familiar faces, but he did not stop to speak. As he rode on, Meg Merrilies, who had lagged behind the troupe, suddenly appeared on a high bank beside the road, like a sibyl in frenzy, and stretching out a sapling bough in her hand, said:

"Ride your ways, Laird of Ellangowan! This day have ye quenched seven smoking hearths; see if the fire in your ain parlor burn the blyther for that. Ye have riven the thack off seven cottar houses; look if your ain roof-tree stand the faster. Ride your ways, Godfrey Bertram; what do ye glower after our folk for? There's thirty hearts that would have spent their life-blood ere ye had scratched a finger. Yes, there's thirty, from the auld wife of an hundred to the babe that was born last week, that ye have turned out to sleep with the black-cock in the muirs! Our bairns are hinging at our weary backs; look that your braw cradle at hame be the fairer spread up. Ride your ways, for these are the last words ye'll ever hear Meg Merrilies speak; and this is the last reise that I'll ever cut in the bonny woods of Ellangowan."

She broke the sapling she held and flung it into the road, and strode away after the caravan; and Ellangowan rode pensively home.

A few days after the departure of the gipsies, Mr. Bertram asked his wife one morning whether this was not Harry's birthday.

"Five years auld exactly, this blessed day," she answered, "so we may look into the English gentleman's paper."

"No, my dear, not till to-morrow. A term-day is not begun till it is ended. Frank Kennedy has gone to Wigton to warn a king's ship that Dirk Hatteraick's lugger is on the coast again. He'll be back this day, and we'll have a bottle of claret and drink little Harry's health. There he comes now, galloping up the avenue."

Kennedy called out to Bertram that a sloop-of-war was in hot chase of Dirk, whose lugger could be seen from the top of the castle, trying to double the headland.

"They'll lose her, by ——!" he exclaimed. "I must gallop away to the Point of Warroch, and signal to them. Good-by for an hour, Ellangowan. Get out the gallon punch-bowl, and we'll drink the young laird's health when I return."

About a mile from the house, Kennedy met Dominie Sampson coming from a walk with little Harry. The boy, who had often been promised a ride on Kennedy's galloway, loudly claimed his promise, and Kennedy, partly to tease the Dom-

inie, who remonstrated, caught the boy up and rode away with him.

Hours passed, and Kennedy's horse came back to the stable alone. Then the search began, tenants and cottagers taking part in it on shore, while boats were manned to search the coast. When the short November day was drawing to a close, the dead body of Kennedy was found at the foot of the high rocks on Warroch Point, but no trace of the boy was discovered.

The anathema of Meg Merrilies fell heavy on Bertram's mind. "Restore my bairn," he cried, "and all shall be forgot and forgiven!"

Meanwhile the news of Kennedy's fate had been incautiously told at Ellangowan until it reached Mrs. Bertram's ears, and when Godfrey Bertram returned home, he found himself a widower and the father of a female infant.

Seventeen years later, Colonel Mannering, just home from India, where he had won wealth and reputation, heard at the Gordon Arms at Kippletringan that fate had dealt hardly with the Bertrams, and that Ellangowan was for sale. He sent for Mr. Mac-Morlan, sheriff-substitute of the county, learned from him the facts concerning Harry's disappearance on his fifth birthday, thus verifying his random prediction, and also that, in the absence of heirs male, the purchaser of the estate would have the privilege of retaining a large portion of the price contingent on the reappearance of the heir. The sale was forced by the largest creditor, Gilbert Glossin, who had been Mr. Bertram's agent and had forced himself into the management of the affairs by means best known to himself, who undoubtedly intended to get possession of the estate without paying down the price.

The next morning Colonel Mannering rode to Ellangowan and found Mr. Bertram, a paralytic and almost incapable of moving, in an easy chair on the green before the old castle. Behind him stood Dominie Sampson, whom he at once recognized, and at his side a young woman of about seventeen and a handsome young man who appeared to share Miss Bertram's anxiety for the invalid.

The young man stepped forward to meet him, as if to prevent his nearer approach to the distressed group. Mannering

paused and explained that he was a stranger to whom Mr. Bertram had formerly shown kindness and hospitality, and had come at a time of distress to offer such services as might be in his power to the young lady and her father. At this, the young lady advanced timidly and said, with tears in her eyes, that her father, she feared, was not so much himself as to be able to remember him; that they were even then waiting for the carriage that was to bear them away from their home.

While she was speaking, Glossin came up the bank from below. Mr. Bertram started up as he saw him, and cried:

"Out of my sight, ye viper! ye frozen viper, that I warmed till ye stung me! Were ye not friendless, houseless, penniless when I took ye by the hand; and are ye not expelling me—me and that innocent girl—from the house that has sheltered us for a thousand years?"

Mr. Bertram's debilitated frame was exhausted by this last effort of indignant anger, and he sank back into his chair and expired almost without a struggle. The sale was postponed until after the funeral, and Miss Lucy Bertram found a temporary home with her nearest relative, Miss Margaret Bertram, of Singleside. Colonel Mannering, who was called away, promised Mr. Mac-Morlan to be back on the day of sale; but the day arrived and neither he nor any message came, and the estate fell into the hands of Glossin. That same evening an express arrived, "very particularly drunk," as the maid-servant said, with a packet from Colonel Mannering, dated four days back, containing full powers to Mac-Morlan to purchase the property, and saying that some important family business had called him to Westmoreland.

Colonel Mannering had had a somewhat sad history. His father, the eldest son of an ancient but reduced family, had left him little save the name of head of the house. He married a poor girl, Sophia Wellwood, and went with his regiment to India. His wife was as gay as she was innocent, and loved attention. A young man named Brown, who had joined the regiment as a volunteer, behaved with such gallantry as to win a commission. Colonel Mannering was absent some weeks from home, and when he returned he found Brown established as quite a friend of the family and an habitual attendant of

his wife and daughter. His suspicions of this intimacy were aroused by another cadet, who was jealous of Brown's advancement, and the result was a quarrel and a duel in which Brown fell at the first fire. Mannering strove to assist him, but an attack was made on the party by native banditti, and he and his second escaped by cutting their way through them. Mrs. Mannering, who had suspected her husband's design and had followed him, was captured by the natives and, though rescued by a party of cavalry, received such a shock that she died eight months afterward. His daughter Julia also became very ill; and as his uncle, Sir Paul Mannering, had died and left him sole heir and executor to his large fortune, he threw up his commission and returned to Europe. He afterward learned that Brown's attentions had been intended for the daughter rather than for the mother; but, though this mitigated in some degree his feelings toward the young man, it did not reconcile him to the thought of a more intimate relation with one bearing the plebeian name of Vanbeest Brown. When, therefore, he heard from the friend in Westmoreland, with whom Julia was visiting, that someone had been playing almost nightly under her window a Hindu air to which Julia was very partial, he immediately hastened thither.

With still an eye on the purchase of Ellangowan, which he had lost on account of this Westmoreland trip, and which MacMorlan believed that Glossin would be compelled to part with, Colonel Mannering hired an estate called Woodbourne, about three miles from Ellangowan, installed Julia in it as mistress, and invited Lucy Bertram to pay her a visit of several weeks. He also asked Dominie Sampson to become an inmate of his house, ostensibly to catalogue and put in order the library of his uncle, the bishop, which he had ordered sent down by sea.

Meanwhile Brown, who had recovered from his wound, had returned to England with his regiment, in which he now held the rank of captain. He had taken the name of Dawson in Westmoreland, so that Colonel Mannering was unable to identify him; and, as soon as he heard of the move northward, he followed, determined not to give up his quest as long as Julia left him a ray of hope. While tramping on foot through the wilds of Cumberland, he stopped for refreshment at a little ale-house,

where he fell in with a Scotch store-farmer named Dandie Dinmont, who was talking with a tall gipsy called Meg Merrilies. When the latter saw him, she seized him by the hand and said:

"Tell me, in the name of God, young man, what is your name and whence you came?"

"My name is Brown, mother, and I came from the East Indies."

"From the East Indies! I am such an auld fool, everything I look on seems the thing I want maist to see. Well, be what ye will, ye hae a face and a tongue that puts me in mind of auld times."

Brown put a shilling into her hand and followed the route of the farmer, who was mounted on a stout galloway. Meg looked after him and muttered to herself:

"I maun see that lad again; and I maun see bonny Ellangowan again or I die. The laird's dead! Aweel, death pays a' scores."

Brown walked on across the moss until he reached a small rise, whence he saw below him Dinmont dismounted engaged with two men in a desperate struggle. Ere he could reach the spot, Dinmont had fallen, but the villains, seeing a new antagonist coming, fled across the bog. The farmer, recognizing Brown, as he arose, asked him to help catch the galloway, and the two mounting the horse galloped away just in time to escape several other villains who had joined company with the assailants and were seen coming across the moss. Dinmont now insisted on Brown's accompanying him to his home of Charlie's Hope, and hospitably entertained him there a fortnight before he would let him go. This led to a friendship, which afterward proved of great value to him.

Soon afterward Brown took refuge one night in a hut where Meg Merrilies was watching with a dying man. Meg recognized him at once and was about to warn him against entering, when voices were heard approaching. She hastily exclaimed:

"You are a dead man, if ye had as mony lives as hairs. Here, stir not, whatever ye see or hear, and nothing shall befall you."

She caused him to lie down under a heap of straw, and cov-

ered him with several old sacks. There he lay through much of the night, while the party, five men, drank spirits from a cask which they rolled out of a corner. Meg sat down in front of the spot where Brown lay, and pretended to go to sleep. Before daybreak a grave was dug near the cottage and the body was deposited in it. As soon as the men had gone Meg, who had risen from her feigned slumbers, returned and commanded Brown to follow her. She led him to the road to Kippletringan, and said, putting a purse into his hand:

"Make the speed ye can; there's mair rests on your life than on other folk's."

"How shall I repay this money, or acknowledge the kindness you have done me?"

"I hae twa boons to crave," said the gipsy. "Never speak of what you have seen this night, and leave word at the Gordon Arms where you are to be heard of, and promise that when I next call for you ye'll leave everything else and come with me."

"Well, mother, since you ask so useless and trifling a favor, you have my promise."

"Away, then, remember your promise, and do not dare to follow or look after me."

Brown had picked up a cutlass when he left the hut, but he thought it best to follow the gipsy's advice and hasten away. On opening the purse he was surprised to find in it gold to the value of at least a hundred pounds and several valuable rings and jewels.

As he was hastening on he came suddenly upon two ladies and a gentleman, followed by a servant. He stopped in astonishment at recognizing in one of the ladies Julia Mannering. The gentleman, evidently taking him for a footpad, snatched a gun from the servant, pointed it at Brown, and commanded him to stand off at his peril. Brown, thus menaced, sprang forward, grasped the fowling-piece and had nearly succeeded in wrenching it from the gentleman's grasp when it went off and the contents were lodged in the latter's shoulder. As he fell, Miss Mannering fainted, and Brown, seeing persons hastening to the scene, bounded over a hedge and disappeared. The gentleman, who proved to be Charles Hazlewood, the suitor of Lucy Bertram, was carried to Woodbourne, where he

declared that the gun went off by accident. But Sir Robert Hazlewood, Baronet, father of the young man, who had exaggerated notions of family dignity, thought otherwise; and Mr. Gilbert Glossin, now Laird of Ellangowan, thinking to ingratiate himself with the Baronet, procured the arrest of Brown, and had him arraigned before him and committed to the workhouse at Portauferry.

Glossin had recognized in Brown the long-lost Harry Bertram, heir to Ellangowan, and he at once sought Dirk Hatteraick, and persuaded him that his own safety lay in putting Bertram out of the way. He suggested that Hatteraick and his men should attack the prison at Portauferry and carry off Bertram, he promising to have the guard of soldiers removed.

Bertram, confined at Portauferry, was surprised by a visit from Dandie Dinmont, who insisted on spending the night with him. An attack was made on the prison that night, some of the buildings were fired, and the prisoners were liberated. Dirk Hatteraick, at the head of the smugglers, sought Bertram and ordered two of his men to seize him. One whispered in his ear, "Make no resistance till you are in the street," and to Dinmont, "Follow your friend, and help when you see the time come."

As they reached the street, a noise was heard as of a body of horse approaching. Shots followed, and the glittering swords of the dragoons were seen over the heads of the rioters.

"Shake off that fellow, and follow me," said the man who held Bertram's left arm.

Bertram burst loose from the other, who tried to draw a pistol, but was felled by a blow of Dinmont's fist. The two followed their guide through a narrow lane, at the end of which was a post-chaise with four horses.

"Get in, gentlemen," said the guide; "in a short time you will be in a place of safety." And to Bertram: "Remember your promise to the gipsy wife!"

Colonel Mannering was conversing with Counselor Pleydell at Woodbourne, while awaiting the return of a post-chaise sent to Portauferry at the request of Meg Merrilies, when the carriage drove up and two persons alighted.

Pleydell, who knew Dandie Dinmont, cried out: "Here's our Liddesdale friend, and another of the same caliber."

The second person came into the glare of the lights and confounded everybody. Colonel Mannering saw before him the man he thought he had killed in India; Julia beheld her lover; and Lucy recognized the one that had shot young Hazlewood. Counselor Pleydell, looking earnestly at him, muttered: "The very image of old Ellangowan."

Just then Dominie Sampson, who had been studying in a corner, came forward and exclaimed, on beholding Bertram: "If the grave can give up the dead, that is my dear and honored master!"

"We're right, by Heaven! I was sure I was right," said the lawyer; "he is the very image of his father. But patience! Dominie, say not a word. Sit down, young gentleman."

Counselor Pleydell, now in his element, began a series of questions to settle Bertram's identity, all of which were answered satisfactorily, and he presently announced that he had no further doubts. Colonel Mannering, astonished, walked up to Bertram and said:

"Believe me, your appearance here as Mr. Brown, alive and well, has relieved me from most painful sensations; and your right to the name of an old friend renders your presence as Mr. Bertram doubly welcome."

The next day Lucy Bertram took her new-found brother to Gibbie's Knowe, which overlooked the Ellangowan estate, and pointed out the home of his fathers. While they were gazing, Dandie Dinmont came hastily, shouting:

"Captain, ye're wanted by her ye ken o'."

He was followed by Meg Merrilies, who said: "Remember your promise and follow me!"

Notwithstanding the protests of both Lucy and Julia, Bertram announced his promise to the gipsy, and he and Dinmont followed her. They led to the ruined hamlet of Derncleugh, where she armed them with pistols and bludgeons, and thence down to the shore where the corpse of Kennedy had been found. Hard by was the cave of the smugglers, in which Dirk Hatteraick was now hiding. As Bertram and Dinmont were following Meg, they were fortunately joined by Charles Hazlewood, who, at the request of the ladies, had ridden after the party. When Meg gave the signal Dinmont threw himself on Hatteraick,

who, seeing himself betrayed, fired a pistol at Meg. As she fell with a piercing shriek, Bertram sprang to Dinmont's aid, but stumbled in time to escape a second pistol-shot, when Hazlewood rushed in and aided in securing the ruffian. While Bertram attended to the gipsy's wound, and Dinmont guarded the prisoner, Hazlewood rode away and brought assistance. Meg soon died of her wound. When Dirk Hatteraick was searched various papers were found on him implicating Glossin in his smuggling operations and in the murder of Frank Kennedy. The two were committed to the county jail, with an order that they be confined in separate apartments. But Glossin, who knew that his fate was bound up with Hatteraick's, bribed the jailer to permit him to stay all night with the smuggler in his cell. In the morning, when Mac-Guffog went early to return him to his own cell, he found Glossin's dead body on the floor, and Hatteraick quietly lying on his pallet within a yard of him. Hatteraick asked for writing materials and to be left alone for two hours. When he was again visited it was found that he had anticipated justice, and had strangled himself with his bed-cord. A letter written to his house in Holland, containing allusions to the younker of Ellangowan, helped to confirm Meg Merrilies's story and to establish the identity of Brown and Bertram. As Glossin died without heirs, Harry Bertram succeeded to the estates as heir of entail, and paid off his father's debts with money left by Miss Bertram of Singleside, who had lately died, making him her heir.

THE ANTIQUARY (1816)

This story, the third of the *Waverley Novels*, is intended to illustrate the manners of Scotland during the last ten years of the eighteenth century, in the reign of George III. The scene is laid in a seaport town on the northeastern coast of Scotland, which is called by the author Fairport, but which has no place on the map. The character of Jonathan Oldbuck, who gives the title to the story, was partly founded on that of an old friend of Scott's youth, said to have been George Constable, of Wallace Craigie, near Dundee. Edie Ochiltree, the old Bedesman or Blue-Gown, was suggested by a mendicant named Andrew Gemmells, long known in the vales of Tweed, Ettrick, and Yarrow, a remarkably fine figure of military address, whose character and wit secured him a kind reception almost everywhere. The King's Bedesmen were the aristocracy of beggars, an order of paupers to whom the kings of Scotland were accustomed to distribute a certain alms, and who were expected in return to pray for the royal welfare and that of the state. The number of Blue-Gowns corresponded to the number of the king's years, one being put on the roll at each royal birthday. At the same time each received a new light-blue gown and a pewter badge, the latter giving the privilege of asking alms through all Scotland.

JONATHAN OLDBUCK, Laird of Monkbarns, an estate near Fairport, became acquainted, in a journey home from Edinburgh, with a young gentleman named Lovel, whose personality attracted and interested him. Lovel, who called himself the son of a North-of-England gentleman, announced that he might remain at Fairport several weeks if he found the place agreeable, and Monkbarns recommended him to a widow who had rooms to let, though he cautioned her that he knew nothing of the young man and would not guarantee any bills he might contract.

Monkbarns, as he was usually called, had invited Lovel to visit him, and after awaiting the arrival of his baggage from Edinburgh, the young man set out to pay his respects to his fellow-traveler. He found him in an irregular, old-fashioned building, part of a grange connected with a former monastery, in which the monks had stored their grain, whence came the name applied to it by the present proprietor. The family of

Oldenbuck—by popular contraction Oldbuck—descended from an early German printer, had been settled for several generations as landholders in the county, and had always been steady asserters of the Protestant successsion among an almost uniformly Jacobite gentry. Jonathan, who had succeeded to the estate on the death of his father and an elder brother, obtained with it sufficient means to subsist comfortably without the hated drudgery of the law, for which he had been educated, and was looked upon with envy by the burghers of the town. The country gentlemen, generally above him in fortune and beneath him in intellect, had little intercourse with him, there being, however, one exception, Sir Arthur Wardour, of Knockwinnock Castle, with whom he lived on terms of intimacy. Monkbarn's immediate family consisted of a sister, Griselda, and a niece, Mary M'Intyre, daughter of another sister who had married a Highland soldier and died of grief at his death in India. A nephew, Captain Hector M'Intyre, Mary's brother, was with his regiment.

Lovel found Mr. Oldbuck in his den, a lofty room obscurely lighted by high, narrow, latticed windows, with one end filled with book-shelves and with tables, chairs, and floor littered with a chaos of maps, engravings, bundles of papers, pieces of old armor, swords, dirks, helmets, and Highland targets. Amid this medley it was no easy matter to find one's way to a chair without stumbling over a folio or overturning some piece of ancient British or Roman pottery. Mr. Oldbuck showed Lovel his treasures, giving the history of each piece, and discoursing as only an antiquary can on its merits; and when the young man rose to take his leave he prepared to accompany him part of the way. He led his visitor through meadows to an open heath or common, and thence to the top of a gentle eminence, which he believed was the scene of the final conflict between Agricola and the Caledonians. He had secured this barren spot for his own by giving in exchange for it acre for acre of good corn-land; but he felt amply repaid, as it was of national interest. He had trenched the ground and found a most interesting stone, bearing a sacrificial vessel and the inscribed letters A. D. L. L., which he believed to stand for *Agricola Dicavit Libens Lubens.*

While he was pointing out the various parts that he had succeeded in verifying, an old man in a blue gown and a long, white beard came up behind them and stood listening to Monkbarn's discourse. As the antiquary was talking volubly about the prætorium, the mendicant interrupted with: "Pretorian here, pretorian there! I mind the bigging o't."

"The devil you do, Edie! You old fool, it was here before you were born."

"Here or awa, I mind the bigging o't."

"You strolling old vagabond," said the antiquary, stammering between confusion and anger, "what the devil do you know about it?"

"I ken this, Monkbarns, that about twenty years syne, I and the mason-lads that built the lang dike just built this bit thing here ye ca' the pretorian—just for a bield at auld Aiken Drum's bridal. Mair by token, if ye howk up the bourock, as ye seem to ha' begun, ye'll find a stane that ane o' the mason laddies cut a ladle on, and four letters, that's A. D. L. L., Aiken Drum's Lang Ladle, for Aiken was ane o' the kale-suppers o' Fife."

Lovel ventured to steal a glance at the antiquary, but quickly withdrew it in sheer compassion.

"There's some mistake about this," said Oldbuck, abruptly turning away from the mendicant.

"Deil a bit on my side o' the wa'," answered Edie Ochiltree. "Has your honor any word for Sir Arthur, for I'll come in by Knockwinnock Castle by e'en?"

"No—or stay, if you go to Knockwinnock, say nothing about that foolish story of yours. Provoking scoundrel," he muttered to himself. "I'll have the hangman's lash and his back acquainted for this!"

Shortly afterward, Monkbarns invited Sir Arthur and his daughter, Miss Isabel Wardour, to dine with him, and asked his new friend Lovel to meet them. When Lovel was introduced to Miss Wardour he blushed and showed some confusion, which Miss Griselda attributed to her brother's humorous way of enlarging on his merits. After the dinner Sir Arthur, who had had a spirited contest with his host on their respective ancestry, set out for home with his daughter. Preferring to walk,

in his angry mood, he discharged his carriage, and the two followed the sands toward Knockwinnock.

An hour later, Oldbuck was disturbed in his den by news that Sir Arthur and Miss Wardour had been seen to turn down by Mussel Craig. Consulting the Fairport Almanac, he shouted, as he ran out: "The tide! the tide! To go by the sands! Was ever such madness? Call the gardener and plowman. Bring ropes and ladders to the top of the cliffs, and halloo down to them!"

Meanwhile Sir Arthur and his daughter paced along the moist hard sand at the foot of the cliffs, enjoying the romantic scene, when Miss Wardour noticed that the wind was rising and the clouds were assuming an angry aspect.

"I wish we had kept the road," she said, as she saw a person ahead on the beach making signs which the haze prevented them from understanding. As the man came nearer, Sir Andrew recognized Edie Ochiltree.

"Turn back! turn back!" shouted the vagrant. "Why did ye not turn when I waved to you?"

"We thought we could get round Halket Head," replied Sir Arthur.

"Halket Head! The tide was comin' in three feet abreast twenty minutes since. We will maybe get back by Ballyburgh Ness Point. The Lord help us, it's our only chance."

They struggled on, but when they reached the place from which they ought to have seen the crag, it was lost amid a thousand white breakers.

"My father! my dear father!" cried his daughter, clinging to him. "And you too, who have lost your own life in trying to save ours!"

"That's not worth the counting," said the old man. "What signifies it how the auld gaberlunzie dies?"

"Good man," said Sir Arthur, "can you think of nothing? I'll make you rich—I'll give you a farm—"

"Our riches will soon be equal," said Edie, looking on the waste of waters.

But even when they had given up hope, shouts were heard from the cliffs above, a rope was let down and Lovel descended to a ledge above them. With Edie's aid he succeeded in raising

both Isabella and her father to the ledge, where they were out of reach of the billows. Lovel was about to climb up the rope again to seek more assistance, when shouts above told them that help had arrived. Oldbuck, with Steenie Mucklebackit and others, had discovered them, and rigging a mast and tackle carrying an armchair they soon raised the whole party to the top of the cliff. Lovel, who was the last to go up, looked eagerly for her who had been saved through his efforts, but he saw only her white garments vanishing in the distance.

Monkbarns insisted on Lovel's returning home with him, and the next day took him to Knockwinnock to inquire after Sir Arthur and his daughter. Miss Wardour, notwithstanding her fatigue, had been able to rise at her usual hour. To look on the events of the preceding day was to her a very unpleasing retrospect. She had met Lovel some time before at York, and had unceasingly labored to discourage his romantic passion. And now she owed her life, and that of her father, to him by whom of all others she wished least to be obliged.

"Why," she thought, "should chance have given him this advantage over me? And why should a half-subdued feeling in my own bosom, in spite of my sober reason, almost rejoice that he has attained it?"

While she taxed herself with this wayward caprice, old Edie Ochiltree appeared in response to her request of the night before. After thanking him, for herself and her father, for his efforts in their behalf, she expressed a desire to give him a home at the castle for life, or a neat cottage and a garden; but the old man persistently declined all her offers, saying that he never could "bide the staying still in ae place. But there's ae thing maybe—but ye'll think it's very bauld o' the like o' me to speak o't."

"What is it, Edie? If it respects you it shall be done, if it is in my power."

"It respects yoursell, and it is in your power. Dinna sneer awa the lad Lovel. Be canny wi' the lad, for he lo'es ye weel, and it's to him, and no to onything I could have done for you that Sir Arthur and you wan ower yestreen."

He spoke these words in a low but distinct voice, and went away without waiting for an answer.

While Miss Wardour stood agitated by the old mendicant's words, she saw Oldbuck and Lovel enter the court. When she went into the drawing-room, Lovel was there alone, Oldbuck having stopped in the hall to examine some mineral specimens.

"I had no thought of intruding," said Lovel, speaking with hesitation and suppressed emotion, "upon Sir Arthur or Miss Wardour the presence of one who—who must necessarily be unwelcome—"

"Do not think my father so unjust and ungrateful," she replied. "I daresay—I am certain—that he would be happy to show his gratitude. Could Mr. Lovel see me without his own peace being affected—could he see me as a friend—as a sister—no man will be—and, from all I have heard of Mr. Lovel, ought to be—more welcome—but—"

"It is enough, Miss Wardour; I see plainly that—"

"Mr. Lovel, you are hurt, and, believe me, I sympathize with you; but without my father's consent I never will entertain the addresses of anyone; and the removal of his objections is impossible. I entreat you to suppress this unfortunate attachment, and to resume the honorable line of the profession which you seem to have abandoned."

"Your wishes shall be obeyed, Miss Wardour. Have patience with me one little month, and if I cannot then show such reasons for continuing at Fairport as even you shall approve of, I will bid adieu to it and to all my hopes of happiness."

Their conversation was interrupted by Mr. Oldbuck, who, having expressed a wish to see Sir Arthur, was conducted to him by Miss Wardour.

"You met this young gentleman in Edinburgh, I believe?" said the Baronet. "My daughter is an older acquaintance than you are."

"Indeed! I was not aware of that."

"I met Mr. Lovel," said Isabella, coloring slightly, "when in Yorkshire with my aunt, Mrs. Wilmot."

"What character did he bear then, and how was he engaged?" asked Oldbuck.

"He had a commission in the army, and was much respected," said Miss Wardour.

"And why did you not speak to the lad at once when you met him at my house?" persisted the antiquary.

"There was a reason for it," said Sir Arthur, with dignity. "The young gentleman is, it seems, the illegitimate son of a man of fortune, and my daughter did not choose to renew the acquaintance till she knew whether I approved of it."

"Ah! poor lad!" said Oldbuck. "That is the reason he seemed absent and confused when I talked about the bend of bastardy on a shield. I hope, Sir Arthur, you will not think the less of your life because it has been preserved by such assistance."

"My doors and table shall be equally open to him as if he had descended of the most unblemished lineage."

Sir Arthur Wardour, oppressed with debt, had listened to the offers of a German, one Herman Dousterswivel, who promised to rehabilitate his fortune by the discovery on his estate of mines, through magic processes. A company had been formed and considerable sums of money had been raised on Sir Arthur's guarantee. Oldbuck himself had been foolish enough, as he told Lovel, to invest money in the company, having been impressed with the belief that the Phœnicians had mined in the neighborhood for copper.

Shortly after the rescue of Sir Arthur and his daughter, the Baronet, desiring to do something for Mr. Lovel, proposed a picnic in the ruins of the Abbey of St. Ruth on his estate, the company to dine and to pass the evening at Knockwinnock. The day of the excursion proved beautiful, and everything would have passed off pleasantly but for the arrival of Captain Hector M'Intyre, who, finding a stranger received on so intimate a footing in the family, pressed Lovel with questions concerning himself, which he very properly resented. M'Intyre, impetuous and hot-headed, and with an exalted opinion of his own and his family's importance, challenged Lovel. The challenge was promptly accepted by Lovel, who secured the services of Lieutenant Taffril, an officer of a gunbrig then in the roadstead. When the parties met near the ruins of St. Ruth, they found sitting there old Edie Ochiltree, and M'Intyre asked haughtily: "What has this old fellow to do here?"

"I am an auld fellow," said Edie, "but I am also an auld soldier o' your father's, for I served wi' him in the Forty-second."

"Serve where you please, you have no title to intrude on us," and with this Hector raised his cane as if to strike him.

"Haud down your switch, Captain M'Intyre," cried the old man. "I'll take muckle frae your father's son, but no a touch o' the wand while my pike-staff will haud thegither."

"Well, well, I am wrong," said M'Intyre. "Here's a crown for you; go your ways."

But old Edie drew back proudly and said: "I'm a puir man, but I'm an auld man too; and what my poverty takes awa' frae the weight o' my counsel, gray hairs and a truthfu' heart should add it twenty times. Gang hame, gang hame, like gude lads; the French will be ower to harry us ane o' thae days, and ye'll hae feighting eneugh."

Lieutenant Taffril added his suggestion that the affair had gone far enough; but M'Intyre replied coldly: "Gentlemen, all this should have been thought of before."

Lovel, too, requested that preliminaries should be hastened, and notwithstanding the entreaties of Ochiltree, the combatants took their places, and the signal was given. Lovel was unhurt, but M'Intyre reeled and fell.

"I believe I have enough," he said, "and I fear I deserve it. Mr. Lovel, fly and save yourself. Forgive my rudeness, and I forgive you my death. My poor sister!"

"He is right," exclaimed Taffril. "Get into the wood till night. My brig will then be under sail. At three in the morning I will have a boat waiting for you at Mussel Craig."

"Come with me," said Edie, and he led the way into the wood.

Lovel followed the mendicant by a rugged path to the cliff, where the two entered a cave by a narrow fissure, which Edie explained was known to but two besides himself. When night came, Edie led him into an inner part of the cave, removed some loose stones and showed a staircase leading to a narrow passage and a place fitted with a stone seat, overlooking the chancel of the old church. About midnight voices were heard

in the chancel below, and, peeping through the openings, they saw two men enter, one carrying a lantern. Lovel, who recognized them as Dousterswivel and Sir Arthur Wardour, watched them with the greatest interest. The German built a little fire and, throwing on it a handful of some bituminous substance that burned with a pungent odor, began certain exorcisms. Finally, after Sir Arthur had expressed considerable impatience, Dousterswivel led him to a flat monument, exclaiming:

"Mine patrons, it is here. Gott save us all!"

The two, with the aid of a lever, raised the stone, and the German, after a few strokes with a mattock, found something that he handed to Sir Arthur.

"This is indeed good luck," said the Baronet, as he examined the contents of the case or casket. "If we can repeat this experiment—say when the moon next changes—I will hazard the necessary advance."

As they hastily replaced the stone and hurried away, Edie exclaimed: "Saw onybody e'er the like o' that! He wants to wile him out o' his last guinea, and then escape to his ain country, the landlouper!"

When the time came to expect Lieutenant Taffril's boat, Edie led Lovel to the appointed place and found the officer awaiting them. Lovel assured the old man of his gratitude and giving him a friendly shake of the hand entered the boat and was soon on board the brig.

About a week after Lovel's departure Sir Arthur went with Dousterswivel to Oldbuck, showed him the treasure found in St. Ruth's, a horn, with a copper cover, filled with gold and silver coins, and asked for a loan to make another discovery. The antiquary told Dousterswivel that he was liable to suffer punishment by pillory and imprisonment as a common cheat and impostor, and suggested that the better way to find treasure, if any were in St. Ruth's, was to dig up the whole of the interior.

"Mine Heaven, Mr. Oldenbuck!" exclaimed the German, "I tell you so plain as I can speak dat if you go now you will get not so much treasure as one poor shabby sixpence."

But Oldbuck persisted, and the party, procuring implements

for digging, repaired to St. Ruth's, where they were joined by Edie Ochiltree.

"If your honors wad but take a puir body's advice, I'd begin below that muckle stane there," he said, pointing to the one that he and Lovel had seen raised before.

"I have some reason for thinking favorably of that plan myself," said the Baronet.

The tombstone was raised and the earth under it was thrown out to the depth of five feet, without results.

"Hout, lad," said Edie, "let me try. Ye're good seekers, but ill finders."

Edie struck his pikestaff down, and as it met with resistance, labor was resumed and before long a chest was unearthed and brought to the surface. When the lid was forced up by the pickax, it was found to be filled with ingots of silver. Sir Arthur was overjoyed, for the silver apparently represented a value of a thousand pounds, but the antiquary looked with some suspicion on the discovery.

When Monkbarns was on his way home he met, coming out of old Elspeth Mucklebackit's cottage, a man whom he had not seen for years, Lord William Geraldin, who had lately become Earl of Glenallan through the decease of his mother, the Countess Joscelind. He would have passed him by, for he had always held him in some degree responsible for the death of a young lady, Miss Eveline Neville, whom Oldbuck had met at Knockwinnock Castle, and in whom he had become interested. But when the Earl, whose countenance bore marks of suffering, begged an interview and asked his opinion on a story he had just heard from old Elspeth, his interest was aroused and he sat down and listened to him.

In his youth Lord Geraldin had fallen in love with Miss Neville, who had been brought up in Glenallan House, and concerning whom there was some mystery, she being generally supposed to be the daughter of a cousin of the late Earl. This attachment was frowned upon by the Countess, whose hatred of Miss Neville became so intense that the young woman was forced to take refuge in Knockwinnock Castle, where a secret marriage took place between her and Lord Geraldin. To prevent such a union, which the Countess feared, but of which she

knew nothing, she circulated a report that Miss Neville was the daughter of her husband, the late Earl, and consequently sister to Lord Geraldin. When this fearful disclosure reached Lord Geraldin's ears he fled in horror from the house, and his wife threw herself into the sea. Long afterward Lord Geraldin, recovered from an illness that threatened his life, returned to a desolate home, where he had since passed a wretched existence.

Old Elspeth's story was substantially as follows: As Elspeth Cheyne, she had been an attendant of Countess Joscelind's, but with her death her allegiance ceased, and now regarding Lord Geraldin as head of the house, she desired to tell him before her death of certain things he ought to know. She averred that she rescued Eveline when she threw herself into the sea, and bore her to her cottage, where she died in giving birth to a male child. When the Countess heard of this she sent for Elspeth and gave her a golden bodkin with orders to use it in getting rid of the infant, which had been left in charge of Teresa, a Spanish servant; but when she reached her cottage, she found only the corpse. Teresa and the infant were gone.

"I well remember my inquiries concerning the events of that deplorable evening," said Monkbarns, "that a child and a woman were carried from the cottage in a carriage and four by your brother, Edward Geraldin Neville, whose journey toward England I traced for several stages. It is very possible that the child still lives."

"I have always lived in the belief that the story set afloat by my mother concerning Eveline's parentage was true; but as Elspeth says it was a lie, a great load has been taken off my mind. I shall now devote my life to find out the fate of my son."

Oldbuck's heart went out to him when he heard his sad story, and he promised all the aid in his power; and first, he suggested that he should write to an old steward of his father's, who had acted in a similar capacity for his brother Neville.

The affairs of Sir Arthur went on from bad to worse, the aid received from the chest of silver having been but temporary.

One day Oldbuck and Hector, who had recovered from his wound, found the sheriff's officers in charge at Knockwinnock, engaged in making an inventory of goods sufficient to satisfy a large claim, and with orders to take the Baronet to prison in case the claim were not paid. Miss Wardour had prepared to accompany her father, when proceedings were stopped by the appearance of Edie Ochiltree with a letter from Sir Arthur's son, Reginald, addressed to Jonathan Oldbuck, Esq., enclosing bills to the amount of a thousand pounds and a document stopping all proceedings until the claim could be legally adjusted.

"As I owe the means of relieving Sir Arthur to the generosity of a matchless friend," the writer said, "I know your wisdom and kindness will see that it is done."

Old Edie also brought news of an expected invasion of the French, and that the beacon light on Halket Head had been made ready for lighting. Oldbuck ridiculed the idea of an attack; but a few nights later the beacons blazed from headland to headland, and everybody turned out to aid in repelling the enemy. Oldbuck buckled on the sword his father had worn in '45, and set out for Fairport with Hector and Sir Arthur, who, in his lieutenant's uniform, had stopped for them on the way. To their surprise, the Earl of Glenallan appeared at the head of a squadron of horse, followed by a regiment of his retainers in Highland dress, with their pipes playing in the van.

As morning broke a carriage containing two officers drove in from Edinburgh, announcing that the alarm was false, the watchman at Halket Head having been misled by a bonfire. As the officers alighted Sir Arthur was surprised to recognize in the younger one his son, Captain Reginald Wardour; and Oldbuck was still more surprised when he beheld in the handsome uniform of Major Neville, the superior officer, the person and features of his old friend Lovel.

After the greetings were over, Oldbuck was drawn aside by Lord Glenallan, who asked excitedly: "For God's sake, who is that gentleman, so strikingly like—"

"Like the unfortunate Eveline," interrupted Oldbuck. "My heart warmed to him from the first, and your lordship has sug-

gested the cause. I have called him Lovel, but he turns out to be Major Neville."

"Whom my brother brought up as his natural son—whom he made his heir. Gracious Heaven! the child of my Eveline!"

Investigation showed it to be true. Lovel or Major Neville was proved to be the child carried off by Mr. Neville and Teresa, and from that day took the name and title of William, Lord Geraldin. A month afterward he married Miss Wardour, and the affairs of Sir Arthur were established on a firm basis. Some time later Monkbarns, who rejoiced in the good fortune of his favorite, was gratified but not surprised to hear that the discovery of the chest of silver had been managed by Lovel with the connivance of Edie Ochiltree.

THE BLACK DWARF (1816)

This is the first of the *Tales of My Landlord*, the collective title of several novels published by Sir Walter as if told by the landlord of the Wallace Inn, at Gandercleugh, and as edited by Jedediah Cleishbotham, schoolmaster and parish clerk. It constitutes, with *Old Mortality*, the first series of those tales. The scene of *The Black Dwarf* is in the southern part of Scotland, on the borders of England, and the time is 1708, in the reign of Queen Anne. The original of the dwarf is said to have been one David Ritchie, a native of Tweeddale. Scott intended the story to be longer, but brought it to an abrupt close on the advice of a friend, who thought the character of the dwarf more likely to excite the disgust than the interest of the reader.

TWO men, returning from deer-stalking, were crossing Mucklestane Moor, so called from a large column of unhewn granite standing on a knoll, possibly a sepulchral monument. One, a young man named Halbert or Hobbie Elliot, was a substantial farmer; the other was Patrick Earnscliff, of that ilk, who had lately come of age and succeeded to a moderate fortune. As they came near the Mucklestane, which was surrounded by many fragments of granite, popularly called the Gray Geese of Mucklestane Moor from a legend that a witch, in driving a flock across, had become incensed at the birds and turned them to stone, they saw in the moonlight a human figure moving among the fragments. Hobbie was for giving the apparition a shot, but Earnscliff held down the weapon he was about to aim, saying: "For Heaven's sake, no; it's some poor distracted creature."

Earnscliff, in spite of his companion's protestations, advanced and confronted the person, who, in the imperfect light, looked almost as broad as long.

"Who are you? What do you here at this hour of night?"

"Pass on your way," replied a voice whose shrill, uncouth, and dissonant tones startled the two men, "and ask naught at them that ask naught at you."

"Are you benighted?" asked Earnscliff. "Follow us home, and I will give you a lodging."

"Pass on your way," rejoined the figure, his harsh tones exalted by passion. "I want not your lodging; it is five years since my head was under a human roof, and I trust it was for the last time."

"I tell you, my friend," replied Earnscliff, "you will perish here."

"My blood be on my own head, if I perish," said the figure, "and your blood be upon yours, if you touch but the skirt of my garments, to infect me with the taint of mortality."

Earnscliff saw that his right hand held a weapon, which shone in the moonlight like a long knife, and deeming that it would be madness to persevere, he turned and followed Hobbie homeward.

The next day the two revisited the Moor and found the dwarf laboring to pile up the stones as if to form a small enclosure. In raising and placing the great fragments he seemed to show almost supernatural strength.

"Honest man," cried Hobbie, "ye make good firm wark there."

The dwarf stopped his work and stared at them. His large head, with a fell of shaggy hair, partly grizzled with age, was covered with a cap of badger's skin. His body, thick and square, was mounted upon two large feet, but Nature seemed to have forgotten the legs; and his long and brawny arms and muscular hands were shagged with coarse black hair. His clothing was a brown tunic, girt with a belt of sealskin.

This remarkable being gazed on them in silence with a dogged and irritated look, until Earnscliff, willing to soothe him, said:

"You are hard tasked, my friend. Allow us to assist you."

As he and Elliot raised and placed upon the rising wall a large stone, the dwarf watched them with the eye of a taskmaster. He pointed to another, to a third, to a fourth, assigning to them the heaviest fragments that lay near. At last Elliot became tired of his unreasonable demands, and declined to work any longer "without getting sae muckle as thanks for my pains."

"Thanks!" exclaimed the dwarf, with a gesture of contempt. "Take them and fatten upon them! Hence; either labor or begone!"

As their presence appeared only to irritate him, the two departed, but sent back a servant with food; and a few days later Earnscliff, who watched the walls rise, sent spars for the roof. The dwarf put these into place and thatched his dwelling with rushes with singular dexterity. After he had provided a strong door and window and some rude furniture for his house, he enclosed a space around it and, by transporting mold, made a patch of garden ground. Earnscliff sent him two goats and offered to supply him with other things, but he persistently declined all but the barest necessities.

In time the dweller in this lonely spot gained the reputation of being in league with the invisible world, and was treated by passers-by with a certain awe and respect. The dwarf seemed gratified at these marks of timid veneration, and sometimes returned salutations by a word or a nod. He gave those who visited him to understand that his name was Elshender the Recluse, but his popular epithet was Canny Elshie, or the Wise Wight of Mucklestane Moor. Earnscliff, who occasionally stopped to talk with him, was surprised to find him using language that showed him to be of rank and education superior to those around him; and he also wondered at his apparently intimate knowledge of the dispositions and private affairs of the people of the neighborhood.

One day several young ladies who had detached themselves from a party riding across the heath to get a sight of the recluse, rode up and accosted him as he sat in front of his dwelling.

"We have lost our path," said one, "and seeing you, father, at the door of your house, we have turned this way to—"

"Hush!" interrupted the dwarf; "so young and already so artful! You came to exult in the consciousness of your own youth, wealth, and beauty, by contrasting them with age, poverty, and deformity. It is a fit employment for the daughter of your father; but oh, how unlike the child of your mother!"

"Did you then know my parents, and do you know me?"

"Ay, Isabel Vere. Stay," he continued, with his hand on her horse's rein, as she was about to follow her companions,

"I, who wish ill to all mankind, cannot wish more evil to you, so much is your course of life crossed by it."

"And if it be, father," answered Miss Vere gently, "let me enjoy the readiest solace of adversity while prosperity is in my power. You are old; you are poor; accept of such assistance as I have power to offer; do this for my sake, if not for your own, that I may not have to reflect that the hours of my happier time have been passed altogether in vain."

"Wait here an instant," said the dwarf; "stir not till my return." He went to his garden, and returned with a half-blown rose. "Thou hast made me shed a tear, the first for many a year. Take this rose, preserve it. Come to me in your hour of adversity. Show me that rose, or but one leaf of it, and the doors that are shut against every other earthly being shall open to thee and thy sorrows. But no message—no go-between! Come thyself."

Richard Vere, Laird of Ellieslaw, the father of Isabella, was the head of a Jacobite conspiracy in the interest of the Pretender, while Earnscliff and Elliot supported the Government. Ellieslaw was remarkable in his youth for a career of dissipation, and his affairs had become embarrassed, when he went to England and formed there a very advantageous marriage. After many years' absence he returned to Ellieslie Castle a widower, bringing with him his daughter, then about ten years old. There he lived at lavish expense until a few months before the appearance of the dwarf, when the public opinion of his embarrassed circumstances was confirmed by the arrival at the castle of a Mr. Ratcliffe, who, obviously to the displeasure of Mr. Vere, assumed the management of his affairs.

Among those assembled for political purposes at Ellerslie Castle was Sir Frederick Langley, a suitor for the hand of Miss Vere with the approval of her father, but disliked by Isabella. One day, when Mr. Vere and his daughter were walking in a remote part of the estate, they were attacked by several men, and while some engaged Mr. Vere the others seized Isabella and conveyed her away.

When Mr. Vere returned to Ellerslie and told of his loss, he said: "Lend me your assistance, gentlemen; your advice, Mr. Ratcliffe. I am incapable of acting or thinking under such a blow."

"Is there no one you can suspect," asked Ratcliffe gravely, "of having some motive for this strange crime?"

"I fear I can too well account for it," said Vere. And he exhibited a letter written by a friend of his daughter's to Mr. Earnscliff, suggesting that his suit for the hand of Miss Vere would be successful anywhere beyond the bounds of Ellieslaw.

"And you argue from this," said Ratcliffe, "that young Earnscliff has carried off your daughter and committed a great and criminal act of violence? Suppose rather that it were judged advisable to remove Miss Vere to some place in which constraint might be exercised upon her inclinations to a degree that cannot be attempted at Ellieslaw Castle? What says Sir Frederick Langley to that supposition?"

"I say," replied Sir Frederick, "that though Mr. Vere may choose to endure freedoms from Mr. Ratcliffe, I will not permit such license of innuendo by word or look with impunity."

"And I say," said young Marischal, who was also a guest at the castle, "that you are all stark mad to stand wrangling here, instead of going in pursuit of the ruffians."

A party set out in pursuit, but returned unsuccessful in the evening, because Ellieslaw directed it toward Earnscliff Tower. The search was resumed the following day, but with no better success.

"We have now scoured every road but that leading to Westburnflat," said Ratcliffe.

"And why have we not examined that?" asked Marischal.

"Mr. Vere can best answer that question," replied Ratcliffe dryly.

"Oh," said Sir Frederick, laughing, "we know the owner of Westburnflat well—a wild lad, but honest to his principles. He would disturb nothing belonging to Ellieslaw."

"Besides," said Mr. Vere, "he had other tow on his distaff. Have you not heard that Hobbie Elliot had his house burned and his cattle driven away, because he refused to give up his arms to some honest men that think of starting for the King?"

Still, someone proposed riding in that direction, and they had not gone far when they met a party of horsemen coming toward them. Among the foremost was Earnscliff, and with him rode Miss Vere.

"Who shall say now that my suspicions were false?" cried Vere furiously. "Gentlemen, friends, lend me your swords for the recovery of my child."

"Let us first hear what account they give us of this mysterious affair," said Mareschal. "You injure yourself, Ellieslaw, by your violence."

Mareschal rode forward and cried: "Stand, Mr. Earnscliff. You are charged with having carried off that lady, and we are here in arms to shed our blood for her recovery."

"And who would do that more willingly than I, Mr. Mareschal," said Earnscliff haughtily, "who have liberated her from a dungeon, and am now escorting her back to Ellieslaw?"

"Is this so, Miss Vere?"

"It is," answered Isabella eagerly. "Sheathe your swords. I was carried off by ruffians, and am restored to freedom by this gentleman's gallant interference."

Before any questions could be answered, Ellieslaw returned his sword to its scabbard, took the bridle of Miss Vere's horse, and said: "When I know exactly how much I owe to Mr. Earnscliff, he may rely on suitable acknowledgments. Meantime I thank him for replacing my daughter in the power of her natural guardian."

A sullen bend of the head was returned by Earnscliff with equal haughtiness, and the parties separated.

"In my opinion," said Sir Frederick Langley, "we have done very ill in suffering him and his men to go without taking away their arms. The Whigs are very likely to draw to a head under such a sprightly young fellow."

"For shame, Sir Frederick!" exclaimed Mareschal. "Do you think Ellieslaw could in honor consent to any violence being offered to Earnscliff, when he entered his bounds only to bring back his daughter? When the sword is drawn I shall be as ready to use it as any man; but while it is in the sheath let us behave like gentlemen and neighbors."

To explain the presence of Miss Vere with the party of Earnscliff, it is necessary to relate that when Hobbie Elliot's house was burned by the Riever of Westburnflat, Grace Armstrong, Elliot's affianced, was carried off into Cumberland. Earnscliff, who had ridden to the aid of his friend, was con-

fident that Westburnflat was responsible for the outrage, and had led the Elliots, who had risen to aid their kinsman, directly to the Riever's Tower. After they had made ready to burn the place, Westburnflat proposed a parley and agreed to give up his prisoner. As this was their object, his terms were accepted; but, to the surprise of all, when the prisoner was delivered up she proved to be Miss Vere instead of Miss Armstrong, who also, however, returned to her family the same evening.

That night the Jacobites of the neighborhood were gathered at Ellieslaw ready to raise the banner of revolt in favor of King James VIII, news of whose landing from a French squadron was momentarily expected. Though Vere made forced efforts to raise the spirit of the company, little enthusiasm was shown. Sir Frederick Langley was reserved, moody, and discontented. Ratcliffe watched the scene with the composure of an uninterested spectator. Mareschal alone, true to the thoughtless vivacity of his character, laughed and jested and appeared to find amusement in the embarrassment of the company. When no one else was ready to take the lead, he commanded all to rise and gave a toast to "the independence of Scotland, and the health of our lawful sovereign, King James VIII." This started the enthusiasm, and all joined in the shouts except Ratcliffe, who, after a few remarks deprecatory of the movement, left the room. Ellieslaw, Mareschal and Sir Frederick Langley were chosen leaders, with power to direct further measures. When the three retired to consult Sir Frederick wore an expression of discontented sullenness; but when a letter was read announcing the withdrawal from the coast of the French fleet, his countenance blackened, and he announced his intention to depart at once.

"Look ye, Sir Frederick," said Mareschal, "I for one will neither be deserted nor betrayed. If you leave Ellieslaw Castle to-night, it shall be by passing over my dead body."

"I am not to be intimidated from doing what I think proper," said Sir Frederick; "and my first step shall be to leave Ellieslaw. I have no reason to keep faith with one [looking at Vere] who has kept none with me."

"How have I disappointed you, Sir Frederick?" asked Ellieslaw.

"You have trifled with me concerning our proposed alliance,

which you well know was the gage of our political undertaking. This carrying off and bringing back of Miss Vere I believe to be mere evasions, that you may yourself retain possession of the estates that are hers by right; and you make me meanwhile a tool in your desperate enterprise by holding out hopes you are resolved never to realize."

"Sir Frederick, I protest by all that is sacred—"

"I will listen to no protestations; I have been cheated with them too long. If you would have me think you sincere, let your daughter bestow her hand on me this evening."

"But if my daughter is found intractable, Sir Frederick, you will consider—"

"I will consider nothing, Mr. Vere. Your daughter's hand to-night, or I depart, were it at midnight—there is my ultimatum."

"I embrace it," said Ellieslaw. "Talk over our military preparations, while I go to prepare my daughter for so sudden a change of condition."

Vere, an adept in dissimulation, persuaded his daughter that his life depended on the acceptance of Sir Frederick's conditions, and he left her room, after a long and tearful interview, with her promise to accede to his wishes. When he had gone Mr. Ratcliffe came to bid her good-by.

"Leave me, Mr. Ratcliffe—I cannot speak to you—for God's sake, leave me."

"Tell me only whether what I hear is true—that this monstrous match is to be—and this night?"

"Spare me, Mr. Ratcliffe—judge of the cruelty of your question!"

"Married! To Sir Frederick Langley! It must not, shall not be."

"It *must* be, Mr. Ratcliffe, or my father is ruined."

"Ah! I understand," said he, "you have sacrificed yourself to save him who—but let the virtue of the child atone for the faults of the father. Time presses—I know of but one human being who can save you, him who is called Elshender, the Recluse of Mucklestane Moor."

"Are you mad, Mr. Ratcliffe, or do you insult my misery by a jest?"

"I swear to you this man possesses the means of saving you from this union."

"And of insuring my father's safety?"

"Yes, even that. Are you at liberty to leave the castle?"

"I believe so. What would you have me do?"

"Meet me at the little garden-gate. I will have a horse saddled for you; mine is ready."

That night the bridal party was assembled in the chapel of Ellieslaw Castle. Ellieslaw led, or rather supported, his daughter to the altar. Sir Frederick placed himself by her side, and the Rev. Dr. Hobbler, prayer-book in hand, was about to begin the service, when a voice, which seemed to issue from the tomb of Mrs. Vere, called: "Forbear!"

"What new device is this?" asked Sir Frederick fiercely, malignantly eying Ellieslaw and Mareschal.

"Proceed with the service," said Ellieslaw.

"Forbear!" cried the same voice before the clergyman could obey, and, while the attendant women screamed and fled, the dwarf stepped from behind the monument.

"Who is this misformed monster?" asked Sir Frederick.

"It is one who comes to tell you," said the dwarf, "that in marrying that young lady you wed neither the heiress of Ellieslaw nor of Manley Hall, nor of Polverton, nor of one furrow of land, unless she marries with my consent; and to you that consent shall never be given. Down on your knees, sordid caitiff, and thank Heaven that you are prevented from wedding qualities with which you have no concern—portionless truth, virtue, and innocence. And thou, base ingrate," addressing himself to Ellieslaw, "what is thy wretched subterfuge now? Thou who wouldst sell thy daughter to preserve thy own vile life! Ay, hide thy face—go hence, and may the pardon and benefits I confer on thee prove literal coals of fire."

Ellieslaw left the chapel with a gesture of mute despair. But Sir Frederick, advancing, said: "Whether you really, sir, be that Sir Edward Manley, so long supposed dead in confinement, or whether you be an impostor assuming his name and title, we will detain you until your appearance here is better accounted for. Seize him, my friends."

"Stand back!" cried Hobbie Elliot, presenting the point of

a partizan. "I'll gar daylight shine through ye if ye lay a finger on Elshie! I hae thretty men behind me, and hae come to keep the peace and to stand up for the Kirk."

Ratcliffe entered at the instant and confirmed the news that the house was in the hands of the Government, all the Jacobites having been disarmed. Sir Frederick departed at once, and Mareschal, by advice of Ratcliffe, was permitted to follow him, as no overt act of treason had been committed. Meanwhile Isabella had thrown herself at the feet of her kinsman, Sir Edward Manley, to express her gratitude and to ask forgiveness for her father. The dwarf kissed her on the forehead and, wiping a tear from his eye, left the chapel, followed by Ratcliffe.

The dwarf was never more seen in his dwelling, but through Ratcliffe, who had been his agent during his residence on Mucklestane Moor, he made Isabella, his nearest of kin on her mother's side, the heir of his great fortune. Ellieslaw was well provided for in Paris, whither he had fled, and his daughter, happily married to Earnscliff, made her home at Ellieslaw Castle, her father having made over to her all his rights. Ratcliffe remained with the family, but made a journey every spring and autumn, absenting himself about a month, on the direction and purpose of which he remained steadily silent. When these journeys finally ceased, it was understood at Ellieslaw that the recluse was no more.

OLD MORTALITY (1816)

This story constitutes, with *The Black Dwarf*, the first series of the *Tales of My Landlord*. The title is wholly irrelevant, as the character represented in it has no place in the narrative. Old Mortality is a religious itinerant who traveled throughout Scotland, renewing the inscriptions on the monuments of the Covenanters who suffered by the sword or the executioner during the last two Stuart reigns. Peter Pattieson, assistant teacher at Gandercleugh, the assumed writer of the story, which was published after his death by Jedediah Cleishbotham, pretends to have gathered some of his facts from Old Mortality. The scene is chiefly in Lanarkshire, during the rising of the Covenanters in 1679–90. This story is one of Scott's ablest performances, the plot being framed with greater skill and the characters more strongly contrasted than in any of his earlier works.

THE rivals in the story, Henry Morton, of Milnwood, and Lord Evandale, are introduced at a wappenschaw, in which they contest as marksmen. Among the spectators are Lady Margaret Bellenden, of the Tower of Tillietudlem, and her granddaughter, the fair-haired Edith, in whom both the gentlemen are interested. Young Morton, victorious in shooting at the popinjay, was conducted in triumph through the spectators and as he passed in front of Miss Bellenden he made her a low inclination, which she returned with embarrassed courtesy, while her face became crimson.

"Do you know that young person?" asked Lady Margaret.

"I—have seen him, madam, at my uncle's, and—and elsewhere occasionally," stammered Miss Edith.

"I hear them say he is the nephew of old Milnwood," said Lady Margaret.

"The son of the late Colonel Morton of Milnwood, who commanded a regiment of horse with great courage at Dunbar and Inverkeithing," said a gentleman near by.

"And who, before that, fought for the Covenanters at Marston Moor and Philiphaugh," said Lady Margaret.

"Your ladyship's memory is just," said the gentleman, smiling; "but it were well all that were forgot now."

"His uncle, like his father, is a Roundhead, I presume," said Lady Margaret.

"He is an old miser, and I suppose the young man is happy enough to escape for a day from the dulness of the old house at Milnwood, where he sees nobody but the hypochondriac uncle and the housekeeper."

Morton, as captain of the popinjay, was entertaining his friends at Niel Blane's public house, in which were also a few dragoons of Claverhouse's troop, under Sergeant Bothwell. Bothwell was a lineal descendant of James V through his son, the forfeited Earl of Bothwell, who, through vicissitudes of fortune, was fain to content himself with the place of a non-commissioned officer in the Life Guards. Possessed of great personal strength and dexterity in the use of arms, he might have risen but for his licentiousness and oppressive disposition.

"Is it not strange, Halliday," he said to a companion, "to see a set of bumpkins carousing here this whole even without drinking the King's health?"

"They have," said Halliday; "I heard that popinjay lad name it."

"Did he? Then, Tom, they shall drink the health of the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, and on their knees too. And I'll begin with that sulky blue-bonnet in the ingle-nook."

Taking his sheathed broadsword under his arm, he presented himself before a squarely built, muscular man, whose features, austere even to ferocity, had a sinister expression, and proposed, in a snuffling tone of affected solemnity, that he should drink the health of his Grace the Archbishop.

"And what is the consequence," asked the man, "if I should not be disposed to comply with your uncivil request?"

"The consequence, beloved, will be, firstly, that I will tweak thy nose; secondly, that I will administer my fist to thy distorted visual optics; and I will conclude with a practical application of the flat of my sword to thy shoulders."

"Is it even so?" said the stranger. "Then give me the cup." And with a peculiar expression of voice and manner, he said: "The Archbishop of St. Andrew's, and the place he now worthily

holds; may each prelate in Scotland soon be as the Right Reverend James Sharp!"

"He has taken the test," said Halliday.

"But with a qualification," said Bothwell. "I don't know what the devil the crop-eared Whig means."

"Come, gentlemen," said Morton, impatient at their insolence, "we are here met as good subjects, and we have a right to expect that we shall not be troubled with this sort of discussion."

"Well, Mr. Popinjay," replied Bothwell, giving Morton a broad and fierce stare, "I shall not disturb your reign. I reckon it will be out by twelve at night."

He accompanied his remarks with some insulting gestures, which caused Morton's patience to give way, and he was about to make an angry answer, when the stranger stepped forward and said: "This is my quarrel. Hark thee, friend, wilt thou wrestle a fall with me?"

"With my whole spirit, beloved," answered Bothwell. "Yea, I will strive with thee, to the downfall of one or both."

In the third close Bothwell was hurled to the floor with such violence that he lay for an instant stunned.

"You have killed my sergeant," cried Halliday, drawing his sword, "and by all that is sacred you shall answer it!"

"Stand back!" cried Morton, "your comrade sought a fall, and he has got it."

"That is true enough," said Bothwell, rising slowly. "Put up your bilbo, Tom. Hark ye, friend, give me your hand. I promise you that when we meet again we will try this game over in a more earnest manner."

When Morton and the stranger went out, the latter said: "I ride toward Milnwood. Will you give me the advantage and protection of your company?"

"Certainly," said Morton, and the two rode off together.

They had not been gone long when trumpets and kettle-drums sounded in the market-place, and soon afterward Cornet Grahame, a kinsman of Claverhouse, rode up and said: "You should have been at quarters, Sergeant Bothwell; you have lost a golden opportunity. The Archbishop of St. Andrew's has been foully assassinated by rebel Whigs on Magus Muir."

"The test, and the qualification!" cried Bothwell. "I know the meaning now. Saddle our horses, Halliday. Was one of them stout and square-made, hawk-nosed, Cornet?"

"John Balfour, called Burley, aquiline nose, red-haired, five feet eight inches in height—"

"The very man!" cried Bothwell. "He was in this room not a quarter of an hour since."

"Horse, horse, my lads!" exclaimed Grahame. "The dog's head is worth its weight in gold."

Meanwhile Morton and the stranger had ridden along until they came in sight of Milnwood, when an old woman rose by the roadside and said: "If ye be our ain folk, gangna up the pass the night, for your lives. Take shelter somewhere and keep in hiding till the gray o' the morning, and then you may find your way through the Drake Moss."

"Good night, good woman, and thanks for thy counsel," said the stranger, as he rode away. Then, turning to Morton, "Did you ever hear your father mention John Balfour of Burley?"

"His ancient friend and comrade who saved his life in the battle of Long Marston Moor? Often, very often," replied Morton.

"I am that Balfour. The avenger of blood is behind me. Make thy choice, young man: expose thy father's friend to the death from which he rescued thy father, or thine uncle's worldly goods to such peril as attends those who give a morsel of bread to a Christian man perishing for lack of refreshment!"

To hasten Morton's decision, the night wind brought from a distance the sullen sound of Claverhouse's kettle-drums. To go forward was dangerous, to go back impossible, and the pass was beset. "Follow me," he said, and he led the way to his uncle's house.

At daybreak Morton aroused Balfour, who had slept in one of the outhouses of Milnwood, and saw him started for the hills. The stern enthusiast presented every argument to induce the young man to embrace his principles; but Morton replied that he was determined, as far and as long as possible, to unite the duties of a good Christian with those of a peaceful subject.

That day the house was visited by a party of Life Guards under Bothwell, and each of its inmates was catechized regarding his opinion of the murder of the Archbishop, that being made a test of loyalty. When Henry was called up, Bothwell bent his eyes keenly on him. "Aha! my friend, Captain Popinjay, I have seen you before, and in very suspicious company. Did you not leave the public house, youngster, with John Balfour of Burley, one of the murderers of the Archbishop?"

"I did leave the house with the person you have named," said Henry; "but so far from knowing him to be a murderer of the primate, I did not even know at the time that such a crime had been committed."

"But you knew Burley. Where did you part from him? Was it in the highway, or did you harbor him in this house?"

"As you charge it to me as a crime," said Henry, "you will excuse my saying anything that will criminate myself."

"So you refuse to give me an answer?"

"I have none to give," replied Henry.

The result was that the best horse in old Milnwood's stable was impressed into the King's service to carry the prisoner, and Henry was led away between two files. As they approached the Tower of Tillietudlem, Bothwell ordered a halt for refreshment.

"For Heaven's sake," said Henry, "if you go there, do not mention my name or expose me to a family I am acquainted with. Let me muffle up in one of your soldier's cloaks."

Lady Margaret received the party hospitably, and when she heard of Bothwell's royal descent, insisted on his remaining until the morrow, when Colonel Claverhouse was expected. Her granddaughter showed more interest in the prisoner than in the scion of royalty, and sent her maid, Jenny Dennison, to find out his name, saying: "It may be some poor neighbor for whom we might have cause to interest ourselves."

When Jenny brought back word that it was young Milnwood, and that his life was in danger, she cried: "Young Milnwood! his life! They cannot, they shall not! I will speak for him—they shall not hurt him!"

"Oh, my dear young leddy, he's kept in close confinement till Claverhouse comes in the morning, and then Tam Halliday

says it will be brief wark wi' him—just kneel down—make ready—present—fire."

"Jenny," said Edith, "if he should die I will die with him. Fetch me a plaid. Let me but see him, and I will find some remedy for his danger."

Through Jenny's influence with Halliday, Miss Bellenden was permitted to see the prisoner. As soon as Morton became conscious of her presence he seized her unresisting hands and in impassioned words expressed his gratitude for her visit.

"I have taken a strange step, Mr. Morton, a step that may expose me to censure in your eyes. But I have long permitted you to use the language of friendship—too long to leave you when the world seems to have left you. Why is this imprisonment? And what is likely to be the event?"

"Be it what it will, it is to me from this moment the most welcome incident of a weary life. To you, dearest Edith—forgive me, Miss Bellenden—to you I have owed the few happy moments that have gilded a gloomy existence; and if I am now to lay it down, the recollection of this honor will be my happiness in the last hour of suffering."

"By whom," asked Edith anxiously, "or under what authority will the investigation of your conduct take place?"

"Under that of Colonel Grahame of Claverhouse, I am given to understand," said Morton.

"Claverhouse?" said Edith faintly. "Merciful Heaven! you are lost ere you are tried."

"Be not too much alarmed on my account, my dearest Edith," said Henry, as he supported her in his arms. "Claverhouse, though stern and relentless, is, by all accounts, brave, fair, and honorable. I am a soldier's son, and will plead my cause like a soldier."

"You are lost—you are lost, if you are to plead your cause with Claverhouse," sighed Edith. "The unhappy primate was his intimate friend and early patron. 'No excuse, no subterfuge,' he writes in his letter, 'shall save either those connected with this deed, or such as have given them countenance and shelter, until I have taken as many lives in vengeance of this atrocious murder as the old man had gray hairs upon his venerable head.'"

Miss Bellenden was right. When Claverhouse arrived he was unmoved by the arguments of those who interceded for Morton. Edith had sent for her uncle, Major Bellenden of Charnwood, and he added his prayers to those of Lady Margaret and Edith, but in vain.

"I *must* do my duty to church and state. You ask me to pardon this young fanatic, who is enough of himself to set a whole kingdom in a blaze. It cannot be. Remove him, Bothwell. Lead him to the courtyard, and draw up your party."

"Colonel Grahame," said Lord Evandale, "before proceeding further in this matter, will you speak a word with me in private?"

Claverhouse looked surprised, but rose and followed the young nobleman into a recess. "I need not remind you, Colonel, that when our family interest was of service to you last in the privy council, you considered yourself as under some obligation to us?"

"Certainly, my dear Evandale, I am not a man who forgets such debts."

"I will hold the debt canceled," said Lord Evandale, "if you will spare this young man's life."

"Evandale," replied Grahame, in great surprise, "you are mad—absolutely mad. What interest can you have in this young spawn of an old Roundhead? His father was the most dangerous man in all Scotland. The son seems his very model. I know mankind, Evandale. If he had been an insignificant country booby, do you think I would have refused his life to Lady Margaret Bellenden and this family? These knaves want but such a leader to direct their blind enthusiasm. But I never refuse to return an obligation; if you ask his life, he shall have it."

"Keep him close prisoner," said Evandale. "I have urgent reasons for what I ask."

Claverhouse returned and said: "Young man, your life is for the present safe, through the intercession of your friends. Remove him, Bothwell; let him be guarded and brought along with the other prisoners."

Lord Evandale had brought news of a large gathering of Covenanters among the hills, and Claverhouse gave orders for

an immediate advance against them. Bothwell had four prisoners in his charge—Morton, who rode beside Cuddie Headrigg, a plowman from Milnwood; Cuddie's mother, Mause Headrigg, an uncompromising Covenanter; and the Rev. Gabriel Kettledrummle, an exhorter.

The Life Guards soon came in sight of the Covenanters, who were drawn up behind a marsh and a ditch. Lord Evandale advised the sending of a flag of truce, with the offer of pardon if they would disperse and lay down their arms, and offered to go himself with it; but Claverhouse would not listen to it.

"Your rank and situation, my lord," said Claverhouse, "render your safety of too much consequence to the country. Here's my brother's son, Dick Grahame; he shall take a flag of truce and a trumpet, and summon them to lay down their arms." Against Evandale's protest, Cornet Grahame rode down to the edge of the morass, and summoned the insurgents "in the King's name and in that of Colonel John Grahame of Claverhouse, to lay down their arms and dismiss their followers."

"Return to them that sent thee," said the leader, "and tell them that we are in arms for a broken Covenant and a persecuted kirk; and that we renounce the licentious and perjured Charles Stuart, whom you call King, even as he renounced the Covenant."

"I did not come to hear you preach," answered the Cornet. "Is not your name John Balfour of Burley?"

"And if it be, hast thou aught to say against it?"

"Only," replied the Cornet, "that as you are excluded from pardon, it is to these country people, and not to you, that I offer it."

"Thou art a young soldier, friend," said Burley, unslinging his carabine, "or thou wouldst know that the bearer of a flag of truce who presumes to treat with the army but through its officers forfeits his safe-conduct."

"I am not to be intimidated from the discharge of my duty by the menaces of a murderer," said the Cornet. "Hear me, good people, a free pardon to all but—"

"The Lord grant grace to thy soul. Amen!" said Burley, as he fired.

Claverhouse saw his nephew fall. "You see the event," he said to Evandale.

"I will avenge him, or die!" exclaimed Evandale, riding furiously down the hill, followed by his troop.

In vain Claverhouse cried: "Halt! halt! this rashness will undo us!"

Evandale was soon hotly engaged; but numbers were against him, and he was forced back through the marsh with the loss of most of his men. Bothwell, sent to make a diversion on the enemy's flank, was killed by Balfour in a hand-to-hand struggle; and Claverhouse, surrounded, would have been captured but for Evandale, who rode to his rescue. He finally fled from the field, his horse badly wounded with a scythe-cut. As Evandale sought to follow, his horse was shot under him, and but for Morton, whose guard had left him, he would have been slain.

"Give quarter to this gentleman, for my sake, for the sake of Henry Morton, who lately sheltered you!" he shouted to Burley, who did not appear to recognize him.

"Henry Morton," replied Burley, "did I not say that the son of Silas Morton would come forth out of the land of bondage? Thou art a brand snatched from the burning. But this booted apostle of Prelacy shall die the death; hinder me not," and he made another effort to cut down Lord Evandale.

"You must not slay him, and you shall not," said Morton, planting himself between them. "I owed my life to him this morning, endangered solely for having sheltered you."

Burley paused. "Thou art still in the court of the Gentiles," he said, "and I compassionate thy human blindness and frailty. Abide my return here. I must pursue these Amalekites."

"Cuddie," said Morton, "for God's sake catch a horse for Lord Evandale. You are wounded, my lord. Are you able to ride?"

"I think so," said Evandale. "But is it possible I owe my life to Mr. Morton?"

"My interference would have been the same from common humanity," replied Morton. "To your lordship it was a sacred debt of gratitude."

The success of the insurgents had upon their spirits the effect

of a violent surprise, and their whole army appeared to resolve itself into a general committee for the consideration of future movements. Some proposed to march to Glasgow, some to Hamilton, some to Edinburgh, some to London. Burley, notwithstanding the important part he had played in the battle, was far from finding himself at the summit of his ambition; for while the more violent approved the murder of the Archbishop, the greater part of the Presbyterians disowned it as a crime. To secure the accession of Henry Morton to the cause was therefore of great importance to him, for the memory of his father was esteemed among the Presbyterians, and Burley believed that through him he might exercise such an influence over the more liberal part of the army as to insure the choosing of himself as commander-in-chief.

Morton, while utterly disapproving of the murder of Sharp, was willing to join any movement that might appear to have a feasible prospect of freedom to the country; and, considering the wrongs he had personally endured and those he had seen daily inflicted on his fellow-subjects, to say nothing of the precarious situation in which he stood with relation to the Government, he felt it his duty to cast in his lot with the Presbyterians in arms. When he was presented to the council by Balfour, he was received with the right hand of fellowship by his old pastor, Rev. Mr. Poundtext, and others, and was chosen one of the leaders. But he was shocked when he heard the Tower of Tillietudlem named as one of the most important positions to be seized upon; and still more so when he was nominated with others to lead the main army to Glasgow, while Burley was appointed with five hundred chosen men to attack Tillietudlem. Morton strongly protested against this arrangement, which nearly led to an open quarrel between him and Balfour, who twitted him with his friendship for an uncircumcised Philistine and lust for a Moabitish woman. But Balfour had his way, and Morton went to Glasgow, which he took after an unsuccessful attack on Claverhouse, who retreated and left him in possession.

Meanwhile Balfour had laid siege to Tillietudlem, which still held out. Morton, having private business at Milnwood, went there about a fortnight after the attack on Glasgow, at-

tended by Cuddie Headrigg, who had constituted himself his valet, and accompanied by Poundtext. He learned that the garrison, composed of a few troopers left by Claverhouse in command of Major Bellenden, was already straitened for provisions, and that Lord Evandale, captured in a sortie to get supplies, was to be hanged by Balfour the following morning if the Tower were not surrendered by daybreak. Morton and Poundtext protested against this, and after a quarrel with Burley, in which swords were nearly drawn, the latter exclaimed:

"Deal with the prisoner as ye think fit. I wash my hands free from all consequences. He is my prisoner, made by my sword and spear, while you, Mr. Morton, were amusing yourself with drills and parades. Take him, nevertheless, and dispose of him as ye think meet. But remember that for all these things there will come a day of heavy accounting."

So saying, he turned away abruptly, wishing them a good evening. Morton and Poundtext spent the night drawing up a memorial of grievances of the Moderate Presbyterians, with a request for free toleration for their religion, without oppression or molestation. The Duke of Monmouth, a man of gentle and moderate disposition, had been entrusted by Charles with the task of subduing the rebellion, and it seemed to Morton that Evandale would be a proper person to deliver such a memorial. To this Lord Evandale consented, and in the morning he was released and escorted by Morton with a few chosen men to the Tower, where he was just in time to save Major Bellenden from a mutiny of his men. The castle was at once surrendered, and when the sun arose the colors of the Scottish Covenant floated from its keep.

Morton escorted Evandale, Major Bellenden, and the ladies of Tillietudlem to a place of safety, when he bade them farewell, committing to Lord Evandale the charge of undeceiving his friends in regard to the particulars of his conduct and the purity of his motives. He had but few words with Miss Bellenden; for while he felt that he had in a measure lost her esteem, he had too much spirit to plead his cause as a criminal. As for Edith, while she regretted that she had expressed herself harshly and hastily to her lover, she felt a conscious and proud satisfaction

to hear from Evandale that his character was, even in the judgment of his noble-minded rival, such as her own affection had once conceived it.

Events proceeded rapidly after this. The Duke of Monmouth declined to receive peace proposals from rebels in arms, and attacked the insurgents, strongly posted at Bothwell Bridge, and defeated and dispersed them. Burley and Morton were both hurried from the field by the confused mass of fugitives, the former with his sword-arm broken by a musket-ball. Morton, followed by Cuddie, rode until nightfall into a wild and mountainous country, and halted at a solitary farmhouse at the entrance of a glen. On gaining admittance they found the principal room occupied by a dozen of the most fanatical of the insurgents, whose sullen glances warned Morton of his danger. He thought of retreating, but saw that two strong men were posted at the window by which he had entered. One of these pointed to the window and told Cuddie to leave.

"Cast thy lot no further with this child of treachery and perdition," he whispered. "Pass on thy way and tarry not, for the avenger of blood is behind."

Cuddie did not wait to be told twice, but jumped out of the window, and, selecting the best horse he could find in the stable, rode back toward Hamilton for aid. He fell in with Claverhouse and his dragoons and led them to the house, where they arrived just in time to rescue Morton, who, with arms bound, was awaiting death. As it was Sunday, the zealots had postponed his execution till after twelve o'clock, and were watching the dial for the hour to strike, when the troopers surprised them. Claverhouse made short work of his prisoners, and took Morton with him to Edinburgh, where he was tried and, through the intercession of Claverhouse and Evandale, was only banished from the country until his Majesty's pleasure should be further known.

Morton went to Holland, entered the service of the Stadtholder under the name of Melville, and returned to England with William and Mary, with the rank of Major-General. He was informed that Miss Bellenden was soon to be married to Lord Evandale; that Tillietudlem had passed into the hands of one Basil Olifant; and that Lady Margaret and her granddaughter

were living in a small house called Fairy Knowe. Cuddie Headrigg, who had married Jenny Dennison, lived hard by, and had a general supervision over their affairs.

Evandale, though sensible of the errors of the exiled Stuarts, was so loyal at heart that he was ready to risk everything to secure their restoration. When Claverhouse, then Viscount of Dundee, was killed in the hour of victory near Blair of Athole, Evandale felt it his duty to fill up his loss in King James's service. He therefore made hasty preparations to depart for the Highlands at evening, and went to take leave of his affianced, whom he hoped to persuade to consent to a marriage before his departure. But he found her in tears.

"Press me no further," she said. "Heaven and Earth, the living and the dead, are against this ill-omened union. I have seen him."

"Seen him?—seen whom?" he asked.

"Henry Morton," she replied, almost fainting.

"Miss Bellenden," said Lord Evandale, "you treat me like a fool or a child; deal with me as a man, and forbear this trifling."

"I saw him," she repeated. "I saw Henry Morton look in at that window at the moment I was on the point of abjuring him forever."

Meanwhile Morton had sought Balfour of Burley, whom he found living in a cave accessible only by a rude bridge across a deep chasm, to try to persuade him to surrender some papers he had taken from the muniment-room of Tillietudlem, which would establish the right of Lady Margaret to the property usurped by Basil Olifant. But Burley was incorrigible when Morton declined to join his schemes, and destroyed the parchment before his eyes; and then, throwing down the bridge that gave access to the cave, he drew his sword and attacked him, whereupon Morton leaped the chasm and escaped.

Morton heard at the inn that Basil Olifant, who had reason to hate Evandale, had arranged with Burley to attack him in case he attempted to leave for the Highlands. He sent a note to Fairy Knowe by a messenger to give warning, and rode himself to Glasgow to secure military aid.

Lord Evandale heard of the proposed attack, but would not give up his project. He set out with several followers and ad-

vanced at a hard gallop toward Olifant, whom he saw with several followers drawn up across the road.

"Shoot the traitor!" cried Olifant, who was a magistrate.

Shots were fired by each party, and both Evandale and Olifant fell. Almost at the instant, a party of horse, accompanied by Morton and a magistrate, came up. A call to surrender was obeyed by all but Burley, who rode away pursued by several troopers, and, badly wounded, was swept away in the river, carrying down one of the troopers with him.

Morton hastened to render aid to his dying friend, who recognized him and made signs that he wished to be carried to the house. He was borne in with all possible care, but died in a few minutes, surrounded by lamenting friends. Almost at his last gasp he placed Edith's hand in that of Morton, and smiled as if to bless their union.

ROB ROY (1817)

This story, remarkable for its bold sketches of Highland scenery and manners, derives its title from the popular name of a Scottish outlaw, Robert McGregor, who adopted Campbell as his surname. The scene is chiefly in the north of England and in the Highlands, and at the time of the Jacobite rebellion of 1715. Rob Roy, or Red Rob, so called from the color of his hair, became so widely known for his deeds as a partisan of Prince Charles Edward, the Stuart claimant, that he was known as the Robin Hood of Scotland. The character of Bailie Nicol Jarvie is one of the author's happiest conceptions, but that of the nominal hero, Francis Osbaldistone, is weak. Though the plot of the novel is defective, it was one of the most popular of Scott's stories, and it is the subject of several plays and of an opera by Flotow (1832).

FRANCIS OSBALDISTONE, only son of the head of the mercantile house of Osbaldistone and Tresham, Crane Alley, London, summoned home from France by his father to take a place in the counting-house, seriously objected to a business life, and was dismissed in anger by his parent and ordered to Osbaldistone Hall, the seat of his brother, Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone, in the north of England. He set out on a good horse, with fifty guineas in his pocket, with orders to report on the state of the family at the Hall, which his father had left many years before, and with which he had since had little communication. He was also requested to report which one, if any, of Sir Hildebrand's many sons was best fitted to take the place that he had contemned.

Among his fellow-travelers on the journey northward was one Morris, who bore on his saddle-bow a small but evidently heavy portmanteau, of which he took the greatest care. At Northallerton the two were joined at dinner by a Mr. Campbell, who seemed to be well known to the host of the Black Bear. The landlord having related how Campbell, a man of great physical strength, had overcome several highwaymen on the road, the owner of the portmanteau drew the Scotchman aside

and proposed that they should travel together. But Campbell declined somewhat unceremoniously, and going up to Osbaldistone, said:

"Your friend, sir, is too communicative, considering the nature of his trust."

"That gentleman," replied Frank, "is no friend of mine, but an acquaintance picked up on the road. I know neither his name nor his business; you seem to be deeper in his confidence than I am."

"I only meant," he replied, "that he seems a thought rash in conferring the honor of his company on those who desire it not."

The next day Frank parted company with his timid companion and turned westerly to Osbaldistone Hall, a rambling old mansion in a narrow glen of the Cheviots. The family consisted of Sir Hildebrand, six stalwart sons, and Miss Diana Vernon (the only woman), a niece of Sir Hildebrand's. The knight, a man of about sixty, welcomed Frank and introduced him to his cousins.

"So thy father has thought on the old Hall at last. Thou'rt welcome, lad. Where's my little Di? Ay, here she comes. This is my niece Di, my wife's brother's daughter, the prettiest girl in our dales, be the other who she may; and now let's to the sirloin."

Sir Hildebrand, who in his day had known courts and camps, had been knighted by the unfortunate James II. His chance of preferment having died at the crisis that drove his patron from the throne, he had since led a sequestered life on his native domains. His sons, brought up to fox-hunting and badger-baiting, were described to him by Miss Vernon as a happy compound of sot, gamekeeper, bully, horse-jockey, and fool. When Frank suggested that she had not included Rashleigh Osbaldistone in her domestic sketches, she hastily answered:

"Not a word of Rashleigh! When you speak of him, go up to the top of Otterscope Hill, and whisper. He has been my tutor four years; we are tired of each other, and shall heartily rejoice at our approaching separation."

"He is to leave Osbaldistone Hall, then?"

"Did you not know it? He goes to take your place in your

father's counting-house. When the peers of Osbaldistone Hall were convened to elect your substitute, none but he was considered qualified for the situation. So he, once destined to starve as a Catholic priest, was chosen largely from a general desire to get him out of the house; for, though the youngest of the family, he has somehow or other got the management of all the others."

Frank and Di Vernon became fast friends, and a few days later she informed him that he had been charged with the robbery of one Morris, a Government agent carrying money to pay the troops in the North; that the accusation had been laid before Squire Inglewood, who had privately sent word to Sir Hildebrand to give his nephew time to escape into Scotland before issuing a warrant for his arrest. As soon as Frank heard this he announced his intention of riding at once to Squire Inglewood's to confront his accusers. Miss Vernon declared that she would accompany him, and notwithstanding his protest that it was hardly proper for a lady to go on such an errand, she rode thither with him. As they entered the justice's hall they met Rashleigh Osbaldistone coming out. He appeared surprised to see them, but said he had ridden over to do what he could to serve his cousin. Then, turning to Diana, he said:

"You ought not to be here, you know you ought not; you must return with me."

"I will not go until I see you safe out of the hands of the Philistines," she said to Francis. Then, to Rashleigh: "Rashleigh, I will not go. My being here will give you more motive for speed and exertion."

"Stay, then, obstinate girl," said Rashleigh; "you know but too well to whom you trust."

"Thank Heaven he is gone!" said Diana. "Now let us seek the Justice."

They found Squire Inglewood and Morris, Frank's fellow-traveler, together. It appeared that on the day Frank parted from him he had been stopped on the road by two armed men with their faces covered with vizards, and robbed of his portmanteau. One of the men had much of Frank's shape and air, and as he had heard the other apply to him the name of Osbaldistone, a family well known to be Papists and Jacobites,

he charged Francis with being accessory to the felony committed upon his person.

While they were discussing the question, Mr. Campbell, the Scotchman they had met at Northallerton, came in.

"I believe, Mr. Morris," he said, fixing his eye on that person with a look of peculiar firmness and almost ferocity, "I believe ye cannot have forgotten what passed at our last meeting on the road. I think there can be nae difficulty in your telling Mr. Justice that I am a cavalier of fortune and a man of honor."

"Sir—sir," said Morris, his teeth chattering, "I believe you to be a man of honor and, as you say, a man of fortune."

Mr. Campbell, thus introduced, proceeded to say that he was with Morris when he was attacked; that the person for whom he took Mr. Osbaldistone was a shorter and thicker man; and that his features and complexion were different. Morris, evidently afraid of Campbell, withdrew his charge, the Justice threw the declarations into the fire, and Francis and Miss Vernon rode home together. After a brief silence Miss Vernon said:

"Well, Rashleigh is a man to be feared and wondered at. He does whatever he pleases, and makes all others his puppets."

"You think, then, that this Mr. Campbell was an agent of Mr. Rashleigh Osbaldistone's?"

"I do guess as much," replied Miss Vernon; "but you must ask no questions, for I cannot reply to them."

"And I must not ask whether this Campbell be himself the man that eased Mr. Morris of his portmanteau? And I must not ask—"

"You must ask nothing of me," said she. "But think just as well of me as if I had answered all your queries."

That evening, in a talk over a bottle of wine, Rashleigh informed Francis that Miss Vernon was fated, through a family contract, to marry one of Sir Hildebrand's sons, the alternative being a cloister. A dispensation had been obtained from Rome to Diana Vernon to marry "Blank" Osbaldistone, son of Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone, Bart., etc., and it only remained to pitch upon the happy man.

"There is room for little choice in our family," said Rashleigh. "Percie is seldom sober, Dick is a gambler, John a boor,

and Wilfred an ass. So my father chose Thorncliff as the one most proper to carry on the line of the Osbaldistones."

"The present company being always excepted," said Francis.

"Oh, my destination to the Church placed me out of the question. In early age I was her tutor, but as she advanced toward womanhood a close and constant intimacy became dangerous. I was wise, and withdrew in time."

Feeling little inclination to pursue this conversation further, Francis Osbaldistone withdrew to his own apartment to meditate on what he had heard.

"Why should I storm and rage over it? Is Diana Vernon the first pretty girl that has loved or married an ugly fellow? What concern is it of mine? A Catholic, a Jacobite, a termagant! For me to look that way were utter madness."

When the day of Rashleigh's departure arrived his father bade him farewell with indifference, and his brothers with the ill-concealed glee of schoolboys who see a taskmaster depart. When he sought to salute Miss Vernon she drew back with haughty disdain, but said, as she extended her hand:

"Farewell, Rashleigh. God reward you for the good you have done, and forgive you for the evil you have meditated."

"Amen, my fair cousin," he replied; "happy is he whose good intentions have borne fruit in deeds, and whose evil thoughts have perished in the blossom."

"Accomplished hypocrite!" said Miss Vernon, as the door closed behind him.

There was a priest, Father Vaughan, who divided his time between Osbaldistone Hall and a half dozen mansions of Catholic gentlemen in the neighborhood. He was about sixty, grave, and of a striking and imposing presence, and was much respected as a worthy and upright man. But there was about him an air of mystery, and it was evident that he was looked up to with more fear, or awe, than affection. His intercourse with Miss Vernon was marked, too, with something of the same mystery that characterized her communications with Rashleigh. Though she was silent respecting him, his arrival at the Hall always appeared to impress Miss Vernon with an anxious and fluttering tremor, which lasted until they had exchanged significant glances. Whatever might be the mystery over-

clouding the destinies of this beautiful girl, it was clear to Francis that Father Vaughan was implicated in it.

One day Miss Vernon asked Francis: "Have you heard from your father lately?"

"Not a word," he replied; "he has not honored me with a single line, though I have written to him several times."

"Then you are not aware that he has gone to Holland to arrange affairs requiring his own presence? And, furthermore, that he has left Rashleigh in the almost uncontrolled management of his business."

Francis was startled and could not suppress his surprise and apprehension.

"You have reason for alarm," said Miss Vernon, gravely. "You should instantly return to London. Every moment you waste here is a crime, for I tell you plainly that if Rashleigh long manages your father's affairs he will be a ruined man. Ask no questions, but, believe me, Rashleigh's views extend far beyond the possession of commercial wealth. He will use Mr. Osbaldistone's revenues and property to further his own ambitious schemes."

"Ah, Diana, can you give me advice to leave Osbaldistone Hall?" asked Francis.

"Indeed, I do give you this advice—not only to quit it, but never to return to it more."

"Never? The world can afford me nothing to repay me for what I must leave behind me." And he took her hand and pressed it to his lips.

"This is folly!" she exclaimed—"madness! Hear me, and curb this unmanly burst of passion. I am, by a solemn contract, the bride of Heaven, unless I could prefer being wedded to villainy in the person of Rashleigh, or brutality in that of his brother. Leave me instantly. We will meet again, but it must be for the last time."

The next day Miss Vernon handed Francis a letter from his father's partner, Mr. Tresham.

"Gracious Heaven!" he exclaimed, after reading it, "my folly and disobedience have ruined my father!"

"May I read it?" asked Miss Vernon; and when he assented, she read it with the greatest attention.

"It appears," she said, "that Rashleigh, taking advantage of your father's absence, has left London for Scotland, with effects and remittances to take up large bills granted by your father to persons in that country, and that a head clerk, Owen, has been sent to Glasgow to find him. You are entreated to repair to the same place and aid him in his search."

"It is even so, and I must depart instantly. How shall I redeem the consequences of my error?"

"By hastening to Glasgow. Yet stay—do not leave this room till I return."

She came back in a few minutes with a letter folded and sealed, but without address.

"I trust you with this proof of my friendship," she said, "because I have confidence in your honor. As I understand it, the funds in Rashleigh's possession must be recovered by a certain day to save your father's credit. If you succeed by your own exertions, destroy this letter without opening it. If not, you may break the seal within ten days of the fatal day, and you will find directions that may possibly be of service to you. Adieu, Frank; we may never meet more; but think sometimes on your friend Di Vernon."

She extended her hand, but Frank clasped her to his bosom. With a sigh, she extricated herself from his embrace and escaped, and he saw her no more.

The next morning Francis set out for Glasgow, under the guidance of Andrew Fairservice, who took him safely to his destination. As the day after their arrival was Sunday, they went to the Laigh Kirk, in hope of seeing Mr. Owen in the congregation. While listening to the sermon Francis was surprised to hear someone behind him whisper:

"Listen, but do not look back. You are in danger in this place; so am I. Meet me to-night on the Brigg, at twelve precisely; keep at home till the gloaming, and avoid observation."

Francis tried to catch a sight of the speaker, but the mysterious person glided away in the throng. Francis could not help thinking that Miss Vernon might have something to do with this strange warning, for she was the only one at the Hall who knew of his departure. He accordingly kept the appointment at the Brigg, where he met a man wrapped in a horseman's

cloak, who bade him follow him. With many misgivings, Francis followed and was taken to the Tolbooth, and into a cell, where he was astonished to find Mr. Owen. The old clerk exclaimed on seeing him:

"Oh, Mr. Frank, Mr. Frank, this is all your obstinacy! But God forgive me for saying so to you in your distress! It's God's disposing, and man must submit."

Owen informed Frank that one of his father's two principal correspondents in Glasgow, Messrs. MacVittie and MacFinn, had flown into a violent passion when he applied to them for aid, on ascertaining that the balance was against them, and, on finding that Owen had a small interest in the firm, had thrown him into prison, making oath that he was a debtor about to depart from the realm. He had not called on the other correspondent, Mr. Nicol Jarvie, a petulant, conceited man, but had written him a letter, to which he had not yet received a reply.

While Owen was relating his troubles to Frank, they were disturbed by a loud knocking at the outer door of the prison, and a Highland gillie who had admitted Frank and his guide came running up the stair, shouting:

"She's coming—she's coming." Then, in a low voice: "It's my lord provosts, and ta pailies, and ta guard! Gang up and hide yoursell ahint ta Sassenach shentleman's ped! She's coming—she's coming!"

While Dougal, with as much delay as possible, unfastened the door, the guide came in and casting his eyes around looking for a place of concealment, said:

"Lend me your pistols; yet, it's no matter, I can do without them. Whatever you see, take no heed, and do not mix your hand in another man's feud."

He threw off his cloak and stood with a fixed and determined glance on the entrance, as if ready to burst through all opposition; but when a young woman appeared with a lantern, followed by a short, stout, bob-wigged person, he drew back and sat down on the oak table. "How's this? strangers in the jail after lock-up hours, and on the Sabbath! Keep the door locked; I'll speak to these gentlemen in a gliffing. Mr. Owen, Mr. Owen, how's a' wi' ye, man?"

"Pretty well in body, I thank you, Mr. Jarvie," said Owen, "but sore afflicted in spirit."

"Ay, ay, it's an awfu' whummle. Mr. Osbaldistone is a gude, honest gentleman; but I ay said he was ane o' them wad make a spune or spoil a horn. My father, the deacon, used to say, 'Nick, never put out your arm farther than ye can draw it easily back again.' I hae said sae to Mr. Osbaldistone, and he didna seem to take it a'thegither sae kind as I wished; but it was weel meant."

After a long conversation that resulted in the Bailie's promising to bail Owen and set him at liberty in the morning, Mr. Jarvie turned and said:

"Now let's hear what these chamber chiels o' yours hae to say for themselves, or how, in the name of unrule, they got here at this time o' night."

Bailie Nicol Jarvie took the light out of the girl's hand, and held it up to the face of the man that had brought Frank to the Tolbooth.

"Ah! Eh! Oh!" he exclaimed. "Ma conscience! it's impossible! Ye robber—ye cateran—ye born deevil—can this be you?"

"E'en as you see, Bailie."

"Ye reiving villain! Tell over your sins and prepare ye, for if I say the word—"

"True, Bailie, but ye'll never say it."

"And why suld I not, sir? Answer me that."

"For several reasons, cousin; I'll gang out here as free as I came in, or the very wa's o' Glasgow Tolbooth shall tell o't these ten years to come."

"Weel, weel," said Mr. Jarvie, "bluid's thicker than water; and it liesna in kith and kin to see motes in ilk other's een if other een see them no. Ye're a dauring villain, Rob, and ye will be hanged. And wha the deevil's this?" he continued, turning to Francis.

"This, good Mr. Jarvie," said Owen, "is Mr. Frank Osbaldistone, only child of the head of our house—"

"Oh, I have heard of that smaik," interrupted the Bailie. "It is he whom your principal, like an obstinate auld fule, wad make a merchant o', wad he or wad he no. Weel, sir, what say

you to your handiwork? Will a' your poetries procure five thousand pounds to answer the bills which fall due ten days hence?"

"Ten days?" answered Francis, drawing out Diana Vernon's packet, and hastily breaking it open. A sealed letter fell from a blank enclosure at the feet of Bailie Jarvie, who picked it up, read its superscription, and handed it to his Highland kinsman, by whom it was opened without ceremony. "You must satisfy me, sir," said Frank, "that the letter is intended for you, before I can permit you to read it."

"Make yourself quite easy, Mr. Osbaldistone; remember your vera humble servant, Robert Cawmil, and the beautiful Diana Vernon, and doubt not the letter is for me."

Francis was astonished at his own stupidity in not before recognizing Campbell, whose voice and features had haunted him. He at once asked whether he could tell him where Rashleigh was, but Campbell's answer was indirect.

"It's a kittle cast she has given me to play; but yet it's fair play, and I winna balk her. Mr. Osbaldistone, I dwell not very far from hence. Leave Mr. Owen to do the best he can in Glasgow, and come and see me in the glens; it's like I may stead your father in his extremity. And cousin, come ye wi' this Sassenach gentleman as far as the Clachan of Aberfoil, and I'll hae somebody waiting to weise ye the gate to the place where I may be for the time. What say ye, man? There's my thumb, I'll ne'er beguile thee."

The Bailie offered many and strong objections to leaving Glasgow, but he was finally persuaded by Campbell to visit him on the promise of payment of a thousand pounds owed him by the Highlander.

The next day Francis learned from the Bailie how the credit of his father's house was mixed up with a Jacobite rising in the Highlands, and what connection Campbell had with it. Robert Campbell or McGregor, or Rob Roy, as he was usually called, who could muster five hundred men, was the prime agent between some of the Highland chiefs and gentlemen in the north of England, among the latter being Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone. It was he, aided by one of the Osbaldistones, probably Rashleigh, who had relieved Morris of his portmanteau, which

theft would have been saddled upon Francis Osbaldistone but for the protest of Miss Vernon. The firm of Osbaldistone and Tresham had bought large tracts in the Highlands, for which notes had been given in payment. The holders of these notes had raised money on them chiefly in Glasgow, and if they were not met at maturity the merchants would come upon the Highland lairds for payment, and this would hasten an uprising for the house of Stuart, which had long been intended. Rashleigh had carried off a certain amount of money, and a much larger sum in assets of which he could not avail himself. These papers were doubtless in some safe place in the Highlands, and the Bailie thought that Rob might be able to recover and restore them.

The next morning Frank and the Bailie, attended by Andrew Fairservice, set out to keep their appointment with Campbell, but they fell into the hands of a company of soldiers in search of Rob Roy and were the unwilling witnesses of a fight between them and some of the outlaw's men in command of his wife, Helen McGregor, in which the English were defeated. They also witnessed the death of Morris, who had fallen into the hands of the Highlanders, and who was thrown into the lake from a cliff by order of the virago. After this summary execution, Helen McGregor sent Francis to the English commander, who had taken her husband prisoner, with a threat that if a hair of Rob's head was injured, she would send to him Bailie Jarvie and her English prisoners chopped into mincemeat. The English commander meanwhile had condemned Rob to death, but the Highlander escaped through the connivance of one of his guards, while crossing the Forth.

Francis Osbaldistone at once set out for the inn at Aberfoil, in hope of getting news from the Bailie. On the way he was overtaken by two horsemen, one of whom addressed him by name, and to his astonishment he recognized the voice of Diana Vernon. She leaned down from her horse, handed him a packet, and said:

"You see, my dear coz, I was born to be your better angel. Rashleigh has been compelled to yield up his spoil, and here it is."

"Diana," said her companion, "the evening waxes late, and we are still far from home."

"Farewell, Frank, forever—yes, forever! There is a gulf between us—a gulf of absolute perdition. When we go you must not follow. Farewell! be happy!"

She bent from her horse, a Highland pony, and pressed his hand as their faces touched, and then rode on after her companion. A little farther on he was overtaken by Campbell, who conducted him to his village. Rob was received with joyous demonstrations by his clan, in honor of his safe return, and was obliged to tell over and over again the story of his escape from captivity. The outlaw paid Bailie Jarvie his thousand pounds in French gold, and the Bailie and his companion returned safely to Glasgow, where Frank found his father and Owen. Mr. Osbaldistone had arrived from Holland shortly after Owen left for Scotland, and immediately followed him to exact justice from Rashleigh. He had met with success in his Continental speculations and was provided with ample means to settle with all his creditors. Highly incensed at the conduct of MacVittie and Company, he refused their tenders of apology and turned over all his business to the Bailie, who declared that he had only done as he would be done by.

Meanwhile the great rebellion of 1715 had broken out in Scotland and extended to England, where Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone was easily persuaded to join the standard of the unfortunate Earl of Derwentwater. Before taking up arms he made his will, devising the estate to his sons successively, excepting Rashleigh, whom he cut off with a shilling, and lastly to Francis, probably to show his displeasure at Rashleigh's treachery, and little thinking that his entire line would be cut off. But Thorncliff fell in a duel, Percival died in a drinking-bout, Dickon broke his neck in riding on a foundered mare over a five-barred gate, and Wilford was slain at Preston. John, badly wounded in the same engagement, died in Newgate, and was soon followed by Sir Hildebrand, who broken down by fatigue of body and distress of mind, succumbed to his troubles.

As Rashleigh, now Sir Rashleigh Osbaldistone, threatened to attack his father's will, and as he had obtained considerable influence with the Ministry on account of his treachery to the Stuart party, Francis was sent to Osbaldistone Hall by his father to take possession. On his way he stopped at Justice

Inglewood's to look at the will, and was astounded to hear from him that the gentleman he had seen in the Highlands with Miss Vernon was her father, Sir Frederick Vernon, who had played at the Hall the part of Father Vaughan. The secret was known only to Sir Hildebrand and to Rashleigh, who had discovered it, and held it like a twisted cord about poor Diana's neck.

When Francis arrived at Osbaldistone Hall he was surprised to find that Sir Frederick Vernon and his daughter, hunted out of the Highlands, had taken refuge there on their way to the coast. That night the house was raided by Sir Rashleigh and officers of the law, who arrested Sir Frederick and Miss Vernon for treason, and Francis for misprision of treason. As they were being carried away in a coach under guard, the party was attacked by Rob Roy and his men, Rashleigh was killed by Campbell himself, and the prisoners were rescued. Sir Frederick and his daughter reached the coast and escaped to France. He died several months later, of a disease brought on by hardships and privations, and Diana retired for a time to a convent. When Frank told his father of the state of affairs, he said, after a little hesitation:

"I little thought a son of mine should have been lord of Osbaldistone Manor, and far less that he should go to a French convent for a spouse. But so dutiful a daughter cannot but prove a good wife. You have worked at the desk to please me, Frank; it is but fair you should wive to suit yourself."

THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN (1818)

This story, published originally in four volumes, constitutes the second series in the *Tales of My Landlord*, the collective title of tales supposed to be told by the landlord of the Wallace Inn and edited by Jedediah Cleishbotham, parish clerk. The title is derived from the popular name of the old Tolbooth or prison of Edinburgh, torn down in 1817, the site of which in the Canongate is now marked by the figure of a heart on the pavement. Midlothian, or Middle Lothian, was the middle part of this former district of Lothian, between the Tweed and the Forth, now the County of Edinburgh. The story opens with the Porteous riots, in 1736–37, when Captain John Porteous, condemned to be executed for firing on the mob, was respited by the Government, but was taken from the Tolbooth by rioters and hanged. The prototype of Jeanie Deans was Helen Walker, daughter of a small farmer, who actually walked to London barefoot, to get the Duke of Argyle to intercede to save her sister's life. She died in 1791, and was buried in the churchyard of her native parish of Irongray, Dumfriesshire. In 1831 a tombstone was erected to her memory, with an appropriate epitaph written by Sir Walter Scott.

REUBEN BUTLER, educated to be a Presbyterian minister, but employed as assistant teacher in a school at Liberton, was the lover of Jeanie Deans, daughter of David Deans, a true-blue Presbyterian, a dairy-farmer at Woodend on the property of the Laird of Dumbiedikes. David had been twice married, Jeanie being his daughter by the first wife. A second daughter, by the last wife, named Euphemia, but ordinarily called Effie, was wholly different in disposition from her staid sister. She fell into bad ways, was betrayed by one George or Geordie Robertson, and was imprisoned in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, charged with the murder of her infant.

Butler, when in Edinburgh one evening, called at the Tolbooth to see Effie, but was told it was past hours, and set out on his homeward walk, two and a half miles beyond the city. He was about going out of the West Port when he was met by a throng following a drum beating to arms.

"Are you a clergyman?" demanded one.

Butler replied that he was in orders, but was not a placed minister.

"It's Mr. Butler from Liberton," said a voice behind. "He'll discharge the duty as weel as ony man."

"You must turn back with us, sir," said the first speaker, in a civil but peremptory tone. "No man shall touch a hair of your head, but you must and shall come along with us."

Butler's remonstrances being of no avail, he was compelled to march in front of the rioters, partly supported and partly held by two men. The minister noted that several were dressed as seamen and several as women, one amazon among the latter, who seemed to be a leader, being addressed as Wildfire. The mob, after securing all the avenues leading to the Tolbooth, burst in its doors, and brought out Captain Porteous, the former Captain of the City Guard. Some would have slain him on the spot, but the leader Wildfire shouted:

"Are ye mad? This sacrifice will lose half its savor if we do not offer it at the very horns of the altar. Let him die where a murderer should die, on the common gibbet!"

A loud shout of applause followed the proposal.

"To the gallows with the murderer! To the Grassmarket with him!"

"Let no man hurt him," said Wildfire; "let him make his peace with God, if he can."

Placing the prisoner under a guard, the leader ran back into the Tolbooth, from which most of the prisoners had been released, and called to a young woman who had remained in her cell:

"Flee, Effie, flee, for the sake of all that's good and dear to you!"

She turned toward him an eye of mingled fear, affection, and upbraiding, all with a sort of stupefied surprise, but unable to answer. A loud shout from below of "Madge Wildfire!" hastened the man's movements.

"I am coming—I am coming," he shouted, then again to Effie: "For God's sake—for your own sake—for my sake, flee, or they'll take your life!"

The girl gazed after him as he hastened down, then sank her head upon her hand and remained seemingly unconscious of the noise and tumult around her.

Butler did all he could to save the unfortunate man. The

crowd would not listen to his remonstrances, but bade him prepare the prisoner for death. As soon as he had concluded Porteous was hastened to his fate with remorseless rapidity, and Butler fled from the dreadful sight, hardly noting in what direction his course lay.

David Deans suffered so under Effie's disgrace that he gave up his farm at Woodend and removed to a place called St. Leonard's Crags, between Edinburgh and Arthur's Seat. When Butler left Edinburgh he turned his steps in this direction; but as he did not care to arrive there before eight o'clock, the usual hour for breakfast, he turned into the sequestered dell called the King's Park. While walking to pass the time away, he observed a young man skulking among the rocks as if anxious to avoid observation. As duels were often fought there, Butler concluded that he was probably on such an errand, and determined to accost him. Calling to him he said:

"You are about to violate one of your country's wisest laws, you are about—which is much more dreadful—to violate a law that God Himself has implanted within our nature—"

"And what law is that?" asked the stranger.

"Thou shalt do no murder," said Butler solemnly.

The young man started and looked appalled, and Butler, thinking he had made an impression, tried to follow it up, when the stranger, pulling his hat over his eyes, remarked:

"I may be bad enough—you priests say all men are so—but I am here for the purpose of saving life, not of taking it away. If you wish to spend your time rather in doing a good action than in talking about you know not what, I will give you an opportunity. Do you see the chimney of a lone house yonder? Go thither, inquire for one Jeanie Deans; let her know that he she wots of remained here from daybreak till this hour, expecting to see her, and that he can abide no longer. Tell her she *must* meet him at the Hunter's Bog to-night, as the moon rises, or she will make a desperate man of me."

"Who or what are you?" asked Butler.

"I am the devil!" answered the young man nastily. "Call me what you choose, you shall not find an appellation more odious to him that bears it than is mine own."

He turned abruptly away as he spoke, but returned and said in a determined tone:

"I have told you who and what I am; who and what are you? What is your name?"

"Butler—Reuben Butler, a preacher of the Gospel."

"Butler! the assistant of the schoolmaster at Liberton?"

"The same," answered Butler composedly.

The stranger covered his face with his hand, and turned away, but presently called back in a stern and suppressed tone:

"Go your way and do mine errand. Begone, and look not behind you. Tell Jeanie Deans that when the moon rises I shall expect to meet her at Nicol Muschat's Cairn."

Butler, his limbs exhausted with fatigue, his mind harassed with anxiety, and with painful doubts and recollections, dragged himself up to St. Leonard's Crags, and presented himself at David Deans's with feelings much akin to those within.

When Butler told Jeanie of his errand to her, she replied hastily: "Tell him I shall certainly come."

"May I ask," said her lover, his suspicions increasing at her prompt answer, "who this man is whom you are so willing to meet at a place and hour so uncommon? What I saw of him was not very favorable. Who is he?"

"I do not know," replied Jeanie composedly.

"You do not know?" said Butler. "Jeanie, what am I to think of this?"

"Think only, Reuben, that I speak truth. I do not ken this man, I do not ken that I ever saw him; yet I must give him this meeting; there's life and death upon it."

"Will you not tell your father, or take him with you?"

"I cannot. I have no permission."

"Will you let *me* go with you?"

"It is impossible. There maunna be mortal creature within sound of our conference."

"But why will you persevere in an undertaking so desperate? Why not let me be your assistant, your protector, at least your adviser?"

But Jeanie was obdurate, and Butler returned to Edinburgh determined to see Effie, if possible, and to find out what could be done to aid her. But when he reached the Tolbooth he was

himself taken into custody and locked up on a charge of having taken part in the tragedy of the night before.

Jeanie Deans kept the appointment at Muschat's Cairn, where she met Geordie Robertson, her sister's betrayer. He appeared half distracted, accused himself as a villain, and tried to make Jeanie promise to testify that her sister had confided her condition to her before the birth of her child. This would take the case from under the statute and save Effie's life, for it would remove the quality of concealment.

"Nothing is so natural as that Effie should have mentioned her condition to you; think—reflect—I am positive she did."

"Wo's me!" said Jeanie, "she never spoke to me on the subject."

"I tell you, you *must* remember that she told you all this, whether she ever said a syllable or no. You must repeat this tale, and save your sister from being murdered. Do not hesitate; I pledge life and salvation, that in saying this you will only speak the simple truth."

"I wad ware the best blood in my body to keep her skaithless," said Jeanie, weeping in bitter agony, "but I canna change right into wrang, or make that true which is false."

"Foolish, hard-hearted girl, are you afraid of what they may do to you?"

"It is not man I fear," said Jeanie; "the God, whose name I must call on to witness the truth of what I say, He will know the falsehood."

They were interrupted by hearing voices as of persons approaching.

"I dare stay no longer," he said. "Do not tell you saw me. Your sister's fate is in your hands."

The day of Effie's trial at last came. Jeanie, true to her convictions, declined to follow Robertson's advice to swear to an untruth, and admitted that her sister never had breathed a word to her on the subject of her trouble. This brought her case within the provisions of the statute, and Effie was found guilty of child-murder; but, in consideration of her youth, the jury asked the Judge to recommend her to the mercy of the Crown.

After Effie had partly recovered from the state of stupefied

horror natural to her situation, Jeanie visited her in her cell. Effie at first declined to see her, saying:

"I canna see naebody, and least of a' her. Bid her take care of the auld man: I am naething to ony o' them now, nor them to me." And when Jeanie, rushing in, threw her arms around her, she writhed to extricate herself from her embrace.

"What signifies coming to greet ower me," she said, "when you have killed me?—killed me, when a word of your mouth would have saved me—killed me, when I am innocent—of that guilt at least—and me that wad hae wared body and soul to save your finger from being hurt!"

"You shall not die," said Jeanie. "I will go to London and beg your pardon from the King and Queen. They pardoned Porteous, and if a sister asks a sister's life on her bended knees, they will pardon her—they *shall* pardon her."

"Ah, Jeanie! the King and Queen live in London, a thousand miles from this—far ayont the saut sea. I'll be gane before ye win there!"

"It's no sae far, and they go to it by land. Unless I die by the road, I will see the King's face that gies grace. Fareweel—fareweel, Effie! Dinna speak to me; I maunna greet now, my head's ower dizzy already!"

She tore herself from her sister's arms and left the cell. Ratcliffe, the turnkey, himself a convicted felon who had concluded that it was easier to serve the State than to contend with it, gave Jeanie some good advice. He advised her to go first to the Duke of Argyle—MacCallummore, in London. "He's Scotland's friend; d'ye ken naebody wad gie ye a letter to him?"

"What was he to that Argyle that suffered in my father's time—in the persecution?"

"Son or grandson, I'm thinking. But what o' that?"

"Thank God!" said Jeanie, devoutly clasping her hands.

"Weel, awa wi' ye, and stick to Argyle; if onybody can do the job, it maun be him. But hark ye, I'll tell ye a secret. If ye fall among thieves, deil ane o' them will touch an acquaintance o' Daddy Ratton's; for though I'm retired from public practise, they ken I can do a gude or an ill turn yet."

He scrawled a line or two on a dirty piece of paper and

handed it to her, saying it would be of use to her if she were stopped on the road.

Jeanie's next difficulty was to get money to pay for her journey; but at last she thought of the Laird of Dumbiedikes. When she explained to him her reasons for going to London, and her needs, he led her into his parlor, locked the door, and pressing a spring in an oaken panel in the wainscot, disclosed an iron strong-box in the wall, filled with leathern bags of gold and silver coin.

"This is my bank, Jeanie, lass," he said, looking at his treasure with great complacency. "Jeanie, I will make ye Leddy Dumbiedikes afore the sun sets, and ye may ride to Lunnon in your ain coach, if ye like."

"Na, Laird," replied Jeanie, "that can never be: my sister's situation, the discredit to you—"

"That's *my* business," said Dumbiedikes. "But if your heart's ower fu', take what siller will serve ye, and let it be when ye come back again."

"But, Laird, I like another man better than you, and I canna marry ye."

"Another man better than me, Jeanie!" said Dumbiedikes. "It's no possible, woman; ye hae kenn'd me sae lang. Come now, Jeanie, ye are but queering us. What is he? Wha is he?"

"Just Reuben Butler, that's schulemaster at Liberton," said Jeanie.

"Reuben Butler!" echoed the Laird in high disdain. "Reuben, the son of my cottar! he hasna in his pouch the value o' the auld black coat he wears—but it disna signify. Very weel, Jeanie, lass, wilfu' woman will hae her way. As for wasting my substance on other folks's joes—"

"I was begging nane frae your honor," said Jeanie, as he closed his treasury. "Gude morning to ye; ye hae been kind to my father, and it isna in my heart to think otherwise than kindly of you."

So saying, she left the room and set out on her journey, her bosom glowing with shame that she had subjected herself to ask such a favor. But when she had gone some way down the road, she heard the clatter of hoofs behind her, and Dumbiedikes's voice.

"Jeanie, ye suldna take a man at his first word. Ye maunna gang this wilfu' gate sillerless, come o't what will." And he put a purse into her hand. "There's just twenty-five guineas o't," he continued, "and whether your father pays or disna pay, I make ye free till 't without another word. And sae, good morning to you, Jeanie."

"God bless you, Laird, wi' mony a gude morning," said Jeanie, "and the Lord's peace be with you, if we suld never meet again!"

Jeanie's next move was to see her lover and get from him a letter to the Duke of Argyle. Butler's grandfather, who had been known in the wars as Bible Butler, had been instrumental in saving the life of an ancestor of the Duke, when he was Lord of Lorne, of which the schoolmaster had documentary evidence. When Reuben put these papers into Jeanie's hands, he begged her not to take so perilous a journey alone, but to give him a husband's rights and permit him to accompany her. But Jeanie firmly declined.

"You are kind and good, Reuben, and wad take me wi' 'a my shame, I doubtna. But ye canna but own that this is no time to marry or be given in marriage. But ye maun keep up your heart for Jeanie's sake, for if she isna your wife, she will never be the wife of living man. Now, bid God speed me on my way."

With a stout heart, and a frame patient of fatigue, Jeanie Deans set out on her long journey. Traveling at the rate of twenty miles a day, and sometimes farther, she traversed the southern part of Scotland and northern England until near Grantham in Lincolnshire. There she was stopped on the road by footpads, who would have recognized Ratcliffe's pass, but who had promised Meg Murdockson, the mother of Madge Wildfire, for some unknown reason, to strip her and send her back begging to her own country. They forced her to accompany them to a deserted barn, where she was put in charge of Meg Murdockson. While sleeping, or pretending to sleep, in the hay, Jeanie overheard Meg discussing her case with the leader of the gang, and gathered that she wished to prevent the pardon of Effie Deans because she feared that Robertson would marry her if she were released from prison, and she contended that Madge had prior rights to him.

"I will strangle her with my own hands, rather than she should come to Madge's preferment," cried the old hag.

"Madge's preferment! If he is as you say, d'ye think he'll ever marry a moon-calf like Madge? Marry Madge Wildfire! ha! ha! ha!"

"Hark ye, ye born beggar and bred thief; suppose he never marries the wench, is that any reason that another should hold my daughter's place, and she crazed, and I a beggar, and all along of him? But I know that will hang him, if he had a thousand lives!"

"Then why don't you? There would be more sense in revenging yourself on him, than in wreaking yourself here on two wenches that have done you and your daughter no ill."

"I have thought of it, but I canna. I have nursed him at this withered breast, and I canna take his life. He was the first bairn I ever nursed—and man can never ken what woman feels for the bairn she has first held to her bosom!"

When Madge and Jeanie awoke in the morning, the insane girl invited the captive for a walk, and Jeanie, in hope of finding an opportunity to escape, picked up her little bundle and followed her. Madge led the way across fields to a village, where the church-bell was ringing, for it was Sunday, and took her into the church, where she opened the door of an empty pew and dragged her in. After the service the beadle took charge of them and, after letting Madge go back to her mother in the next parish, he took Jeanie to the house of the rector, who was also a magistrate. While the Rev. Mr. Staunton was interrogating her in his library, Jeanie heard a deep groan from the adjoining room and the rector, exclaiming, "Good God! that unhappy boy!" hastened out.

He was gone a long while, during which the housekeeper gave Jeanie something to eat and means to rearrange her dress. While they were talking, a servant came to the door and said: "Master's waiting for the young woman."

The footman led her into a darkened apartment, in which was a bed with the curtains partly drawn.

"There is some mistake," said Jeanie, "the servant told me that the minister—"

"There is no mistake," said a man's voice. "I know more

of your affairs than my father. Leave the room, Tom. Look at me, Jeanie Deans; can you not recollect me?"

"No, sir," said she in surprise. "I was never in this country before."

"But I may have been in yours. Remember Muschat's Cairn and the moonlight night."

Jeanie sank on a chair and gasped in agony.

"Yes, here I lie," he said, "like a crushed snake, when I ought to have been in Edinburgh trying to save a life that is dearer to me than my own. How is your sister? Tell me what you are doing in this country. Remember, though I have been your sister's worst enemy, yet I will serve her with the best of my blood. Speak without fear, but hasten, for time presses."

After a moment's consideration, Jeanie told of her sister's trial and condemnation, and of her own journey. He appeared to listen in the utmost agony of mind, and questioned her closely concerning her adventure with the thieves and the conversation she had overheard between the captain and Meg Murdockson.

"It is too true," he said, "the source from which I derived food, when an infant, must have given me the wretched—the fatal—propensity to vices that were strangers in my own family."

When Jeanie had finished, young Staunton lay a moment in profound meditation, but at last said:

"You are a sensible, as well as a good, young woman, Jeanie Deans, and I will tell you more of my story than I have told to anyone. Story—a tissue of folly, guilt, and misery. In telling it, I put my life into your hands, as well as the happiness of a respectable old man, and the honor of a family of consideration."

The substance of his story was that George or Geordie Robertson was George Staunton, son of the rector of Willingham; that he had been nursed in childhood by Margaret Murdockson, wife of a favorite servant of his father's, who lived in a cottage near by, her husband being dead. She had a daughter, who grew up a beautiful but very giddy girl; and this daughter became too intimate with young Staunton, who was sent abroad. When he returned, he found that mother and daughter had fallen into disgrace and been chased from the country. George and his father quarreled in consequence of it, and George left to lead

a life of wild adventure, resolving never to see either father or home again.

Next came the story of his relations with Effie. He had again met with Murdockson in Edinburgh, and, trusting to her love for him and for money, left Effie in her care. The officers of the law were after him, and he dared not trust himself near his old haunts; but he charged Meg to let Effie want for nothing. When he returned to Edinburgh Meg informed him that Effie had been delivered of a boy, but he could get no trace of the child. All that could be learned from the hag was that Effie had fled from her house with her infant in her arms. Afterward he learned from the daughter that the child had been removed or destroyed during the illness of the mother. Then came the arrest and imprisonment of Effie, followed by the uprising of the Porteous mob. Hoping it would give him an opportunity to release her, he had put on Madge Wildfire's clothes and made himself leader of the rioters. But he could not induce Effie to leave the prison, and he was forced to seek his own safety. He fled from Scotland and to his father's house, where his wasted appearance procured his father's pardon, and awaited the result of the trial. The fatal news of her condemnation had reached him two days before, and he had set out for London with the intention of compounding with Sir Robert Walpole for Effie's safety by surrendering to him, in the person of the heir of the family of Willingham, the notorious George Robertson, the leader of the Porteous mob; but he had not gone ten miles when his horse fell on him and injured him so seriously that he had to be brought back.

The Rev. Mr. Staunton had been bred a soldier, and while serving in the West Indies had married the heiress of a wealthy planter. By this lady he had an only child, George, whose early life was passed under the charge of a doting mother, and in the society of negro slaves. When he was about ten years old his mother died, and the father returned to England. The mother had placed a considerable part of her fortune in her son's exclusive control, and George had not been long in England when he learned of his independence and how to abuse it. His father, whose mind had been tinged with melancholy since his wife's death, had taken orders, and was inducted by his brother, Sir

William Staunton, into the family living of Willingham. George was sent to school, but though he showed some capacity for learning, his riotous conduct was such that he was returned to his father's hands. He was sent abroad, but he returned wilder and more desperate than before.

When the rector heard the reason of Jeanie's visit to London, he took pity on her and sent her in charge of a servant to Stamford, where she secured a seat in the coach for London. She had little difficulty in getting an audience with the Duke of Argyle, who became interested in her and her story, recognized the claims on his generosity of Reuben Butler, whose grandfather had saved the life of his own grandfather, and succeeded in getting an audience for her with Queen Caroline, who promised to intercede with King George for her sister's pardon.

When the Duke of Argyle was assured of the success of his petition, and that the pardon had been forwarded to Edinburgh, he sent Jeanie home in one of his own coaches in charge of several servants who were going northward. When they arrived within sight of Dumbarton Castle, they left the carriage and took a boat for the picturesque island of Roseneath, where the Duke had a hunting-lodge. As they approached the landing, several persons were seen awaiting their arrival. Jeanie paid little heed to them, but what was her surprise, when she was carried ashore, to find herself received in the arms of her father.

She extricated herself from his embrace and held him at arm's length to satisfy herself that it was no delusion. It was indeed Douce David himself, in his best blue Sunday coat and his broad Lowland blue bonnet, thrown back as he lifted his eyes to heaven in gratitude.

"Jeanie—my ain Jeanie—my maist dutiful bairn! Thou hast redeemed our captivity, brought back the honor of our house. Bless thee, my bairn, with mercies promised and purchased!"

Jeanie soon learned that the Duke had offered her father a cow-farm on his estates, which he, anxious to leave St. Leonard's after the notoriety of Effie's imprisonment, had gladly accepted; and that, in recognition of Reuben's claims on his house, he had given him the charge of the kirk of Knocktarlitie. This removed

all her father's objections to the match, for Douce David had regarded the suit of the poor usher as a sort of presumption.

"But Effie? Effie, dear father? What of her?"

"You will never see her mair, my bairn," said David solemnly. "She lives in the flesh, and is free from earthly restraint, if she were as much alive in faith and as free from the bonds of Satan. She has left her sister, that toiled for her. She has left the bones of her mother and the land of her people, and she is ower the march wi' that son of Belial. She has made a moonlight flitting of it."

Jeanie learned that Effie had remained in her father's house three days after her pardon had arrived, but had disappeared on the third night. Butler had set out in pursuit and had followed her to a seaport town, where he learned that she had been taken on board a vessel lying off the coast. George Staunton married her under his own name, and the couple lived abroad many years. Effie had the best of teachers and became highly respected, having wealth, distinction, and honorable rank, her husband having succeeded to the baronetcy on the death of his uncle. But, while Jeanie was blessed with children, Effie had no more. This added possibly to reflections on his early life, often brought gloomy thoughts to Sir George and made him morose and irritable. In time it occurred to him that Effie's child, born out of wedlock but legitimated under the Scottish law by the subsequent marriage of the parents, might still be living, and with the view of making a search for it, he returned to Scotland and made careful inquiries. He found that Meg Murdockson had been hanged, and her daughter Madge had died insane in a hospital. He learned also, through various channels, that the boy had been saved and was then probably one of a band of Highland freebooters. In trying to trace him to his hiding-place among the hills, Sir George fell into an ambush of the thieves and was mortally wounded, probably by his own son.

THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR (1819)

The weird event that is the culmination of this story is based on a real happening in the family of James Dalrymple, first Lord Stair. It is another proof of the old truism that no imagination can conceive situations more wonderful than real life produces. If the incident of the wedding-night were not a part of established history, Scott no doubt would have been criticized many times for having introduced so wild and improbable a scene in his story. The story furnished the plot for Gaetano Donizetti's famous opera, *Lucia di Lammermoor* (1835).

IN the gorge of a mountain pass commanding the road between the Merse and the Lothians, in southeastern Scotland, stood through many centuries a great castle whose owners, the Lords of Ravenswood, were of a race of powerful barons intermarried with the Douglases, the Swintons, Hayses, and other families whose history is woven into that of Scotland. But by the middle of the seventeenth century the ancient castle had declined greatly from its splendor, and toward the period of the Revolution the last proprietor was compelled to part with the ancient family seat and remove himself to Wolf's Crag, the last remaining possession of his family, a sea-beaten, lonely tower facing the German Ocean.

There he dwelt, bitter, vindictive, giving himself up to hatred of men and of one man particularly—Sir William Ashton, who had become the owner of the Castle of Ravenswood after many involved pecuniary transactions with Lord Ravenswood.

Sir William Ashton was descended from a family much less ancient than that of the Ravenswoods, having risen to wealth and importance only during the civil wars. Sir William had been trained to the bar and had held high offices, maintaining through life the advantage of a fisher in troubled waters till he had attained at last to the high rank of Lord Keeper.

He had been helped materially in his ambitions by his wife,

who was of a greater family than his, and who ruled all about her with only one object in her mind—that of satisfying her ambition for rank and her lust for power, at any cost.

Lord Ravenswood expired breathing curses against the usurper, and his son listened to them as if they conveyed to him a legacy of vengeance. At the funeral an officer of the law, bearing a warrant signed by the Lord Keeper, tried to prevent the conduct of the services by an Episcopal clergyman, which was contrary to the law of the time. Immediately young Edgar Ravenswood drew his sword, and a hundred others flashed response in the hands of his cavalier kinsmen and friends.

The Lord Keeper saw that the young Master of Ravenswood by his own utterances had delivered himself into his hands, for he had spoken open treason against the ruling party of Scotland, which the cavalier families hated most cordially.

Yet Sir William Ashton hesitated about laying the information before his colleagues of the Privy Council. His indecision was enhanced by the absence of his wife, who would have seized on the opportunity without a moment's hesitation. He locked the charges in his desk and sought distraction by walking in the park with his daughter Lucy, on whom he bestowed all the love that such calculating natures as his could own. The two wandered far through the wooded aisles of the stately, somber domain. They had gone a mile or more from the castle, when suddenly they came upon a herd of the ferocious wild cattle which the Scottish nobles still preserved. The greatest bull of the herd tossed his head almost at once and before the Lord Keeper could collect his presence of mind the brute was on the charge.

Escape there was none. Lucy sank to her knees, robbed of her strength by terror. The Lord Keeper, equally terrified, stood helpless. The animal was almost on him and all seemed at an end, when there was a shot from a thicket.

With a mighty bellow the bull stumbled forward and fell within ten feet of the trembling man. The Lord Keeper gazed stupefied at the beast, which had been struck so truly between the skull and the spine that the bullet had proved instantly fatal.

A man with a short gun in his hand stepped out and lifted the girl. She saw a handsome, dark face partly concealed by a

black feather that dropped from the man's bonnet. He raised her in strong arms and placed her gently under a tree. The Lord Keeper stepped forward to offer his thanks, but the stranger said in a haughty, stern voice, "I am the Master of Ravenswood," and disappeared in the woods.

A few days later came an emissary to win Sir William over to the opposition by playing on his fears. He told the Lord Keeper that the cause of Ravenswood was already being taken up by his friends, particularly his close kinsman, the most noble Marquis of A——, who was feared by the ruling party in Scotland, and whose politics promised to end in bringing his faction into power.

The Lord Keeper hastily prepared memoranda written with all his lawyer's craft, in which, instead of presenting the funeral scenes as offenses to be punished, he rather became the advocate for young Ravenswood and his friends. These he despatched to the Privy Council, with still more urgent private letters in which he counseled mercy and forbearance. Then, packing copies carefully in his pouch, he ordered his retinue out for a hunt, which he so directed that finally he and Lucy found themselves in sight of the old tower.

As if to help his plan, the Master of Ravenswood came galloping up; and at the same instant a mighty flash of lightning tore over the sky and glared on the rolling sea. There was no way to avoid offering the hospitality of the ruined fastness to the pair, and the three rode rapidly to its gate, much to the dismay of the single servitor, who formed the young lord's sole retinue.

"Is he clean daft?" muttered that ancient man, Caleb Balderstone, as he hobbled down. "To bring lords and leddies and a host of folk behint them and naething to eat! But deil hae me if the family shall lose credit!"

Bowing to the ground, he craved his master's pardon for having permitted all the servants of the castle to go forth to see the hunt. Then he inquired gravely of the visitors whether they would have tokay or old sack or any other refection, and stopped only when Ravenswood turned to the Lord Keeper and said:

"Sir and madam, this old man forms my whole retinue. My

means of refreshing you are even more scanty than my retinue; but such as they may be you may command them."

The Lord Keeper's chief servant had now entered, and the rest of the great train was not far behind. Seeing this, Caleb hurried the guests into the hall and then ran out again and barred the great gates.

He thrust his head through a small window over the entrance and informed the angry people that his master and the guests were at their dinner, and that the gates of Wolf's Crag never were opened at meal-times.

It was now thundering furiously, which made Caleb say: "Heaven be praised!" Running to the kitchen, he waited for a thunderclap of extreme force, and with a sweep of his arm hurled from a shelf almost all the stock of crockery that the place boasted. Then he rushed up-stairs and appeared before his master with a piteous countenance.

"Such a misfortune to befa' the house, and I to live to see it!" he cried, wringing his hands. "The thunder's come down the kitchen, and the things are a' lying here awa', there awa'—capons in white broth, roast kid, roasted leveret, veal florentine, blackcock, plum damas, a tart, an' forby the fruit. And we hae naething left in the house fit to present for dinner. But I will gang to Wolf's Hope and bring back a dinner."

Ravenswood, who had not contradicted Caleb for fear of making the scene still more ridiculous, held out his purse, but the old seneschal said indignantly: "Purse! Purse, indeed! I trust we are no to pay for our ain!" and flung out of the room. Outside he muttered: "Couldna he hae slipped it gently into my hand?"

As he came to the cooper's house he saw the table decked for a large company, and at the fire he beheld a spit turning with a goose and two wild ducks on it. He entered hastily and began a polite conversation with the two women in the place. Presently a child began to cry in the next room, and both ran to see what ailed it. When they returned, Caleb was gone and so was the spit with the wild fowl.

Proudly he rode back to the castle and set the dinner before the guests, with a glance every now and then to upbraid his master.

The pride and enmity of the Master of Ravenswood could not but be softened by his duty as a host and the beauty of the feminine guest.

Reassured by Ravenswood's altered manner, the Lord Keeper became easy in mind, and before long he managed to bring the talk around to the subject of the charges that had been made, and thus got the opportunity to show the master the memoranda that he had drawn up.

After perusing these papers, the Master of Ravenswood remained for a minute or two in profound meditation. He read the papers carefully again, as if desirous of discovering some deep purpose or some note of treachery in them. Then he started up impulsively and took the Lord Keeper's hand.

"My generous friend!" said he, and with that brief utterance he gave to his feudal enemy the full confidence of a haughty but intensely sensitive and honorable heart.

Impulsively Lucy held out her hand, too. She looked with enthusiastic admiration at the noble form and fine features of the young man. When their eyes encountered both blushed deeply, conscious of some strong internal emotion, and shunned again to meet each other's looks.

Sir William Ashton watched their expressions closely: "I need fear no Parliament," he thought.

He decided to increase the Master's evident admiration for Lucy by inviting him to the castle, and, much to his own surprise, Ravenswood found himself willing to go.

Before many days had passed that happened which might be expected in the case of a passionate, headlong nature like that of Ravenswood. He was deeply in love with Lucy Ashton. As soon as he realized it he determined to flee; but this determination only hastened the affair, for the attempt to say farewell ended in a mutual confession of love.

Ravenswood desired to acquaint the Lord Keeper with it at once, but Lucy tremblingly asked him to wait till her mother returned. At first he refused indignantly.

"I would impress on you the price at which I buy your love," said he. "For your sake I abjure those vows of vengeance on your family which I had sworn. I cannot conceal

from myself that the world may think that I have bartered the honor of my house."

"Forget me, then," said Lucy, weeping, and at the sight of her tears Ravenswood kneeled and yielded to her wishes. They broke between them a thin broad-piece of gold, and as Lucy hung hers around her neck she said: "While I wear it, my heart shall acknowledge no other love than yours."

The Lord Keeper received the exciting news that the Marquis of A—— was to visit him on his way to the South. He would have been still more excited had he known that his wife had learned of Ravenswood's presence at the castle and was posting homeward with furious speed.

The noble guest and the lady of the castle arrived at its gates at almost the same moment, and Sir William Ashton, who had prepared himself to receive the great statesman with his most courtly manner, promptly exchanged it for one more like that of an apprehended criminal when he saw Lady Ashton's angry face. As soon as she had given the needful welcome to the Marquis she turned on her husband in private and demanded that he request the Master to leave. When the Lord Keeper refused, she wrote a note and sent it down by a servant.

The Marquis was as furious as his kinsmen at the affront, and prepared to leave at once with Ravenswood; but a second thought counseled that he stay behind and endeavor to make some effort at reconciliation. Ravenswood, despite his white heat of passion, was willing for Lucy's sake and agreed to wait for the Marquis till the next day at an inn between Castle Ravenswood and Wolf's Crag.

The Marquis had little to report when he arrived. Lucy had told Lady Ashton of their love, and that proud woman had spurned every attempt on the part of the Marquis to arrange matters. Neither of them dwelt on the subject, and the Marquis hastened to tell of more cheerful news that had reached him. It told him that his plans were succeeding beyond his hopes, and he enlarged on the prospects that his victory would open for his kinsman.

He suggested that they stay overnight in Wolf's Crag, where he would entrust to Ravenswood a secret and most important commission beyond the sea.

As they approached they were surprised to see a mighty light flaring on the height whereon the tower stood. The mystery was soon explained. At a turn of the road Caleb met them, crying in broken accent:

"Och, my gude lords! Och, haud to the right! Wolf's Crag is burning, bower and hall, a' the rich plenishing outside and inside, a' the fine pictures, tapestries, needlework, hangings, and other decorement, a' in the bleeze! Haud to the right, gentlemen, and find shelter in the village."

The Master was about to spur on, and the Marquis ordered his servants to hasten to the tower and see what could be done, but they were halted by Caleb's screech:

"Turn bridle, for the love of mercy! There are thirty kegs of powder in the vaults, landed out of a Dunkirk dogger. To the right, lads, to the right! The fire canna be far off it, I trow!"

This announcement hurried the Marquis and his servants into the route prescribed by Caleb, dragging Ravenswood with them, though there was much in the matter that he could not comprehend. Finally he rode on with the Marquis, but as soon as he had seen him safe he turned to look back. Balderstone, however, held to his stirrup and said: "Dinna expose yoursel' before the Marquis. The tower is standing haill and safe as when ye left it."

"And the fire?" said Ravenswood.

"A wheen fern and horse-litter that I fired in the courtyard after sending back the loon of a messenger, and to speak Heaven's truth the next time that ye bring onybody here to look on the wrang side of ane's housekeeping and to force ane to damn their souls wi' telling ae lee after another faster than I can count them, I wad rather set fire to the tower in gude earnest and burn it ower my own head."

Ravenswood returned to the company and told them that the fire had burned itself out. The next day they set out for Edinburgh, where the fortunes of their party were soon in the ascendent.

Before proceeding against the Ashtons, Ravenswood wrote to Lady Ashton and Sir William, who had already been deposed from his office of Lord Keeper, offering to settle matters ami-

cably, and again pressing his suit. To Lucy he sent another letter by a secret messenger.

Sir William wrote an ambiguous, fawning reply that promised much and said nothing. Lady Ashton sent an insulting answer, refusing utterly to give him her daughter's hand. From Lucy herself came a piteous little scrawl asking him not to write again, for fear of the consequences to her. "I am sore beset," she added, "but I will be true to my word while the exercise of my reason is vouchsafed to me."

Ravenswood departed for the Continent with a heavy heart.

Lady Ashton bent every effort of her masterful mind to place a perpetual bar between the lovers by marrying Lucy to the young Laird of Bucklaw, whose rich lands adjoined the Ravenswood domain. She surrounded her daughter with spies. She told her that the Master of Ravenswood had become engaged to a foreign lady of rank and fortune. She sounded every deep and shallow of her daughter's soul, and even forced on her as an attendant an old crone, ill famed as a witch, who worked on the girl's superstitious terrors with fearful stories of the doom of the Ravenswoods and the blight that fell on those whom they loved. Her father inveighed daily against the Master, whose cause now was being pressed bitterly in the British House of Peers by the Marquis. Her brother, Colonel Douglas Ashton, broke out constantly in bitter taunts and revilings.

At last Lucy announced that she was conscious that heaven and hell had set themselves against her union with Ravenswood, but that she was bound by her promise till she was set free by him. "Let me be assured that he will free me," said she, "and you may dispose of me as you please, I care not how."

Lady Ashton dictated a letter, which was despatched to the Continent; and the girl agreed that if no answer arrived by St. Jude's Day she would sign the marriage contract with Bucklaw.

St. Jude's Day came, and there was neither letter nor news from Ravenswood. Bucklaw arrived at the castle, the minister came with the papers, and Lucy was led in, splendid in satin and Brussels lace, but with a face as pale as the dead. She signed with a hand that seemed to move over the paper blindly. Just as she traced the last letter a heavy tramp sounded outside, a commanding voice rang out, and the Master of Ravenswood,

flung the door open. Bucklaw and Colonel Ashton started toward him furiously, but he merely waved his hand and said:

"Patience! We shall find time and place for our dispute. Is that your handwriting, madam?" So saying, he held toward Lucy the letter that Lady Ashton had dictated.

A faltering "yes" seemed rather to breathe from her lips than to be uttered.

"And is that also your writing?" he asked, pointing to the contract. Lucy looked at him in terrified silence.

The Master of Ravenswood drew his sword and pulled a pistol from his belt. "Murder me by numbers you possibly may," said he. "But I will not die without ample vengeance. If this young lady desires the restoration of her contract of her own free will, a withered leaf is not more valueless in my eyes. But I must hear it from her own lips alone. Now choose—choose whether you will have this hall flooded with blood or you will grant me the interview."

Again the men interposed furiously, aided by Lady Ashton. But the old minister called on them to give the Master his right, and at last prevailed on them to let him speak to Lucy in the presence of himself and her mother.

At last, when the minister said that he would vouch on his sacred character that the marriage contract had been signed by her without duress, Ravenswood laid before her the broken half of the gold piece and took from her hand the other, which she loosed from her throat with trembling fingers, and he threw it into the fire.

"I have nothing further to say to you, madam," said he, turning to the all but insensible girl, "except to pray to God that you may not become a world's wonder for this act of wilful perjury." He turned on his heel and strode away.

After the terrible scene Lucy was carried to her chamber, where she lay in a stupor for several days. She was roused to be dressed for her wedding with Bucklaw, which Lady Ashton was bent on hurrying through. The bridal guests assembled in gallant troops from near and far. The bride was splendidly appareled, and there was a light in her eyes which added to her pale beauty. A thousand joyous exclamations greeted the shining train on the way to church and back. In the castle a

magnificent banquet awaited them, and after it the gay party thronged into the great ballroom. According to etiquette, the bride should have opened the ball; but Lady Ashton made apology on account of her daughter's feebleness, and offered her own hand to Bucklaw.

But just as she stepped forth to begin the dance she was so much amazed by something she saw that she exclaimed loudly:

"Who has dared to change the pictures?"

All looked up and saw, in the place of Sir William's father's portrait, the picture of old Sir Malise Ravenswood frowning wrath and vengeance on those below.

Lady Ashton recovered herself and ordered the picture removed. Then she opened the ball with such grace that she charmed all who beheld her. After about an hour she whispered to the bridegroom, who extricated himself from the dancers and vanished from the scene.

The instruments were playing their loudest strains. The dancers were in the height of their merriment—when through the castle rang a cry so fearful that it arrested at once both music and dance.

All stood motionless, but when the dreadful cry rang out again Colonel Ashton snatched a torch from the wall and, followed by a few other near relatives, rushed to the bridal chamber.

When he tried to open the door he found opposition from something that lay against it. He forced it open and found the body of the bridegroom lying there, flooded with blood. In the chimneyplace crouched Lucy, her headgear disheveled, her clothes torn and dabbled with blood and her eyes glazed. She gibbered, made mouths, and pointed with bloody fingers in maniac exultation. As they bore her from the chamber she looked down to the spot whence Bucklaw had been removed and said, grinning horribly:

"So you have ta'en up your bonny bridegroom?"

The terrified guests fled from the castle, leaving only a small party of Bucklaw's friends, who stayed to watch over him. The surgeons found that he had been stabbed dangerously but not fatally, and, in fact, he recovered in time. But neither then nor ever in the future would he so much as hint at the dark happen-

ing of his wedding-night. He soon shut off all inquiry by announcing that he had neither a story to tell nor an injury to avenge, and that he should consider any question on the subject as equivalent to an invitation to a duel.

However, his story was not needed to throw light on the tragedy. It was only too evident that the bride had lain in wait for the man who had been forced on her, and had stabbed him with her brother's poniard, which she had contrived to secrete. She never recovered her reason, but died within two days.

The day after her funeral Colonel Ashton rode before sunrise to the seashore east of Wolf's Crag and looked eagerly and impatiently toward that tower. Presently he saw a horseman riding fast toward him. It was the Master of Ravenswood, bound for the meeting that he had promised Lucy's brother.

From the eastern battlements of the tower old Caleb watched his master. He saw him spur along the sands, and all at once the prophecy rushed on his mind that the last Lord of Ravenswood should perish on the Kelpie's flow, the deadly quicksands that lay half-way between the tower and the place where Colonel Ashton, frantic for revenge, was waiting.

The two men watched the rider with equal intensity from their different stations. They saw him reach the fatal spot; but they never saw him pass it. To Ashton it seemed as if the rider had suddenly dissolved into nothing before his eyes.

Colonel Ashton galloped to the place and there met Caleb, who had ridden down from the tower. No trace of horse or rider could be discerned. All that could be seen was that the bounds of the quicksand had been greatly extended, and that the Master of Ravenswood had ridden headlong into it. Only one vestige of his fate appeared—a large sable feather from his hat, which the tide carried to Caleb's feet.

A LEGEND OF MONTROSE (1819)

The scene of this story is laid in the Highlands of Scotland in 1645–46, in the reign of Charles I. The chief incident is the battle at Inverlochy, when James Graham, Earl of Montrose, commander of the Royal forces in Scotland, defeated the Parliamentary forces. Among the chief characters is Captain Dugald Dalgetty, formerly of Marischal College, and later a rittmaster under Gustavus Adolphus, half soldier and half divinity student, a mixture of talent, courage, coarseness, and conceit. The heroine is Annot Lyle, the long-lost daughter of Sir Duncan Campbell, restored to him on his deathbed, who marries the Earl of Menteith. This story is the last of the series entitled *Tales of My Landlord*.

THE Earl of Menteith, riding with two attendants through one of the Highland passes accessible from the Lowlands of Perthshire, met on the borders of the lake a solitary horseman, who rode his war-saddle with an air that showed it was his familiar seat. The stranger wore a bright burnished head-piece, with a plume of feathers, a buff jerkin over a cuirass and a back-piece, and steel gauntlets reaching to the elbow. A case of pistols, nearly two feet long, hung in front of his saddle, a buff belt sustained on one side a long, straight broadsword and on the other a dagger, and a shoulder-belt supported at his back a musketoon or blunderbuss. He was above the middle size, of forty years or upward, and his countenance was that of a resolute, weather-beaten veteran who had seen many fields and brought away more than one scar.

When within about thirty yards Menteith hailed, as was customary:

"We are for God and King Charles. For whom are you?"

"I am for God and my standard," answered the horseman.

"For which standard—Cavalier or Roundhead? King or Convention?"

"By my troth, sir, I would be loath to reply to you with an untruth, but to answer your query I should myself have resolved

to whilk of the present divisions of the kingdom I shall ultimately adhere; and I stand ready to prove that my resolution to defer for a certain season the taking upon me either of these quarrels not only becometh me as a gentleman and a man of honor, but also as a person of sense and prudence, one imbued with humane letters in his early youth, and who has followed the wars under the banner of the invincible Gustavus, the Lion of the North, and under many other heroic leaders, both Lutheran and Calvinist, Papist and Arminian."

Menteith, after consulting his attendants, said to the horseman that he would like to have some conversation with him on the question of service, and invited him to accompany him to a friend's house not three miles distant, where he should have good quarters and free permission to depart in the morning if they could not agree. He also gave his name and title as a guaranty of faith.

"A worthy nobleman," answered the soldier, "whose parole is not to be doubted. My name is Dalgetty—Dugald Dalgetty, Rittmaster Dugald Dalgetty of Drumthwacket, at your honorable service to command. I carried the learning whilk I had acquired at the Marischal College of Aberdeen to the German wars, there to push my way as a cavalier of fortune."

"And doubtless, sir," replied Menteith, "you have seen hot service."

"Surely, my lord, it doth not become me to speak; but he that hath seen the fields of Leipsic and of Lutzen may be said to have seen pitched battles. And one who hath witnessed the intaking of Frankfort, and Spanheim, and Nuremberg, and so forth, should know somewhat about leaguers, storms, onslaughts, and outfalls."

"I should have thought," said Menteith, "that a cavalier of your honorable mark would not have hesitated to embrace the cause of King Charles in preference to that of the round-headed, canting knaves in rebellion against his authority."

"Ye speak reasonable, my lord, but there is a southern proverb—'Fine words butter no parsnips.' Whilk cause is the best I cannot say, but my preference will be determined upon two considerations: first, on whilk side my services would be in most honorable request; and secondly, whilk is a corollary of

the first, by whilk party they are likely to be most gratefully requited."

The party soon afterward rode into the courtyard of Darnlinvarach Castle, where domestics hastened, some to take the horses, others to conduct the travelers within. But Captain Dalgetty refused the assistance of those who would relieve him of his horse.

"It is my custom, my friends, to see Gustavus—for so I have called him, after my invincible master—accommodated before myself. We are old friends and fellow-travelers." And he strode into the stable to look after the comfort of his steed.

"What do you think, Anderson," asked Lord Menteith of his attendant, "of your fellow-traveler?"

"A stout fellow," replied Anderson. "I wish we had twenty such, to put our men into some sort of discipline."

"I differ with you, Anderson. I think this fellow is one of those horse-leeches—those mercenaries that have made the name of Scot pitiful through all Europe—who knows neither honor nor principle but his month's pay."

"Your lordship will forgive me," said Anderson, "if I recommend to you, in the present circumstances, to conceal at least part of this generous indignation. We cannot do our work without the assistance of such fellows as our friend the soldado."

"I must dissemble, then, as well as I can; but I wish the fellow at the devil, with all my heart."

They were assembled in the great hall, down the length of which the table was spread. When a Highland domestic asked Menteith where he should place Dalgetty, who entered just then, he pointed silently to a seat beside his own. While the Captain stood leaning on the back of his chair, a tall Highlander walked slowly up to the table and, without noticing the salutation of Menteith, who called him Allan, snatched a lamp from the hand of an attendant, held it close to Dalgetty's face, and studied it with grave attention.

"By my honor," said Dalgetty, as Allan mysteriously shook his head, "that lad and I will ken each other when we meet again."

Meanwhile Allan strode to the foot of the table, where Anderson had been placed, and subjected him to the same careful

scrutiny. Then, after a few moments' reflection, seized Anderson by the arm and led him to the seat assigned to Dalgetty, and, making a sign for him to occupy it, took the soldier in a similar manner and hurried him to the foot of the table. The Captain tried in vain to shake off the gigantic mountaineer, who threw him forward with such violence that he fell at full length on the floor, the vaulted hall ringing with the clash of his armor. When he rose his first action was to draw his sword; but Lord Menteith and his attendants interfered, while the Highlanders snatched weapons from the wall and whispered to Dalgetty: "He is mad—he is perfectly mad. There is no purpose in quarreling with him."

"If your lordship is assured that he is *non compos mentis*," said Dalgetty, "the matter must end here, seeing that a madman can neither give an affront nor render honorable satisfaction."

Peace being thus restored, the parties were seated according to the original arrangement, Allan taking a seat on a settle by the fire and not again interfering.

When they had retired to rest Menteith explained to Captain Dalgetty the conduct of Allan M'Aulay, who, with an elder brother, Angus, constituted the family at Darnlinvarach. The brother of their mother, who was unfortunate enough to become involved in a feud with a tribe of Highland freebooters called Children of the Mist, was slain by them. His head was cut off and taken by the caterans to the castle of his brother-in-law, then absent, and placed on the dining-table, with a piece of bread in the mouth. When the lady of the house recognized the head of her brother she became insane, and Allan, who was born three months afterward, was similarly afflicted. She died when he was ten years old, and her last words to him were an injunction of vengeance upon the Children of the Mist. When Allan was fifteen years old he assumed an independence and impatience of control that alarmed his father. He was absent from the castle for days and nights at a time, under pretense of hunting. One day he came home with blood on his hands and face, and unrolled from his plaid the head of Hector of the Mist, a well-known leader of the outlaws, who had been active in the murder of his uncle. After this he eluded all efforts to restrain him, and

returned from his absences usually with one head, but once with two, of his enemies, until these men, appalled at his audacity and believing him to bear a charmed life, sought safety in inaccessible places. Once Allan brought home from one of these expeditions a little maiden, who smiled upon his drawn dirk, and who was brought up at the castle under the name of Annot Lyle. It was a long time before Allan could endure the presence of this child, until it occurred to him, perhaps from her features, that she did not belong to the hated blood of his enemies, but had become their captive in some of their incursions. After this idea took possession of him he treated her with the utmost consideration, rather as a sister than as a dependent, and was never so happy as in listening to the music of her harp, which she played with the utmost skill.

The next morning Lord Menteith told Captain Dalgetty that the time had come either to part or to become comrades in service. The pay, he said, must be small at present, but he promised him the rank of major and adjutant; and when Dalgetty learned that his estate of Drumthwacket was even then in the possession of a Covenanter he exclaimed: "The crop-eared hound! My Lord Menteith, I am yours, hand and sword, body and soul, till death do us part, or to the end of the next campaign."

The Castle of Darnlinvarach presented a gallant sight during the next few days, when many Highland chieftains gathered there, some attracted by zeal for the royal cause, and many by aversion to the domination of the Marquis of Argyle, who had many failings which rendered him unpopular. When all were gathered in the great hall, the assembly was addressed by the Earl of Menteith in a speech that elicited great applause, and was followed by a demand for a commander.

"There is but one," said Allan M'Aulay, laying his hand on the shoulder of Anderson, who stood behind Lord Menteith, "and here he stands."

An impatient murmur arose at this, when Anderson, throwing back his cloak, stepped forward and said: "I hold a commission, under the great seal, to James Graham, Earl of Montrose, to command the forces assembled in this kingdom for the service of his Majesty. Whether I deserve the honor reposed

in me will best appear from what I shall be able to do for the King's service."

A loud shout of approbation burst from the assembly, when Montrose was recognized in the person of Anderson; for to no other would these proud mountaineers have been disposed to submit. His hereditary hostility to the Marquis of Argyle and his military talents and valor gave every hope that he would push the war to a favorable conclusion.

The proceedings were interrupted by the entrance of a gray-haired man of stately appearance, who cast a stern glance on the assembled chiefs, and asked: "To which of this assembly am I to address myself as leader?"

"Address yourself to me, Sir Duncan Campbell, to the Earl of Montrose, if you have forgot him."

"I should have had some difficulty in recognizing him in the disguise of a groom," said Sir Duncan, with some scorn. "In the name of the Marquis of Argyle, in the name of the Scottish Convention of Estates, I demand to know the meaning of this singular convocation."

"It is a new state of affairs in Scotland," said Montrose, turning to the assembly, "when Scottish men of rank and family cannot meet in the house of a common friend without asking leave of M'Callum More or any of his emissaries or dependents."

It turned out that Sir Duncan had come with a proposal from the Marquis of Argyle that, to prevent the bloody feuds that must follow a Highland war, terms of truce should be arranged to the north of the Highland line. To this Montrose replied that such a truce would be possible if the Marquis of Argyle would bind himself to observe its terms with strict fidelity; and to secure such an armistice, in case the Marquis should be found serious in proposing it, he would send a gentleman with Sir Duncan on his return to arrange the terms. Montrose, who considered the proposal for an armistice a mere stratagem on the part of Argyle, and who knew that whatever Highlander should undertake an office so distasteful to the Marquis would be sure to incur his enmity and be made some day to repent it, selected Captain Dalgetty for the dangerous but important duty.

Sir Duncan Campbell, with six mounted attendants, and ac-

companied by Dalgetty on Gustavus, rode to the nearest seaport, where the party embarked on half-decked galleys, and on the following morning reached Sir Duncan's Castle of Ardenvohr. It was a gloomy, square tower, of considerable size and height, on a headland projecting into the sea. Here Dalgetty was hospitably entertained over the following night, when Sir Duncan announced his purpose of riding with him on the morrow to Inverary.

"Have you forgotten, Sir Duncan," said Lady Campbell, "that to-morrow is a sad anniversary?"

"I had not forgotten," answered Sir Duncan, "but the necessity of the times requires that this officer should reach Inverary to-morrow. Yet I can write to the Marquis and follow next day. Captain Dalgetty, I will despatch a letter for you, explaining to the Marquis of Argyle your character and commission, with which you will please prepare to travel to-morrow morning."

Dalgetty, who was summoned at break of day, observed, in passing through the great hall of the castle, that domestics were busy hanging it with black cloth, a testimonial of the deepest mourning; but, as none of the half-dozen Campbells who formed his escort spoke English, he could not ascertain its meaning.

In passing through Inverary Major Dalgetty beheld a scene that might have quelled a less stout heart—five dead bodies swinging on a gibbet in the market-place, and several women sitting under it singing the coronach. At the castle gate he saw another terrible spectacle of feudal power—a block and an ax in an enclosure strewed with sawdust, both smeared with recent blood.

When introduced to the Marquis of Argyle, after being conducted through many anterooms and galleries filled with Highland gentlemen, Captain Dalgetty made his military congee with easy confidence, saying: "Give you good morrow, my lord —or rather I should say, good even."

"Who are you, sir, and what is your business?" demanded the Marquis. "See who or what he is, Neal," he continued sternly, to a gentleman near him.

"I will save the honorable gentleman the labor," said Dalgetty. "I am come with a flag of truce from a high and power-

ful lord, James, Earl of Montrose, and other noble persons now in arms for his Majesty. And so, God save King Charles!"

"Do you know where you are, and the danger of dallying with us, sir?"

"My lord," replied Dalgetty, "I pray your lordship to peruse these my full powers for treating with you in the name of the noble Earl of Montrose."

Argyle glanced slightingly at the signed and sealed paper and, throwing it with contempt on the table, asked those around him what he deserved who came as the avowed envoy and agent of malignant traitors, in arms against the state.

"A high gallows and a short shrift," said one.

Captain Dalgetty, recognizing his danger, gave the Marquis a short lecture on the sanctity of a flag of truce, announcing that the Earl of Montrose would hold him to a strict responsibility, which only angered him the more; but when he declared that he had the guaranty of Sir Duncan Campbell for his personal safety, and presented the knight's letter, Argyle listened to the protest of several of his gentlemen, and ordered the prisoner removed and secured to await the arrival of Sir Duncan.

Dalgetty was seized, notwithstanding his protests, and borne through several gloomy passages to a door grated with iron, which showed, when opened, a narrow flight of steps leading down into a dungeon. He was pushed into this, after his arms had been taken from him, and left to find his way down in total darkness. At the bottom he stumbled over something soft and fell on his hands and knees on the damp floor of a stone-paved dungeon. Dalgetty was not long in finding out that his fellow-prisoner was Ranald Mac Eagh—or Ranald, Son of the Mist—the one who years before had slain one of the M'Aulays, in revenge for the death of his own brother, and caused the insanity of the sister by showing her his bloody head. The soldier also gleaned from him, when he heard that Sir Duncan Campbell was to visit Inverary on the morrow, that he was responsible for the yearly day of mourning in the family, for he and his Children of the Mist had on that day, fifteen years before, captured Ardenvohr and put to the sword all Sir Duncan's children save one. If he but could see Sir Duncan, he would tell him the secret of his still living child, to secure his own release; for he

had a son Kenneth, who must be trained to revenge the death of his three sons now hanging on the gallows below.

"You may attain your end more easily," said a third voice, "by entrusting your secret to me."

"The enemy of mankind is among us!" cried Ranald Mac Eagh, his chains clattering as he sprang to his feet.

"*In nomine Domini*," began Dalgetty.

"A truce with your exorcisms," said the voice. "Though I come strangely among you, I am mortal like yourselves, and my assistance may avail you in your present strait, if you are not too proud to be counseled. With you I have first to do," he continued, turning his full light on the wasted features of Ranald. "What I demand to know from you, in exchange for your liberty, is, where the daughter and heiress of the Knight of Ardenvohr is to be found?"

While the stranger, who called himself Murdoch Campbell, was questioning Ranald, Dalgetty watched him closely, listening to every word he spoke and wondering what proposal he had to make to him. He was not long kept in ignorance, for presently he came to him and after questioning him in regard to Montrose's forces, made him an offer to enter the service of the Marquis of Argyle, whom he extolled in the highest terms.

"I never heard so much good of him before," said Dalgetty. "You must be the Marquis himself. Lord of Argyle," he added, throwing himself suddenly on him, "I arrest you in the name of King Charles as a traitor. If you dare to call for assistance, I will wring your neck."

"Villain, you would not murder me for my kindness," murmured Argyle.

"Not for kindness, but first, to teach your lordship the *jus gentium* toward cavaliers who come to you under safe-conduct; and secondly, to warn you of the danger of proposing dishonorable terms to any worthy soldado to tempt him to become false to his standard."

"Spare my life," said Argyle, "and I will do all you require."

Dalgetty then forced from him the secret of the private door into the dungeon, and of the passage leading to his private apartment behind the tapestry, whence there was access through

the chapel to the outer gateway. Dalgetty then asked where he kept his blank passports and writing materials. His next move was to drag his prisoner to the spot where Ranald was chained to the wall, so that the Highlander could reach his throat, with orders to throttle him if he cried out.

"If he offer at speech or struggle," said Ranald, "he dies by my hand."

Dalgetty then, leaving the prisoner in care of Ranald, pressed the spring of the secret door and hastened out. In a few minutes he returned, bringing writing materials and a passport, which he bade the Marquis fill in with the names of Major Dugald Dalgetty and his guide. Then, making Ranald give him his plaid, he muffled the Marquis's head in it and bound him securely with a silken curtain-cord brought from his apartment. To examine Ranald's chain was the next move. Fortunately, one of the keys behind the private door unlocked the fetters, and the outlaw stretched his benumbed limbs in the ecstasy of recovered freedom. At Dalgetty's suggestion, Ranald then stripped from the Marquis the livery-coat he wore, and the two went out of the dungeon, leaving Argyle to await the coming of the turnkey. In passing through the Marquis's private apartment Dalgetty possessed himself of a sword and pistols, a purse of gold, and a bundle of Argyle's private papers.

Thus, armed with the Marquis's passport and the password, Dalgetty secured Gustavus and, followed by Ranald on foot, passed through Inverary and reached a wild place in the mountains, where the Highlander's whistle brought around him some of his tribesmen. After various adventures Dalgetty reached Montrose's camp with Ranald, who, from his knowledge of the mountain passes, proved very useful in the advance into Argyleshire.

The Campbells were met and totally defeated at Inverlochy by the force under Montrose, the result being attributable largely to the efforts of Major Dalgetty, who, in command of fifty horse, was kept in reserve until needed to turn the tide of battle. The mountaineers, who had a superstitious dread of the war-horse, turned and fled before his resolute charge. Sir Duncan Campbell, with two or three hundred men, tried to cover the retreat. Dalgetty, recognizing him, called out: "Good quarter, Sir Dun-

can." The knight replied by firing a pistol, which killed Gustavus, and he was then cut down by Ranald Mac Eagh.

"Dog of an Islander," cried Allan M'Aulay, "harm him no further, unless you would die by my hand. I have ordered him taken alive."

This roused the revengeful spirit of Ranald, whose identity had been carefully concealed by order of Montrose.

"I am Ranald of the Mist!" he shouted, striking at M'Aulay. The two engaged in mortal combat, and after a few blows, Ranald was prostrated by a deep wound on the skull. Major Dalgetty, recovered from the fall of his horse, came up in time to save Ranald from Allan, whose insane rage was then turned on the Major. Their quarrel was interrupted by Montrose, who rode up saying:

"For shame, gentlemen! Are you mad? As for you, Major Dalgetty, kneel down, in the name of King Charles and his representative."

When Dalgetty reluctantly obeyed, Montrose struck him lightly with the flat of his sword, saying: "In reward of the gallant service of this day, and in the name and authority of our Sovereign, King Charles, I dub thee knight; be brave, loyal, and fortunate."

Annot Lyle, who had followed the army with the M'Aulays, was persuaded by Sir Dugald Dalgetty to visit the Knight of Ardenvohr to look after his wounds. She blushed deeply at finding the Earl of Menteith in the room, but proceeded at once to examine Sir Duncan's wounds, which she satisfied herself were beyond her skill. While she was there, Sir Dugald appeared, followed by several men bearing Ranald of the Mist, who had expressed a wish to see Sir Duncan Campbell before his death. When the Knight of Ardenvohr heard who he was, he rose in his bed and denounced him; but Ranald persisted in telling his story, which was to the effect that Annot Lyle was the youngest and sole surviving child of Sir Duncan, who alone was saved when all else in his halls was given to blood and ashes.

"If this be true," said Annot, "I will not part from my father, if I have found one."

"And a father you shall ever find in me," murmured Sir Duncan.

The Earl of Menteith, satisfied that Annot Lyle, whom he had long loved, was his equal in birth, lost no time in asking her hand of her father, who had but a few days of life. Sir Duncan Campbell, ascertaining that Annot's happiness depended upon this union, agreed that they should be married privately in the chapel of the castle by Montrose's chaplain. But before the hour arrived, Allan M'Aulay rushed in, struck down Menteith with his dagger, and made his escape. Nothing certain is known of his fate, though Kenneth, the son of Ranald Mac Eagh, with three Children of the Mist, is supposed to have dogged his flight and slain him.

Menteith recovered of his wound, married Annot, and after Montrose disbanded his army retired to private life. Sir Dugald Dalgetty, who finally acquired his paternal estate of Drumthwacket by a peaceful marriage with the widow of the Covenanter who had held it, lived to a good old age, and was never tired of telling interminable stories of the immortal Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North.

IVANHOE (1819)

This novel, almost immediately on its publication, became the most popular of Scott's, and it still leads the list. As it was originally written, Athelstane died; but the publisher would not have it so, and Scott was obliged to bring that character to life again.

THE feast was high in the halls of Rotherwood. Cedric the Saxon was entertaining two travelers who had sought shelter for the night from an approaching storm. They were Prior Aymer of Jorvaux and the haughty Templar Brian de Bois-Guilbert, lately returned from the Crusades. At the side of Cedric sat his ward, Rowena, the descendant of a long line of Saxon princes.

On her union with Athelstane of Coningsburgh, the last of the direct descendants of Alfred, the lord of Rotherwood had set his heart to assist in drawing the Saxons together against their oppressors, the Normans.

Because Cedric's son, Wilfred of Ivanhoe, had dared to love Rowena, the stern father had banished him from his presence, and he had gone with King Richard to Palestine. Rowena encouraged the Templar to talk of the deeds of prowess performed by the champions of Christendom. And when he boasted exclusively of the valor of the Knights of the Temple of St. John she asked:

"Were there none in the English army whose names are worthy to be mentioned with those of the two orders?"

"Those warriors, lady," replied the Templar, "were second only in valor to those whose breasts have been the unceasing bulwark of that blessed land."

"Second to none!" exclaimed a stranger in the garb of a palmer, who, like the more distinguished guests, had sought shelter from the storm. "I say—for I saw it—that Richard and five of his knights overthrew in the lists of St. John de Acre

eighteen knights, seven of whom were Knights of the Temple." Rapidly the palmer, whose face was concealed by his great pilgrim's hood, named the English knights until he came to the sixth, when he hesitated and said: "I forget the sixth knight."

"No," exclaimed Bois-Guilbert, "you forget not. But I myself will announce the name. It was Wilfred of Ivanhoe, before whom fortune and my horse's fault caused me to go down. But were Ivanhoe in England, and dared he to renew the challenge, I would give him every advantage and abide the result."

"I pledge me by this reliquary," said the palmer, throwing an ivory box on the table, "that Ivanhoe will meet thee when he comes again to England."

"If he underlie not thy challenge," retorted the Templar, "I will proclaim him a coward in every temple court in Europe."

"It will not need," said Rowena. "If my word could add security to the pledge of this holy man, I would peril fame and fortune that Ivanhoe gives this proud knight the meeting he deserves."

Among those who had claimed the shelter of Rotherwood was an aged Jew, Isaac of York. As the Templar left the hall at the breaking up of the feast, the palmer heard him utter words in Arabic to two of his Eastern attendants, which boded ill for Isaac's money, if not for his life. Therefore with the first light of morning the palmer—who was Ivanhoe himself—sought the cell of the Jew and warned him of his peril. Then he visited the sleeping-place of a faithful swineherd named Gurth, to whom he revealed himself; and with Isaac as traveling companion he set out for the town of Ashby de la Zouche.

To Ashby were wending their way many other travelers; for a great tournament, presided over by Prince John the Regent in person, was about to be held there. The day came. The lists were erected in a meadow. On either hand the land sloped down to the level bottom, affording a vantage-point from which the populace could view the jousts. For the nobles, galleries were erected, and between the galleries and the palings were spaces reserved for the yeomanry and gentry. The pavilions of the five challengers, all Norman knights of renown, were pitched opposite the southern entrance of the lists, while the

tents of those who were to encounter them were opposite the northern entrance.

In one of the galleries sat Cedric, with the beautiful Rowena on one side and on the other Athelstane, huge of bulk and languid of disposition, whom the Lord of Rotherwood strove in vain to excite to a forceful assertion of his claims to the throne of Alfred.

As Prince John rode around the lists before taking his seat on the throne prepared for him, he saw Isaac of York, with his daughter Rebecca on his arm. "Up among those Saxon swine!" said the Prince, pointing to the place where Cedric sat. Isaac began his ascent, and the matter might have had serious results had not Wamba, jester to Cedric, met the Jew with a shield improvised from a cold ham that he had brought along for luncheon.

The crowd laughed as the Jew recoiled, and Prince John's advisers persuaded him to let the matter go as a joke rather than carry out his dangerous design of insulting Cedric.

As Isaac and his daughter found a place between the lists and the galleries, the knights and nobles of Prince John's train, as well as the Prince himself, were startled when they saw the beauty of Rebecca. Prince John exclaimed: "By the scalp of Abraham! Yonder Jewess must be the very model of that perfection whose charms drove frantic the wisest king that ever lived."

When the heralds made proclamation and the trumpets sounded the onset, five knights, chosen by lot, came charging against the five challengers; and such was the skill or the good luck of the latter that four went down before them, and the fifth knight parted fair with Brian de Bois-Guilbert, each breaking his spear on the armor of his antagonist. Three more sets of knights entered the lists in succession against the challengers, and though the success of the Templar and his companions was not so complete as in the first joust, the advantage remained with their side. There was now a pause in the tournament, uninterrupted except by the voices of the heralds crying:

"Love of ladies! Splintering of lances! Stand forth, gallant knights, fair eyes look upon your deeds!"

Then suddenly came a wild burst of Saracenic music, and as

it ceased a single knight rode into the lists. His armor was of steel richly inlaid with gold, and he bore on his shield the device of a young oak-tree pulled up by the roots, with the single Spanish word, *Desdichado* ("Disinherited"). He was mounted on a gallant black horse, which he showed wonderful dexterity in managing.

The knight rode straight up to the tent of Bois-Guilbert and struck upon the Templar's shield with the sharp end of his lance, thus challenging that champion, not to ordinary combat, but to combat *à outrance* or mortal battle. The two knights having taken their places at either extremity of the lists, the trumpets sounded. Vanishing from their positions with the speed of lightning, they met in the center of the lists with the shock of a thunderbolt. The lances burst into shivers to the very grasp, and each horse recoiled on his haunches. But the consummate skill and address of the combatants enabled them to keep their saddles, and each made his steed execute a demi-volte and returned to his former position.

In the second encounter Bois-Guilbert struck his antagonist fair in the center of the shield with such force as to make him reel in the saddle and shiver the lance; but the Disinherited Knight, changing his aim in full career, struck the Templar on the visor of his helmet and the point of the lance stuck between the bars. Even at this disadvantage, the Templar might not have been unhorsed had not the girths of his saddle burst. As it was, horse and rider rolled down in the dust.

To extricate himself from his horse, draw his sword and defy his antagonist, was the work of a moment with Brian de Bois-Guilbert. The Disinherited Knight also jumped to the ground and drew his sword. But the marshals spurred their horses between the knights and reminded them that the rules of the tourney did not permit this species of combat.

Brian de Bois-Guilbert was adjudged to have been vanquished. He withdrew to his tent, where he remained for the rest of the day in an agony of shame and rage. The victor backed his horse to the extremity of the lists and commanded a trumpet to sound a defiance to the other challengers.

The gigantic Reginald Front-de-Boeuf, clad in sable armor and bearing on his white shield the device of a black bull's

head with the arrogant motto *Cave, Adsum!* ("Look out—I am here!") was the first to take the field. Both knights broke their lances fairly; but Front-de-Boeuf, who lost a stirrup in the encounter, was adjudged to have had the worst of it.

Philip of Malvoisin was unhelmeted by the stranger knight. Ralph de Vipont came next and was unhorsed with such force that the blood gushed from his mouth and nose. De Grantmesnil's steed becoming unmanageable so as to disturb his aim, the Disinherited Knight refused to take advantage of him and, raising his lance, passed the Baron by without touching him. De Grantmesnil declined a second encounter, and the Disinherited Knight was declared the victor amid the roaring applause of thousands and the braying of trumpets and proclaiming heralds.

When the victorious knight was brought before the Prince to receive from him the reward of his valor, he refused to doff his casque, saying that he had already explained to the heralds that, for the time being, he must remain unknown. Whereupon some whispered: "Perhaps it is Richard Cœur de Lion himself."

John turned pale as death, and said hastily: "Waldemar de Bracy, brave knights and gentlemen, remember your promise and stand by me."

"There is no danger," replied Waldemar Fitzurse; "think you the gigantic limbs of your father's son could be contained in yonder armor? Richard is safe in an Austrian prison."

Much relieved, the Regent said some complimentary words to the knight and reminded him that it now became his privilege to choose a queen of love and beauty, who should preside over the tournament of the succeeding day. Riding around the lists the knight drew rein opposite the gallery where sat the Lady Rowena, and with the point of his lance deposited at her feet the golden circlet that Prince John had handed him.

In the second day's tournament, at which Rowena occupied a throne opposite that of Prince John, from which she awarded the prizes, the principal event was the *mêlée*, in which fifty knights fought on a side. The combat was long and bloody; and in it, as in the jousts of the preceding day, the Disinherited Knight performed prodigies of valor.

When the combat was drawing to a close and the lists were

strewn with fallen horses, broken armor, and wounded knights, the Disinherited and Brian de Bois-Guilbert met hand to hand in such a desperate battle as had seldom been seen in any tournament, each fighting with his sword, seemingly determined to have the other's life.

Just as the Disinherited was getting the better of the struggle the huge form of Front-de-Boeuf bore down on him on one side, and on the other came charging the great bulk of Athelstane, who, much to the disgust of Cedric, had put on armor that day and joined himself to the side of the Norman challengers.

A knight of powerful build and great strength, who, because he was clad in black armor and had exerted himself but little, had been called *Le Noir Faineant* ("The Black Sluggard") now came charging to the relief of the Disinherited and sent Front-de-Boeuf and his steed rolling on the ground with one blow of his great sword. Then, turning upon Athelstane, he wrenched the Saxon's battle-ax from his hand—his sword having been broken by the blow he gave Front-de-Boeuf—and sent the unready descendant of Alfred to keep company with the Norman. The Black Knight then returned to the northern extremity of the lists, while the Disinherited unhorsed the Templar, and, holding his sword to his throat, commanded him to yield himself or die. Just then Prince John threw down his truncheon and declared the tournament closed.

The Prince was desirous of awarding the palm to the Black Knight; but when search was made for him he was nowhere to be found, so, perforce, the Regent declared the Disinherited victor, and he was led to the foot of Rowena's throne to receive his chaplet of honor. But as he knelt before her, he fell forward fainting.

His helmet and breastplate were removed hurriedly, and Rowena saw, lying at her feet, bathed in blood that was flowing from a lance-wound in his side, her lover, Wilfred of Ivanhoe. His squire, the faithful Gurth, bore the wounded victor to his tent; but later, when Rowena sent messengers to inquire concerning his condition, he had vanished, no one knew whither. He had been taken to a house near Ashby occupied by Isaac of York, where Rebecca, who was skilled in surgery, attended to his wounds.

Two days later, as Cedric was pursuing his homeward way, he came upon Isaac and his daughter standing in a forest glade beside a horse-litter from which the horses had been removed by their attendants, who had abandoned them on the appearance of some banditti lurking in the woods. Cedric grudgingly gave permission for Isaac and his daughter, together with a wounded friend whom they had in the litter, to join his train. But they had not gone far when the whole party was set upon and either killed, put to flight or captured by an armed band disguised in Lincoln green, but really led by Reginald Front-de-Boeuf, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, and Maurice de Bracy, captain of the Free Lances in the service of Prince John.

The prisoners were taken to Front-de-Boeuf's castle of Torquilstone. The litter was taken along, too, only De Bracy being aware of the identity of the person that occupied it. He had peeped between the curtains, and knew that it was Ivanhoe. Though captain of a free company and engaged in a dishonorable adventure, De Bracy had knightliness in him and forebore to betray to the cruel Templar the fact that his enemy was in his power.

Each of the three chieftains who had joined in the attack on Cedric and his train had a different object. De Bracy had seen the charms of Rowena at the tournament, and, learning that she was of royal lineage and possessed of a great fortune, he had conceived the idea of marrying her out of hand, and settling down as a baron of England. The Templar had seen Rebecca, and into his soul had entered a fierce passion which prompted him to risk all for the possession of the Jewess. As for Front-de-Boeuf, it was the golden byzants of Isaac he was after, and these he purposed to wring from him in the torture-chamber of Torquilstone. Cedric and Athelstane he would hold to ransom.

The sun was rising when the prisoners were taken under the archway of the gloomy fortress won by Front-de-Boeuf's father from the noble Saxon Torquil, who, with his seven sons, had died in its defense. There was indeed one of Torquil's race who had escaped his fate to suffer a still harder lot. His daughter, Ulrica, after the taking of the castle, had submitted herself to the victor, and now, a despised hag, half crazed, she

dwelt in one of the apartments of the castle, her very existence unknown to the Saxons.

Into the keeping of this hag the wounded man in the litter was given; the Jew was taken to the dungeon arranged for torture; Rowena and Rebecca were placed in separate and remote apartments, and Cedric and Athelstane, with some show of courtesy, were shown to the Castle Hall.

De Bracy sought the chamber of Rowena, and doffing his cap began to speak in terms of gallantry, declaring that she was in the presence of her captive, not her jailer.

"I pray you," replied Rowena, "to leave the language so commonly used by strolling minstrels that it ill becomes the mouth of knights and nobles. Of such terms as you employ each vile crowder hath a stock that might last from hence to Christmas."

"Proud damsel," answered De Bracy, "thou shalt be as proudly encountered. Know, then, that I have supported my pretensions to your hand by the means best suited to thy character. It is meeter for thy humor to be wooed with bow and bill than in set terms of courtly language. Thou art proud, Rowena, and all the fitter, therefore, to be my wife. Know that my rival, Wilfred of Ivanhoe, is in this castle. It only remains for me to betray the fact to Front-de-Boeuf, who would make short work of one whose manor he claims as his own. Richard gave Ivanhoe to Wilfred; John has given it to Front-de-Boeuf. There would be no rivalry for its possession if I were to say one word to the lord of this castle. Cedric's fate also depends on thy decision."

Rowena's natural disposition was mild and timid, although, brought up to see everyone around her bow to her slightest wish, she had acquired haughtiness and great firmness of demeanor. This now deserted her. She became all woman and all tears, and more moved De Bracy than all her previous pride.

But just then a bugle, sharply blown three times before the castle gate, gave warning of some impending event of the first importance, and De Bracy left the chamber.

The same bugle-blast interrupted the interview between the Templar and Rebecca. The beautiful Jewess was cast in sterner mold than Rowena, and her peril also was greater.

When De Bois-Guilbert had approached her she had heaped scorn and defiance on him, and then, springing to the parapet that encircled a small ledge outside the turret, she swore she would throw herself down from the dizzy height if her persecutor made one more step in her direction.

In the torture-dungeon Front-de-Boeuf was about to give orders to his attendants to stretch Isaac on the iron grill above a bed of live coals, when a messenger reported the bugle-blasts, and also that the warders on the walls said the castle was surrounded by a large and apparently hostile band.

The bugle that had thus interrupted the Norman chiefs was indeed blown in defiance. When the train of Cedric had been set upon in the forests, Gurth and Wamba the jester had escaped into the copse, where they were confronted by a man clad in Lincoln green. He spoke with the voice of authority, and they recognized him as an archer calling himself Locksley, who had won the prize at the butts in the trial of skill with the long bow which followed the tournament. In reality he was the celebrated Robin Hood. When he found that Front-de-Boeuf's party had disguised themselves as members of his outlaw band, he swore that none but himself should take toll in Sherwood and, as he was Saxon, no Norman within his woods should capture with impunity the noble Cedric. Hastily sending out his two attendants to summon his band, he himself repaired to the cell of the holy clerk of Copmanhurst, an anchorite who has gone down to history as Friar Tuck, to summon that doughty fighter to bear his part in the impending contest.

As Robin Hood came to the lonely hut where lived the clerk, he was surprised to hear sounds of revelry. When the door was opened he discovered the Black Knight of the tournament with a flagon to his lips, from which he quaffed between the staves of a rollicking song.

Robin Hood, recognizing him as the man who had decided the victory for the English in the lists of Ashby, accepted his offer to serve as a volunteer in the expedition. And so it happened that the merry men of Sherwood, together with a considerable body of Saxon peasants, assembled by Gurth and Wamba, now besieged Torquilstone.

In response to the bugle-call, the seneschal sought the outer

wall, and a summons to surrender the prisoners was handed to him. It was signed, as if by way of insult, by the marks of Gurth and Wamba. In reply the Norman chiefs sent back word that if the besiegers had a priest in their ranks they would better send him into the castle to give the last rites to Cedric and Athelstane, whom they intended to hang forthwith from the battlements.

As Friar Tuck refused to take the venture, Wamba disguised himself in a monk's robe and entered the castle. Once in the presence of Cedric, the faithful fool insisted that his master change clothes with him and escape, a sacrifice to which Cedric at last consented. As Cedric was leaving the castle he was waylaid by Ulrica, who, penetrating his disguise, said: "When you shall see a red flag wave from the donjon-keep, press hard."

Front-de-Boeuf's real object in sending for a priest was to get a messenger who should carry through the enemy's lines a demand for help. So, dismissing the supposed monk by a postern, he gave him a scroll, which he charged him to deliver at York on peril of his life. Cedric, free of the castle, sought at once the place where Robin Hood and the Black Knight were waiting.

Now the assault upon the castle began in earnest. The officers of the garrison were too busy defending the walls to carry out their threats regarding their prisoners or to guard them closely. Ulrica called Rebecca to the care of the wounded Ivanhoe, and went herself about the business of which she had hinted to Cedric.

Ivanhoe in his prison chamber said to Rebecca:

"Look from the window, good maiden, and tell how the battle goes." Trumpets and kettledrums sounded, and the war-cries of both parties augmented the fearful din, the assailants crying, "Saint George for Merry England!" and the besieged, "*En avant de Bracy!*" "*Beau-seant!*" "*Front-de-Boeuf à la Recousse!*"

"The clouds of arrows fly so thick as to dazzle my eyes and hide the bowmen who shoot them," said Rebecca. "They press forward to the assault!"

"Look for the Black Knight!" said Ivanhoe.

"I see him not," replied the maiden.

"Foul craven! Does he blench from the encounter when the fight is the thickest?"

"He blenches not! He blenches not!" cried the Jewess. "His high, black plume floats abroad over the throng like a raven over the field of the slain."

By this time the besiegers had gained the barbican and paused for a final assault on the main structure. Just then a red flag was seen floating from the keep, and flames began to lick out below the turrets. Taking advantage of the diversion caused by the danger in the rear, the besiegers, by a desperate effort, broke into the castle.

The Templar and a few followers cut their way out and escaped to the neighboring Preceptory of Templestowe, Bois-Guilbert bearing off with him Rebecca the Jewess. As the castle burned with falling and crashing walls, far up on the donjon-keep the form of Ulrica was seen amid the flames, wildly waving her distaff and shouting a Saxon war-song: "Whet the bright steel, sons of the white dragon."

With the exception of the Jewess, all the prisoners were rescued in safety, though Athelstane was so badly injured in attempting to prevent the escape of the Templar that he was thought to be dead. In fact, he was taken for a dead man to his castle of Coningsburgh, where he revived in time to interrupt his funeral rites and change them into a feast. De Bracy had yielded himself to the Black Knight, who, taking him aside and whispering that in his ear which made him start, said: "I give thee thy life. Put the seas between thee and England. Maurice de Bracy, I say unto thee: Beware!"

Grateful for the services rendered him by the Black Knight, Cedric said: "Whatever Cedric of Rotherwood can do in return, Sir Knight, it is but thine to ask it."

"I will put thee to the proof," replied the knight; and a few days later, accompanied by Ivanhoe, he sought the castle of Coningsburgh, where Cedric was staying, and demanded of him that he be reconciled to his son. The Saxon at first demurred, but the promptings of his heart, his plighted word, and the declaration of Athelstane that he would have no more to do with political plots, induced him to take his son to his arms.

Meantime Brian de Bois-Guilbert had reached the Precep-

tory of Templestowe, only to find that the stern and ascetic Lucas Beaumanoir, Grand Master of the order, had arrived before him. Beaumanoir would have slain the Templar and the Jewess, too, had not Albert de Malvoisin, the preceptor, who ordinarily would have connived willingly at Bois-Guilbert's amours, suggested that perhaps the Templar was under a spell of enchantment cast by Rebecca.

This suggestion appealed to the fanaticism of the Grand Master; and the Jewess was placed on trial for her life before judges already determined upon a verdict of guilty. The Templar made one last appeal to her.

"I will renounce present fame and future rank for thee," he said. "Fly with me. Europe is not the world. In Palestine I will erect a throne for thee, built by my valor, and Europe shall hear the loud step of him she has driven from her shores."

"A dream," replied the Jewess. "Farewell—and I forgive thee as freely as ever victim forgave her executioner."

As the Jewess stood before her judges to receive sentence, Bois-Guilbert suddenly called out: "The scroll! The scroll!" Rebecca glanced at a paper that had been thrust into her hand, and read thereon: "Demand a champion!" Quickly catching the significance of the words, the Jewess demanded that her cause be put to the arbitrament of battle.

It was the design of Bois-Guilbert, who had sent the scroll, to break all restraint and offer himself as champion of the persecuted maiden. But to his horror the Grand Master appointed him champion of the Temple. Then Isaac, who had vainly tried to ransom his daughter, sent a messenger seeking Ivanhoe.

The next morning Rebecca was led forth to her doom. She sat at one end of the Temple lists in a chair placed beside a pile of fagots. At the other end sat on horseback, clad in full armor, Bois-Guilbert.

Three times the heralds made proclamation. At the third challenge a knight came spurring into the lists. His horse was spent with hard travel, and the rider himself reeled in his saddle. It was Ivanhoe, not yet recovered from his wounds.

The Templar and the champion of the Jewess met in the middle of the lists, and the horse of Ivanhoe went down, as was expected, before the lance of the Templar. But, to the surprise

of all, though the lance of Wilfred had scarcely touched the armor of Bois-Guilbert, the Templar reeled and fell from his saddle. When they unlaced his helmet he was quite dead—a victim of his own contending passions.

"This is, indeed, the judgment of God," said the Grand Master. "The maiden is free."

Just then, with great clatter of hoofs, the Black Knight came riding in, accompanied by a numerous company of knights and men-at-arms. One of the knights placed his hand on the shoulder of the preceptor, saying: "I, Henry Bohun, Lord High Constable of England, arrest thee for high treason."

"And he does it," said the Black Knight, raising his visor, "by command of Richard, King of England. Beware, Beaumanoir, thy hand is in the lion's mouth."

It was, indeed, the King, escaped from his Austrian prison and returned to confound the plots of his brother John. Beaumanoir looked up to the tower of the Preceptory, and saw, above the gleam of armor, the banner of the Temple hauled down and the royal standard given to the breeze.

Rowena and Ivanhoe were soon married, and the King himself graced the wedding. Isaac and his daughter left England forever, seeking in a foreign land a home where persecution was less active against his race.

THE PIRATE (1820)

In the summer of 1814, the author of *Waverley*, which was just making its way to popularity, was invited to join a party of Commissioners for the Northern Lighthouse Service, who purposed making a voyage round the coast of Scotland and through its groups of islands, to look after the condition of the lighthouses. Apart from the official business, the principal purpose of the voyage was to visit the objects of a traveler's curiosity; but to Scott it was something more, for he saw in the wild islands of the Orkneys and Zetland (Shetland) the possible scene of a narrative of fictitious events. He learned the history of Gow the pirate from an old sibyl at Stromness, whose chief subsistence was gained by selling favorable winds to mariners. While she suggested the character of Norna, Gow or Goffe, who visited the Orkney Islands in 1724–'25, and became betrothed to a young lady of property in Stromness, may be considered the prototype of Cleveland. Triptolemus Yellowby, an experimental agriculturist, and Claud Halcso, the friend of "glorious John Dryden," are supernumerary characters, having little connection with the plot.

MAGNUS TROIL, a magnate of Zetland, descended from an ancient Norwegian family, lived in good style and exercised the rites of hospitality in true Norse manner. His household consisted of two beautiful daughters, Minna and Brenda, whose mother, a Scottish lady, had died in the fifth year of her union. Several years before the beginning of this story a Mr. Basil Mertoun, with his son Mordaunt, arrived in Zetland and was received with cordial hospitality at the house of Magnus Troil. No one asked whence he came, where he was going, or what was his purpose in visiting so remote a corner of the empire, for such questions would have been considered an infringement on the laws of hospitality. But, though delicacy barred any reference to his antecedents, the islanders had their full share of curiosity concerning him; for, while he seemed to have had an excellent education, he had the manner and self-importance that mark a person of consequence, and he showed by his expenditure that he was not needy.

Magnus Troil was agreeably surprised one evening when his

guest asked permission to occupy, as his tenant, the deserted mansion of Jarlshof, on Sumburgh Head, twenty miles away.

"I shall be handsomely rid of him," thought Magnus, "and his kill-joy visage will never again stop the bottle in its round."

Yet the kind-hearted Zetlander generously remonstrated with Mertoun on the solitude and inconveniences of living there, with no society within many miles, and no company but the gulls and gannets.

"My good friend," replied Mertoun, "you have named the very things that would render the residence there more eligible to me than any other. I want neither human luxury nor human society; a shelter from the weather for my own and my boy's head is all I seek for."

So Mertoun and his son Mordaunt went to live at Jarlshof, with an old woman named Swertha as housekeeper, and a single man, Sweyn Erickson. These were his whole household. While his mode of living did not exceed that of a Zetland proprietor of the most inferior description, the luxuries of a few books and some philosophical instruments, sent from London, seemed to indicate a degree of wealth unusual in the islands.

Minna Troil was about eighteen years old, or a year or two younger than Mordaunt Mertoun, and her sister Brenda was about seventeen. Minna inherited from her mother the dark eyes, the raven locks, and the finely penciled brows that showed her to be, on one side at least, a stranger to the blood of Thule. She had, too, in the serious beauty of her aspect, the graceful ease of her motions, the music of her voice, and the serene purity of her eye something that seemed to connect her with some higher and better sphere. Brenda, hardly less beautiful, was of a complexion as different from her sister's as they differed in character, taste, and expression. Her profuse locks were pale brown with a tinge of gold, and her eyes, her mouth, and a healthy glow, tingeing even a skin like the drifted snow, spoke her genuine Scandinavian descent. A fairy form, less tall but more finely molded than that of Minna, a careless and almost childish lightness of step, and a serene cheerfulness of disposition, attracted even more general admiration than the charms of her sister.

Indeed, the two lovely sisters were not only the delight of

their friends, but the pride of the islands, where the people of a certain rank were blended, by the remoteness of their situation, into one friendly community. The father loved both so well that it might be difficult to say which he loved best; saving that he desired the society of Minna when he was sad, and that of Brenda when he was mirthful. But the affections of Mordaunt Mertoun, who was as much at home at the residence of Magnus at Burgh-Westra as in his father's house of Jarlshof, seemed to hover with equal impartiality between the two sisters. While he was set down as a wooer of one of the daughters of Magnus, no one was able to determine to which of them his attentions were peculiarly devoted.

One day, after a heavy gale, Mordaunt saw a wreck driving down on Sumburgh Head, and, hastening to the beach, he succeeded in saving a man who drifted ashore on a plank. He called to Bryce Snailsfoot, a pedler, who was coming along the sands, to help him; but Bryce paid no attention to Mordaunt's shouts, being apparently intent on saving some of the wreckage. When at last he reached Mordaunt, he said:

"Are you mad, to risk the saving of a drowning man? Wot ye not, if you bring him to life again, he will be sure to do you some capital injury? Come, help me get ane or twa of these kists ashore before anybody else comes, and we shall share, like good Christians, what God sends us, and be thankful."

"You cold-blooded, inhuman rascal! Lend me your aid to bear this man out of danger, or I will not only beat you to a mummy, but inform Magnus Troil of your thievery and have you flogged."

Mordaunt was about to suit his action to his words, when a voice behind him cried: "Forbear!"

It was the voice of Norna of the Fitful Head, whose reputation as a sibyl caused her to be feared throughout the islands; for even the tempests and the winds were believed to be under her control. She was very tall, and her features, high and well formed, would have been handsome but for the ravages of time and exposure. Her upper garment was of coarse, dark-colored stuff called wadmaal, but under it she wore a jacket of dark-blue velvet, stamped with figures, a petticoat of crimson cloth, and a girdle plated with silver ornaments.

"Forbear!" she repeated, "and Bryce, do thou render to Mordaunt the assistance he requires."

"Your bidding is to be done, mother," he said, producing a flask of brandy; "but you insure me against all risk of evil from him, if I am to render him my help?"

Norna made no answer, but took the bottle and chafed the temples and throat of the shipwrecked man, who soon showed symptoms of reviving.

"Take this man on your shoulders," said Norna. "His life is of value, and you will be rewarded."

The pedler obeyed and, assisted by Mordaunt, carried the man to the hamlet. Ere he was borne off, the stranger pointed to his chest, which the pedler had broken open, and attempted to mutter something, to which Norna replied: "Enough. It shall be secured."

When Mordaunt returned to Jarlshof, his father asked, in a sarcastic tone:

"Where is this dying man, whom you have so wisely ventured your own neck to relieve?"

"Norna, sir, has taken him under her charge."

"Quack as well as witch?" sneered the father. "We, I suppose you think, ought to do something for him. If he lacks money, let him have it; but, for lodging him here, and holding intercourse with him, I neither can nor will do so."

Mordaunt found the stranger in the house of Neil Ronaldson, seated by the peat fire, on the very chest that had excited the cupidity of Bryce Snailsfoot. He arose and gave his hand to Mordaunt, saying he understood that he had been the means of saving his life and his chest.

He had a bold, sunburnt, handsome countenance, with the frank and open manners of a sailor. He informed Mordaunt that his name was Clement Cleveland, captain and part owner of the vessel that was lost, a ten-gun privateer, lately from the Spanish Main. His men had taken to the boats, leaving him to sink or swim with the vessel, and all had been lost. He then asked after a magistrate to whom he could make complaint concerning the looting of his property. Mordaunt referred him to Magnus Troil, and Captain Cleveland engaged a guide to conduct him to Burgh-Westra.

When Mordaunt gave his father an account of the little he could glean concerning Captain Cleveland, Mr. Mertoun's looks became disturbed, he arose hastily and paced the apartment, and finally retired to his study, where he remained until evening.

The more the young man reflected on the manners of the man he had saved, the less favorable was his opinion of him. He had a frank and prepossessing manner, but there was about him an unpleasant assumption of superiority.

Many weeks passed before he heard more from Cleveland; and then it was only to learn that he was residing at Burgh-Westra as one of the family. Before his arrival, hardly a week had ever passed without bringing him some kind greeting or token of recollection from Minna or Brenda; but this intercourse had become more and more infrequent, until now no message had come for several weeks.

While brooding over this change in the conduct of his friends, Mordaunt met with Norna, who said: "Mark me! Into the eagle's nest has crept an adder. Wilt thou lend thy aid to crush the reptile, and to save the noble brood of the lord of the north sky?"

"You must speak more plainly," said Mordaunt. "I am no guesser of riddles."

"In plain language then—Magnus Troil has taken a serpent into his bosom: his lovely daughters are delivered up to the machinations of a villain."

"You mean Cleveland?"

"The stranger who so calls himself," replied Norna. "When he was flung ashore like a waste heap of seaweed, I felt tempted to let him lie till the tide floated him off again. I repent me I gave not way to the feeling."

"I cannot repent that I did my duty as a Christian man," said Mordaunt. "If Minna, Brenda, and Magnus like that stranger better than me, I have no title to be offended."

"You do wrong to yourself, and greater wrong to Minna and Brenda," said Norna. "They are to give a festival on Saint John's Day. Go to Burgh-Westra as usual; it may be we shall meet there. Farewell, and speak not of this meeting."

Mordaunt resolved to take her advice, although he had re-

ceived no invitation. "If I have a cold reception, my stay shall be the shorter," he said to himself. "I will but find out whether they have been deceived by this seafaring stranger, or whether they have acted out of pure caprice. If the first, let Captain Cleveland look to himself; if the latter, then good night to Burgh-Westra and its inmates."

When Mordaunt reached Magnus Troil's, the host welcomed him, but in a tone broken by suppressed agitation, and without offering his hand. Surprised, and unable to account for this cool reception, he went within to find Minna and Brenda; but the sisters, with whom he had always been so familiar, gave him only the salutation due to an ordinary acquaintance. Cleveland, who was in the room, advanced with military frankness, as soon as Mordaunt had exchanged greetings with the ladies, and extended his hand; and, though the young man dated his loss of favor from the time of this stranger's coming, he could do no less than acknowledge his courtesy.

At the feast in the great hall Cleveland sat between the sisters and was sedulous in his attentions to both, though Mordaunt, who was placed so that he could observe all, thought he appeared the more devoted to the older sister.

"Can it be possible she really loves this stranger?" was the unpleasant thought that crossed his mind. "And if she does, what is my interest in the matter?"

This was quickly followed by the reflection that, though he claimed no interest but that of a friend, he was entitled to be both sorry and angry at her for throwing away her affections on one he judged unworthy of her.

At a mask that evening Mordaunt was invited by one of the revelers to follow her, and was led to a bench by the seaside, where the masker proved to be Brenda. In a hurried talk he learned that the coolness of the sisters was due to the commands of Magnus Troil, who entertained for him a resentment whose cause she could not explain, though she denied that it was connected in any way with Cleveland. But she was very anxious about Cleveland's attentions to her sister.

"Minna, like myself, is the daughter of Magnus Troil, the descendant of sea-kings and jarls. He is the friend of strangers, but let not the proudest of them think they can at their pleasure

ally with his house. No, Mordaunt, do not suppose that Minna Troil is capable of so far forgetting her father's blood as to think of marrying this Cleveland; but she may lend an ear to him so long as to destroy her future happiness."

"I do not wonder," replied Mordaunt, noting the tremulous expression of her voice, "that you should feel and fear; and if you can but point out to me in what I can serve your sisterly love, you shall find me ready to venture my life; and, believe me, whatever has been told your father or yourself of my entertaining the slightest thoughts of disrespect or unkindness is as false as a fiend could devise."

"I believe it," said Brenda, giving him her hand, "and my bosom is lighter that I have renewed my confidence in so old a friend. You now know of the risk in which my sister stands. Look after this Cleveland, but beware how you quarrel with him. For Minna's sake, for my father's—for mine—avoid any strife. Be contented to watch him and, if possible, find out who he is, and what are his intentions toward us. He has talked of going to Orkney to inquire after the consort with which he sailed; but day after day passes, and still he keeps my father company over the bottle and tells Minna romantic stories, and becomes gradually closer and more inseparably intimate in our society. And now I must bid you farewell, for I must wear a face of cold friendship in public, though at heart we are still Brenda and Mordaunt."

The next morning a large whale was stranded at the entrance of an inlet of the sea, and the men turned out with harpoons, swords, and pikes to capture the monster. Mordaunt and Cleveland, each in command of a boat, sought to excel each other in boldness of attack; but Mordaunt's boat was stove and he, stunned by the blow, would have been lost but for Cleveland, who swam to his aid and brought him safely to land.

When Mordaunt recovered consciousness and learned to whom he owed his life, he lost all feelings but those of gratitude, and offering his hand gave his warmest thanks to his preserver. But, to his surprise, Cleveland folded his arms on his breast and, with an ungracious manner and an almost insulting look, said:

"It is enough. I have paid back my debt, and we are now equal." Then, seeing Mordaunt's surprise, he said in a low

tone: "Hark ye, my young brother: there is a custom among us gentlemen of fortune, that when we follow the same chase, and take the wind out of each other's sails, we think sixty yards of the sea-beach and a brace of rifles are no bad way of making our odds even."

"I do not understand you, Captain Cleveland," said Mordaunt.

"I did not suppose you would," said Cleveland, turning on his heel with a smile that resembled a sneer.

Cleveland and Minna were walking on the beach in earnest conversation.

"I know you do not love Mordaunt Mertoun," said Minna, "though you exposed your life to save his."

"Will you allow nothing, then, for the long misery I was made to endure from the common report that this beardless bird-hunter stood betwixt me and what I on earth coveted most—the affections of Minna Troil? Your father loves me, Minna; who knows but he may yet be brought to receive me into his family?"

"Dream not of such an issue," said Minna; "it is impossible. No one must ally with his house that is not of untainted Northern descent."

"Mine may be, for aught I know," said Cleveland.

"Have you any reason to believe yourself of Norse descent?" asked Minna.

"My family is wholly unknown to me," replied Cleveland. "I spent my earliest days in the island of Tortuga. We were plundered by the Spaniards, and reduced to such poverty that my father took up arms and became a buccaneer. Interfering to check some violence of his companions, he fell by their hands; but whence he came I know not."

"You say you have still a consort in these waters, and that you have reason to think she is now at Kirkwall. Rejoin your friends—pursue your fortunes—leave the rest to destiny. Should you return the leader of a gallant fleet, who can tell what may befall?"

"And what shall assure me that, when I return, I may not find Minna Troil a bride or a spouse?"

"Hear me," said Minna. "I will bind myself to you, by the

promise of Odin, that I will never favor another until you resign the pretensions I have given to you. Will that satisfy you?"

"With that, then, I must be satisfied; but remember, it is yourself that throw me back upon a mode of life which the laws of Britain denounce as criminal."

"But I," said Minna, "am superior to such prejudices."

Magnus Troil expected to go with his family to the great fair at Kirkwall, and Cleveland was to accompany him. When therefore the Captain announced his intention to go in advance with Bryce Snailsfoot, Magnus was displeased and asked why he preferred the pedler's company to his own. But Cleveland answered that he had reasons for haste, and bade all farewell overnight, as he was to sail with the dawn.

That night Minna was awakened by singing beneath her window, in which she recognized the voice of Cleveland. This was followed by the sound of voices and of an altercation, terminated by a deep groan. Minna could see little in the darkness, but thought she could distinguish a person bearing off the body of another. But which of the unhappy men had fallen?

When Mordaunt failed to return home at the time expected, his father, at the instance of Swertha, sought Norna to inquire for him.

"Go," said Norna, "to the fair at Kirkwall. On the fifth day of the fair you shall walk, at the hour of noon, in the outer aisle of the cathedral of Saint Magnus; there you shall meet a person who will give you tidings of your son."

"You must speak more distinctly, dame, if you expect me to follow your counsel. How may I know you are not gulling me?"

"Hearken, then!" said she. "The word I speak shall touch the nearest secret of thy life."

She whispered a word into Mertoun's ear, the effect of which was magical. He remained motionless with surprise, while Norna glided away; and when he returned home he informed Swertha of his intention of going to Kirkwall.

Meanwhile Captain Cleveland had arrived in Kirkwall, and had fallen in with one Jack Bunce, who gave him news of his consort, then lying in the harbor, but with which he had not yet

put himself into communication. Bunce told Cleveland of the exact situation aboard, how Goffe, the Captain, was drunk most of the time, and how all would gladly welcome him.

"At any rate," said Bunce, "you will aboard with us to-day?"

"I have no other place of refuge," said Cleveland, with a sigh.

As they descended the hill toward the landing, Cleveland caught sight of some clothing displayed by Bryce Snailsfoot in front of a booth, which he recognized as part of his belongings left in a chest at Jarlshof.

"Why, Bryce, thou thief, dog, and villain, what means this?"

When Bryce was disposed to be impudent, Cleveland seized him by the collar, dragged him over his counter, and was beating him with his cane, when the fellow's shouts brought the officers of the law to the scene and Cleveland was made a prisoner. He was hurried toward the council-house, where the magistrates were in session, but hardly had his captors reached the door when they were set upon by a boat's crew from the pirate, which Bunce had found at the landing, and Cleveland was rescued. In a few minutes he was aboard the rover and once more thrown among the associates from whom he had so often resolved to detach himself.

Mordaunt Mertoun, struck down by Cleveland's dagger and rescued from death by Norna, found himself on his recovery in a dwelling in a remote island. As he began to regain his strength he expressed himself anxious to return to his father.

"To your father!" exclaimed Norna, with a laugh almost frantic. "What has he done for you to deserve regard and duty? O Mordaunt, you have one parent only—"

"I know I have but one parent," said Mordaunt; "my mother has been long dead."

"Thy unhappy mother is not dead," said Norna, with deep feeling; "she is not dead. Thy mother is the only parent that loves thee; and I—I, Mordaunt, am that unhappy, yet most happy, mother."

She held him in a close and convulsive embrace, while she sobbed on his neck, shedding tears, perhaps the first in years.

"Who but a mother would have watched over thee as I have watched? From the instant I saw thy father, many years ago, I

knew him; and when I saw thee, nature assured me that thou wert blood of my blood and bone of my bone."

Gratitude to Norna restrained Mordaunt from leaving the island without her permission; and it was only by importunity that he extorted from her a promise that, if he would be guided by her, she would herself convey him to Kirkwall.

Cleveland, made captain provisionally of the rover, and getting information that the frigate *Halcyon* was on the coast, proposed to the authorities of Kirkwall that, if they would furnish him with stores, he would take the ship around into the roadstead of Stromness; and, as a guaranty that the crew would do no harm to the country, proposed to stay ashore himself as a hostage. The pirates, meanwhile, entrusting the command of their vessel to a council, consisting of Goffe, Bunce, and the boatswain, to act until Cleveland should resume command, weighed anchor and sailed for Stromness.

Bunce, suspicious of Cleveland's treatment ashore, determined to seize the first vessel he met, to be held as a guaranty of his safety. It so happened that the first one was the brig of Magnus Troil, who, with his daughters, was on his way to the fair. Bunce, recognizing in Minna one of whom Cleveland had spoken to him, determined to send the ladies ashore, but to retain the father as a hostage. He wrote a letter to the magistrates declaring his intention of making reprisals in case harm was done to Cleveland, and entrusted it to Minna. He also handed her a small double-barreled pistol, telling her to use it in case the man in charge of the boat should behave improperly.

"Trust me," she said, taking it from the outlaw, "for defending my sister and myself."

"Bravo!" shouted Bunce. "There spoke a wench worthy of Cleveland, the King of Rovers!"

"Cleveland!" repeated Minna, "do you then know him?"

"Know him! Is there a man alive that knows better than I the best and stoutest fellow that ever walked a deck? As soon as he is out of the bilboes, I reckon to see you come aboard and reign the queen of every sea we sail over."

Minna, when safely landed, sent back word to Bunce that, whatever answer should come from Kirkwall, he should anchor

at Stromness and should send a boat ashore for Cleveland when he saw a smoke on the Bridge of Broisgar.

Cleveland, though closely watched, was permitted to walk in the external aisles of the cathedral, which had but one entrance. There Minna Troil met him.

"Be cautious," she said. "They let me enter with difficulty. O Cleveland, I have hazarded everything to save you!"

"To save me? Alas, that is impossible. Enough that I have seen you once more, were it but to say 'Forever farewell!'"

"Yes, forever!" said a voice, and Norna stepped from behind one of the great columns. "Minna Troil, look for the last time on this bold and criminal man. Cleveland, you behold Minna for the last time!"

"O Norna, remember my father's safety is linked with Cleveland's."

"It is well for Cleveland that I do remember it, and that, for the sake of one, I am here to aid both. Look the last look and say, if ye can, 'Farewell forever!'"

Cleveland kissed Minna's hand ardently, but said so low that she only could hear it, "Farewell, Minna, but *not* forever."

"And now, maiden, begone, and leave the rest to the Reimkennar."

Minna sought the door of the cathedral, and when she looked back Norna and Cleveland had disappeared.

Norna led Cleveland by a secret passage out of the cathedral, and his first act, on reaching his ship, was to release Magnus Troil and his brig. His next thought was to seek one more last interview with Minna, who, he learned from men sent ashore, was at her kinsman's, in the House of Stennis, near Stromness. Magnus Troil, already arrived there, had kindly received Mordaunt Mertoun, who had come to his assistance with a party of men sent by Norna.

That night Cleveland, with Bunce and a boat's crew, went ashore and met Minna and Brenda at the Standing Stones. Cleveland was honest in his intentions, but Bunce, believing that his Captain would condone the act, determined to carry the girls on board in spite of him. Mordaunt Mertoun, suspecting villainy, was in readiness, and on hearing the cries of the sisters,

came to their assistance; several of the pirates were killed, and Cleveland and Bunce were captured. When morning broke, the *Halcyon* appeared and after a short engagement captured the *Fortune's Favorite*. On the demand of the commander of the frigate, Cleveland and Bunce were given up and carried on board.

Meanwhile the elder Mertoun had gone to the cathedral of St. Magnus to get the news of Mordaunt which Norna had promised to give him there. As the bell tolled twelve, Norna stood before him.

"Vaughan," she said, addressing him by the name she had known him by, "he is safe, and by my means, and in assurance of an honored and happy alliance. And the pirate Cleveland, who stood in his way, will soon expiate with his life the having shed blood of kin to Norna's."

"Thou most wretched of women!" exclaimed Mertoun, "Cleveland is thy son!"

"My son? What mean you? Mordaunt is your only son, is he not?"

"Mordaunt is indeed *my* son. But, O unhappy Ulla, Cleveland is your son as well as mine. If you have given him to death, I will end my wretched life with him."

"Prove your words," cried Norna, "for believe them I cannot."

"Hear, then, the proofs you demand. When I left Orkney, five-and-twenty years since, I bore with me your unhappy offspring, for I believed you dead. In Hispaniola a fair Spaniard undertook the task of comforter; I married her, and she became the mother of Mordaunt. She proved faithless. I put Mordaunt at school in Port Royal, resolved to support him but never to see him again, and carried Clement to Tortuga. I became a corsair and involved Clement in the same desperate trade. His bravery obtained him a separate command, and I lost sight of him and believed that he had perished. And now you have given him up to death!"

As Norna listened, her conviction overwhelmed her and she sank down at the foot of one of the pillars. Mertoun shouted for help and, as the sexton entered, rushed out to learn, if possible, the fate of his son.

Mertoun or Vaughan, went to the Captain of the *Halcyon* when the prisoners were brought into Kirkwall, and said:

"I am Basil Vaughan, too well known on the Windward station—take my life and spare my son's!"

"You are safe," said the Captain, "under two proclamations of mercy. But your son—is his name Vaughan?" he asked, looking over a memorandum. "Hark you, sir," he continued, addressing Cleveland, "if your name is Clement Vaughan, I think I can assure you a free pardon when you arrive in London, for saving the lives of some Spanish ladies at Quempoa."

The result was that Cleveland, pardoned for an act of clemency through the intercession of Spanish officials, entered his country's service, and died gallantly in action. Minna never saw him again, but was true to him to the last. Mordaunt and Brenda were married, notwithstanding Magnus Troil's prejudice against one not of pure Norse descent; and Basil Vaughan retired into a monastery.

THE MONASTERY (1820)

The scene of this story is in Scotland, in the neighborhood of the Monastery of St. Mary's of Kennaquhair, on the River Tweed—presumably Melrose Abbey. The time is 1559, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when the Reformed doctrines were gradually supplanting those of the Roman Church. The novel was published as edited from a Benedictine manuscript received from one Captain Cuthbert Clutterbuck, a retired officer much interested in antiquarian research. The White Lady of Avenel, the agent of much that is inexplicable in the story, is a tutelary spirit mysteriously connected with the family of Avenel, who watched over its interests, preserved for it a copy of the Bible, which the monks tried to carry off, and ultimately led the hero and heroine to adopt the Reformed Religion.

LADY ALICE AVENEL, widow of a brave soldier, Walter Avenel, of an ancient border family, reduced to poverty by the raids of the English after the disastrous battle of Pinkie, sought refuge, together with her little daughter Mary, with Elspeth Glendinning, also a widow, who owned the Tower of Glendearg. Dame Elspeth, whose husband, Simon Glendinning, had been a feuar of the Monastery of Kennaquhair, received with sympathetic hospitality the widow of the warlike Baron, whom she had always looked up to with a distant and respectful air when they met at church or other popular resort. She was impressed, too, with a certain pride in sheltering a woman of such superior birth and rank, and she kindly requested her to make her home at Glendearg as long as circumstances rendered it necessary.

When the country became more quiet the Lady of Avenel would have returned to her own home, but that was no longer in her power, for Julian Avenel, a younger brother of her deceased husband, seized on Walter's castle and lands, and gave her to understand that Avenel was a male fief, and therefore belonged to him rather than to her daughter. As Lady Avenel was in no condition to contend with the leader of twenty moss-

troopers, she was obliged to acquiesce in this usurpation. Julian, for shame's sake, could not suffer her to be altogether dependent on the charity of Elspeth Glendinning, and so sent her a drove of cattle and a bull and occasional presents of raiment and household stuff, with a little money, so that she was made comparatively comfortable.

In the mean time the two widows had become habituated to each other's society, and were unwilling to part. Lady Alice almost forgot that she once held an equal rank with the proud wives of the neighboring barons and nobles, and settled down to a peaceful life in the sequestered glen where she had found a refuge. Her chief care was her daughter Mary, to whom she often read passages from a thick clasped volume, which she sedulously preserved.

Dame Glendinning had two fine sons—Halbert, the elder, black-haired and black-eyed, and Edward, of fair complexion, with light hair and blue eyes. They differed as much in character as in appearance, Halbert loving arms and the chase, and Edward the more domestic pursuits; but, notwithstanding these diverse characteristics, they grew up to love each other and the little maiden whom fortune had given them for a sister.

The health of the Lady of Avenel had gradually declined since the loss of her home, and she at last became so feeble that Dame Glendinning sent for one of the religious men of St. Mary's, to administer to her the last consolations. Abbot Boniface sent Father Philip, the sacristan, who, after an hour spent at the lady's bedside, came from her with a countenance so embarrassed that Elspeth anxiously asked whether the leddy had not made an easy shrift, remarking that she had lived with her five years, and she could safely say that no woman lived better.

"Woman," said the sacristan sternly, "thou speakest thou knowest not what. What avails clearing the outside of the platter, if the inside be foul with heresy?"

"Holy Mother of Heaven!" exclaimed Elspeth, crossing herself, "have I kept house with a heretic?"

"No, Elspeth," said the monk, "not so strong as that, but I would I could say she is free from heretical opinions."

"She can write and read, I had almost said, as weel as your reverence."

"What doth she read?" he asked eagerly.

"She hath often read to us good things out of a black volume with silver clasps."

"Let me see it," said the monk, "on your allegiance as a true vassal—on your faith as a Catholic Christian—instantly—let me see it!"

Dame Elspeth was not long in placing the volume in his hands, and when he received it Father Philip cried:

"It is as I suspected! My mule! my mule! I will abide no longer here. Well hast thou done, dame, in giving me this perilous volume."

"Is it then witchcraft, or devil's work?"

"Nay, God forbid," said the monk, signing himself with the cross; "it is the Holy Scripture. But it is rendered into the vulgar tongue, and therefore unfit to be in the hands of any lay person."

Father Philip set out for the monastery; but when he reached the river he found a weeping damsel seated on the bank wringing her hands. In pity he offered to carry her over, but in the middle of the stream the damsel threw him off his mule into the water, and when he came to himself he was lying under a wall on the bank, and the book was gone.

The spread of the reformed doctrines had opened for Abbot Boniface a wide field of duties and cares, which gave him much anxiety and trouble; and the Primate of St. Andrew's, recognizing his deficiencies, had sent to his aid a brother Cistercian, Father Eustace, a man of parts and knowledge, devoted to the Church. Father Eustace, who was subprior, was a thin, sharp-faced, slight little man, whose keen gray eyes seemed almost to look through one. When he heard Father Philip's wonderful story of the maiden who had thrown him into the river, he suggested that Hob the Miller had a buxom daughter; but this did not trouble him so much as the news that a copy of the Scriptures had been discovered within the halidome of St. Mary's. When he asked to see the volume, Father Philip could only say that it had disappeared with the damsel. Dissatisfied with this answer, the subprior determined to investigate for himself.

When Father Eustace reached the tower of Glendearg he was surprised to hear from Dame Glendinning that the book

which Father Philip had carried away the day before had been mysteriously returned. Meanwhile, Lady Avenel had rendered up her spirit to her Creator, and Father Eustace, after spending an hour in prayers for her soul, gave Dame Glendinning an illustrated missal to take the place of the forbidden Bible, and set off with the latter for the monastery. But when riding up the glen his mule suddenly started from the path and refused to go on. At the same time he heard a female voice singing, and then he was pushed gently off the saddle, and fell unconscious by the wayside. When he recovered his senses his mule was grazing peacefully beside him, and remounting he reached the monastery without further accident. But the book, which he had carried in his bosom, was gone.

Two or three years glided on, during which Father Eustace, who had taken an interest in the orphans of Glendearg, made repeated visits to the lonely tower, but, notwithstanding diligent inquiries, he never could learn that the copy of the Scriptures had been seen again by any of the family. His visits were of consequence to Edward Glendinning and to Mary Avenel, both of whom profited by his instructions. But when the good father suggested that Edward should devote himself to the service of the Church, the mother objected, saying it was her wish that Edward might fill his father's place, remain in the tower, and close her eyes. Halbert, she said, was fit for no peaceful work, and would undoubtedly take to his father's ways, and die his father's death. Edward, too, pleaded a want of sufficient vocation for so serious a profession, his reluctance to leave his mother, and other objections, which the subprior treated as evasive, and attributed to the wiles of Satan, who was undoubtedly back of all the heresies then afloat. But if Father Eustace had been wiser in the ways of the world, he might have read in the speaking eyes of Mary Avenel, then a girl of fourteen or fifteen, other reasons that disinclined Edward to monastic vows.

Halbert had been the school-companion of Edward and Mary, but he soon tired of it. One day, when in vain struggling over the difficulties of his primer, he dashed his book from him and exclaimed: "To the fiend I bequeath all books, and the dreamers that make them!"

Mary looked surprised at his vehemence, and replied affectionately: "You are vexed, Halbert, because you do not get your lesson so fast as Edward; and so am I, for I am as stupid as you. Come, Edward shall sit betwixt us and teach us."

"He shall not teach *me*," said Halbert. "I never can teach him to do anything honorable and manly, and he shall never teach me any of his monkish tricks. I hate the monks, with their nasal tone like so many frogs, and their long, black petticoats like so many women. I will call none lord but him who wears a sword to make his title good."

"For Heaven's sake, peace, brother!" said Edward. "Such words, reported out of the house, would be our mother's ruin."

"Report them yourself, then, and they will be *your* making. You need not think so much of your parchment book, and your cunning in reading it. By my faith, I will soon learn to read as well as you. I know a better teacher than your grim old monk, and a better book than his breviary."

"Where can he be going, Edward?" asked Mary, as Halbert left them. "What book, what teacher does he talk of?"

"Halbert is angry," said Edward, "and speaks of he knows not what."

Meanwhile Halbert, unbonneted and filled with jealous anger, sped up the valley of Glendearg until he came to a secluded ravine, where a fountain fed a rivulet. He stopped short near the base of a huge rock, on which grew a holly-tree, and planting himself firmly and drawing his sword, cast his buskin from his right foot, bowed three times to the holly, and repeated two rhyming verses. He had hardly finished when a woman's figure clothed in white appeared within two yards of him. Halbert stood silent and gasped, his mouth open, and his eyes fixed on the apparition, which sang or chanted certain lines, demanding why she was thus summoned. Halbert found strength enough to reply:

"Lady, when I saw you in the glen, and when you brought back the black book of Mary of Avenel, you said that I should one day learn to read it. I desire to learn. Grant my request, fair lady, and give to my keeping the holy book."

"Fearest thou to go with me?" she asked, as his hand trembled at the cold touch of her own.

"No fear of aught," he replied, "shall bar my path through my native valley."

He had hardly spoken when both descended rapidly through the earth, and entered a grotto, in which was an altar, and on it, surrounded by flame that did not consume it, lay the sacred volume he had asked for.

Under the instructions of the White Lady, Halbert secured the book, and was transported back to the fountain. He went slowly homeward, his mind fixed on what he had seen, and did not reach the tower until the close of the evening.

He found there Hob Miller, as he was called from his occupation, though his name was Happer, and his pretty daughter Mysie, who Dame Glendinning thought would be a proper match for Halbert, to save him from a life of "spur, spear, and snaffle," as that of the border riders was called. Besides these visitors, were also Christie of the Clinthill, a trooper in the service of Julian Avenel, and Sir Piercie Shafton, a carpet knight in a sky-blue jerkin slashed and lined with white satin, whom Christie introduced as a friend of his own and of his master. This gay cavalier, who from his countenance and manner appeared to be a person of consequence, used the high-flown language then current at the court of Elizabeth, called euphuism, as necessary a qualification to a courtly gallant as those of understanding how to use his rapier or to dance a measure.

Halbert found Sir Piercie comfortably established in his home, discoursing on the hard lot of Mary Avenel, who, being of noble blood, was thus compelled to abide in the cottage of the ignorant, like the precious stone in the head of a toad, or a beautiful garland on the brow of an ass.

"But soft!" he exclaimed, as Halbert entered, "what gallant have we here, whose garb savoreth more of the rustic than doth his demeanor, and whose looks seem more lofty than his habit?"

"I pray you, Sir Knight," said Mary, "to spare your courtly similitudes for refined ears, and give me leave to name unto you my foster-brother, Halbert Glendinning."

"The son of the good dame of the cottage, as I opine," answered the English knight, "and yet, touching this juvenal, he

hath that about him which belongeth to higher birth, for not all are black who dig coals."

Halbert, who had sustained the glance of the Englishman with impatience, replied with some asperity:

"Sir Knight, we have in Scotland an ancient saying: 'Scorn not the bush that bields you.' You are a guest in my father's house, to shelter you from danger, as I am informed. Scoff not at its homeliness or that of its inmates. Since your fate has sent you amongst us, be contented with such fare and such converse as we can afford you, and scorn not our kindness; for the Scots wear short patience and long daggers."

"By mine honor," said the knight, taking the rebuke with good humor, "thou hast reason on thy side, good juvenal; nevertheless, I spoke not in ridicule of the roof that relieves me, but rather in your own praise, to whom, if this roof be native, thou mayest nevertheless rise from its lowliness."

When the party separated, Halbert's first care was to conceal under the floor of his apartment the copy of the Holy Scriptures he had so strangely regained. In the morning Christie of the Clinthill took his departure, leaving Sir Piercie at the Tower. Halbert, determined to find out the cause of his visit, said:

"Sir Knight, it is the custom of this halidome of Saint Mary's to trouble with inquiries no guests, provided they tarry only for a single revolution of the sun. Both criminals and debtors come hither for sanctuary, and we scorn to extort from the pilgrim an avowal of the cause of his pilgrimage and penance. But when one so high in rank as yourself, Sir Knight, shows a determination to be our guest for a longer time, it is our usage to inquire whence he comes, and what is the cause of his journey."

The English knight gaped, and replied in a bantering tone: "Truly, good villagio, your question hath in it something of embarrassment, for you ask me of things concerning which I am not yet altogether determined what answer I may find it convenient to make. Let it suffice thee, kind juvenal, that thou hast the lord abbot's authority for treating me to the best of thy power."

"I must have a more precise answer than this, Sir Knight," replied Halbert.

"Friend," said the knight, "it may suit your northern manners thus to press harshly upon the secrets of thy betters; but believe me that, even as the lute, struck by an unskilful hand, doth produce discords, so—"

At this moment Mary Avenel entered, and Sir Piercie at once turned his remarks into a channel complimentary to her. Halbert, too angry to continue the interview, left the room, and went up the glen where he had seen the White Lady. When he reached the fountain he determined to ask her aid in dealing with the English knight. The spirit appeared at his summons, with displeasure on her brow, but when he asked her to place him on a level with the proud knight, and to do away with the vain distinction of rank on which the latter declined to meet him in combat, she took a silver bodkin from her hair and bade him show that to Sir Piercie when he spoke insultingly.

When Halbert returned to the Tower, Abbot Boniface and Father Eustace were seated with Sir Piercie Shafton and others at dinner. The young man kneeled and kissed the hand of the Abbot, who, learning that he was indebted to him for the venison he had enjoyed so much, declared his intention of appointing him bow-bearer and ranger to the monastery, an honorable office carrying with it many privileges. But to the astonishment of the Abbot, Halbert declined the office and announced his determination to seek his fortune elsewhere.

"By our Lady," said the Abbot, "the youth is mad indeed. You judged him most truly, Sir Piercie, when you prophesied he would prove unfit for the promotion."

"I but judged of him by his birth and breeding," answered Sir Piercie; "for seldom doth a good hawk come out of a kite's egg."

"Thou art thyself a kite, and a kestrel to boot," replied Halbert.

"This in our presence, and to a man of worship!" said the Abbot, the blood rushing to his face.

"Yes, my lord, even in your presence I return to this man's face the causeless dishonor he has flung on my name."

"Unmannered boy!" said the Abbot.

"Nay, my good lord," interrupted Sir Piercie, "be not wroth with this rustical. The north wind shall as soon puff one of your

rocks from its base as the speech of an untaught churl shall move the spleen of Piercie Shafton."

"Proud as you are, Sir Knight, in your imagined superiority, be not too confident that you cannot be moved. Know you this token?" asked Halbert, offering him the silver bodkin.

Sir Piercie started up, quivering with rage, and his features so convulsed that he resembled a demoniac rather than one possessed of reason. He clenched his fists and thrust them furiously toward Glendinning, then rushed out of the room in indescribable agitation.

After a pause of astonishment, there was a general demand that Halbert should explain by what means he had produced so violent a change in the knight's demeanor, but none could see anything in the bodkin, which was passed from hand to hand. Father Eustace, however, sternly demanded of Halbert where he obtained the token—a question he might have found it difficult to evade, but he was saved from answering by the return of Sir Piercie, who whispered: "Be secret; thou shalt have the satisfaction thou hast dared to seek for."

After the Abbot and his train had departed, Sir Piercie took occasion to inform Glendinning that he asked not nor cared how he had become possessed of the fatal secret with which he had dared openly to shame him. "But I must now tell thee that the possession of it hath cost thee thy life."

"Not, I trust," replied Halbert boldly, "if my hand and sword can defend it."

The next morning at sunrise the two went out, ostensibly to hunt a stag. Halbert led the way up the glen to the fountain, near which both were surprised to find a newly dug grave, with spade and mattock beside it. In the duel that ensued, Sir Piercie showed himself a master of fence, but Halbert, after a long struggle, ran him through the body, and the knight fell. After a twinge of penitence, Halbert ran down the glen to seek aid. He found a man in advanced life, wearing a long beard, and clad in a tunic of black serge, like a pilgrim, walking feebly with a staff, as if exhausted by his journey. When Halbert hastily explained to him that he needed help for a man bleeding to death, the pilgrim accompanied him to the fountain; but when they reached the fatal spot, which was still wet with

blood, the body of Sir Piercie was gone and the grave was filled up.

"Young man," said the stranger, "for what purpose hast thou feigned a tale to lead a bewildered traveler still farther astray?"

"As I am a Christian man," replied Halbert, "I left here Sir Piercie Shafton bleeding to death. What power has conveyed him hence, I know no more than thou dost."

"Piercie Shafton?" said the stranger—"Sir Piercie Shafton, of Wilverton, a kinsman, it is said, of the great Piercie of Northumberland? If thou hast slain him, to return to the territories of the Abbot is to give thy neck to the gallows. He is well known—the meddling tool of wiser plotters—a harebrained trafficker in treason—a champion of the Pope. Come with me, youth. Guide me to the Castle of Avenel, and thy reward shall be protection and safety."

"Good father," said Halbert, "I fear that you mistake the man. Avenel guided Piercie Shafton into Scotland, and his henchman, Christie of the Clinthill, brought him hither."

"Of that I am well aware," said the old man, "yet trust to me and thou shalt find with Julian Avenel welcome, or at least safety."

It proved that the pilgrim was Henry Warden, a noted heretical preacher, the friend of John Knox. Halbert warned him against Julian Avenel, as there was a price upon his head; but the old man persisted, and so he guided him to the Castle of Avenel, which stood on an island in a lake, connected with the shore by a narrow causeway.

Warden presented a letter to Julian Avenel, which might have insured him a hospitable reception, if he could have refrained from meddling with his private affairs; but, true to the spirit of the age, he questioned the Baron closely concerning his relations with a lady at his fireside. Upon the preacher's offering to marry the couple, Julian flew into a rage and ordered both into confinement.

Halbert, his mind open to generous emotions, was greatly interested in the fate of his fellow-prisoner, who was in a room beneath his own. He broke an iron stanchion of his window and dropped to the rocky ledge below, where he opened communi-

cation with Warden. The preacher, who had writing materials on his person, passed out to him a letter, and bade him hasten toward Edinburgh and deliver it to the leader of a body of horse marching southward. "Acquaint him of the state in which thou hast left me, and mayhap thy doing so will advantage thyself. God bless thee, my son, and complete the marvelous work that He hath begun!"

Securing the letter, Halbert plunged into the lake and swam to the shore.

Meanwhile, Sir Piercie Shafton had returned to the Tower without Halbert, and, being unable to give an account of him, was shut up to await investigation. The knight's doublet was bloody, but his wound was healed, and when the grave was opened no body was found in it. The subprior was greatly troubled by the situation. On the one hand, he was at a loss how to control Edward Glendinning, who swore that if the knight had slain his brother, not all the blood of the house of Piercie should save him from his vengeance; and on the other, he could not see his way to deliver up to England or to the Scottish administration, which was nearly the same thing, a knight leagued with the Piercie by kindred and political intrigue, a faithful follower of the Catholic Church, who had fled to the halidome for protection. But his anxiety was relieved that very night, for Mysie of the Mill, who had been completely dazzled by the handsome presence, elaborate costumes, and courtly address of Sir Piercie, enabled him to escape and rode away with him on the crupper of his horse. Thus it happened that two men, each accused of being the other's murderer, were flying in different directions at the same time.

The next morning Christie of the Clinthill appeared at the Tower, with a message from Julian Avenel to the subprior: "My master desires your friendship. He has heard that your reverend community hath been led to deem him ill attached to Holy Church, allied with heretics, and a hungerer after the spoils of your abbey. To excuse himself from the maligners' calumnies, he sends to your Abbot that Henry Warden, whose sermons have turned the world upside down, to be dealt with as Holy Church directs."

Father Eustace's eyes sparkled, and he ordered the apart-

ment cleared of all but the necessary guard, as Henry Warden, his hands bound behind him, was led in. As the two approached each other, the subprior exclaimed: "Henry Wellwood!" and the preacher replied: "William Allan!"

They recognized each other as ancient and intimate friends in youth at a foreign university, and their hands were for a moment locked in each other.

"Remove his bonds," said the subprior, assisting Christie to untie him. After a long and intimate conversation, in which Father Eustace learned that Halbert was safe and unhurt, he called in Dame Glendinning and consigned the preacher to her care for a few days, while he returned to St. Mary's. Edward Glendinning, satisfied to hear that Halbert was safe, and conscious that Mary Avenel loved his brother rather than himself, accompanied him to enter upon a holy life.

When Father Eustace reached the monastery, he was astonished to hear that Abbot Boniface, troubled at news that a large English force, under Sir John Foster, was marching against the halidome on the pretext that Sir Piercie Shafton had been harbored there, and feeling unequal to the responsibility, had resigned in his favor.

"We must have someone skilled in war to lead our people," said the subprior. "There is Julian Avenel, an approved soldier."

"But a scoffer, a debauched person, and a man of Belial," said the Abbot.

"Still," said the monk, "we must use his ministry in that to which he has been brought up. This Sir John Foster is a pestilent heretic who will long to destroy the Church and plunder our wealth. Julian Avenel has, I have heard, some spite against him, and will fight with double determination."

Halbert Glendinning, after various adventures, fell in with the Earl of Murray, marching with a large force, told him his story, and delivered to him Warden's letter. The Earl was particularly interested in his account of the death of Sir Piercie Shafton, whom Halbert believed he had slain, and said: "Be near to us, Glendinning. We retain thee as a squire of our household. The master of our horse will see thee fully equipped and armed."

When the Earl of Murray heard that Sir John Foster had advanced against St. Mary's with orders to secure Sir Piercie Shafton, and that a battle was imminent at a small stream on the border, he sent Halbert with a score of his best-mounted men to announce his coming with a strong force, and that he would cut to pieces, without mercy, the party striking the first blow. But Halbert soon met stragglers coming from the field, and when he reached the scene of the fight, he found that Sir John Foster was victor and that Christie of the Clinthill and Julian Avenel were among the slain. On the body of the latter lay the inanimate form of the woman he had seen in the Castle of Avenel, with a living infant in her arms. Halbert rescued the child from its dangerous position and held it amid shouts of laughter from the troopers.

The Earl of Murray soon came up and informed Sir John that, if he really had captured Sir Piercie Shafton, he would not suffer him to remove him from Scottish territory without doing battle. The prisoner was brought forward, and the laugh turned against Sir John when, instead of Sir Piercie, it proved to be Mysie of the Mill in male attire, who had thus a second time rescued the knight at her own personal risk.

"Give the infant, Glendinning, to this female cavalier, and let us on to St. Mary's."

When they arrived at the monastery, the Abbot refused to give up Sir Piercie, and the Earl of Murray threatened to turn over the buildings to the soldiery. Sir Piercie himself came forward.

"I yield myself," said he, "reserving my right to defy my lord of Murray to single duel even as one gentleman may demand satisfaction of another."

"You shall not want those who will answer thy challenge," was the reply, "without aspiring to men above thine own degree."

"Where am I to find those whose blood runs purer than that of Piercie Shafton?"

"Tut, tut, man," said Staworth Bolton, one of Sir John's troopers, "make the best of it. Thy mother's father was but a tailor, old Overstitch of Holderness. Thy mother, Moll Overstitch, was the prettiest wench in those parts. She was wedded

by wild Shafton, who, men say, was akin to the Piercie on the wrong side of the blanket."

"By mine honor," said the Earl of Morton, "I thought this grandson of a fashioner of doublets was descended from a crowned head at least. There were little honor in surrendering him to Elizabeth, but he shall be sent where he can do her no injury. Escort him to Dunbar and ship him off for Flanders."

On the following day Sir Piercie and Mysie were married and set out for Dunbar; and at the same time Mary Avenel and Halbert Glendinning were united by Henry Warden, and the young bridegroom was invested by the Earl with the Castle of Avenel in the right of his wife.

THE ABBOT (1820)

This novel is a sequel to *The Monastery*, in which the fortunes of the House of Avenel are continued. Like the first story, it was published as from a Benedictine manuscript sent to the author by a certain Captain Cuthbert Clutterbuck; and, like it also, it is weak in construction; but it is strong in descriptive passages, and in the portrayal of the character of Queen Mary during her incarceration in Lochleven Castle. The supernatural machinery of *The Monastery*, which the author discovered "had not met the taste of the times," is discarded, and the White Lady is relegated to a bare mention in the concluding chapter. The scenes are chiefly in the Castle of Avenel and Lochleven Castle, and the time, 1568, when Queen Mary, after the disastrous battle of Langside, fled into England.

THE story opens ten years after the battle described in the concluding pages of *The Monastery*, when Halbert Glendinning—now Sir Halbert, through the favor of the Regent, the Earl of Murray—and his wife, Mary Avenel, are living in her ancestral home, the Castle of Avenel. As Sir Halbert was frequently called away, the castle, built on an islet in a lake and accessible only by a narrow causeway, was as melancholy and solitary a residence for its lady as could well be imagined, especially as she was childless. To superintend the tasks of her domestics was the chief part of her daily employment; her spindle and distaff, her Bible, and a solitary walk on the battlements or the causeway, occupying the rest of her time. "Ah!" she often sighed, when she heard the prattle of children, "why are none of these mine? What avails the blood that Halbert has shed, the dangers he encounters, to support a name and rank, dear to him because he has it from me, but which we never shall transmit to posterity? I am doomed never to hear a child call me mother! With me the name of Avenel must expire."

One day her favorite dog Wolf rescued a child from the loch, nearly drowned, a beautiful boy, about ten years old. His dress was mean, but his long, curled hair and noble features discredited his poverty of appearance. On inquiry, the Lady of Avenel

found that his name was Roland Græme, the grandson of Magdalen Græme, whose tall, gaunt form had frequently been conspicuous at the Reformed services conducted in the chapel by Henry Warden. On asking for her name and birth, she learned that she came of the Græmes of Heathergill, in Nicol Forest, a people of ancient blood.

"And what makes you so far distant from your home?" asked the lady.

"I have no home," she replied; "it was burned by your border riders, and my husband and my son were slain."

"But wherefore take refuge in a hostile country?"

"My neighbors were Popish and mass-mongers," said the old woman, "and I have tarried here to enjoy the ministry of that worthy man Henry Warden, who teacheth the Evangel in truth and in sincerity."

When the Lady of Avenel asked her to leave the boy under her protection, Magdalen Græme objected, but at last consented, saying:

"Swear that you will protect the boy as if he were your own, until I return hither and claim him, and I will consent for a space to part with him."

"Be satisfied, dame," said the lady, "the boy shall have as much care as if he were born of my own blood. Will you see him now?"

"No," answered the old woman sternly; "to part is enough. I go forth on my own mission. I will not soften my heart by useless tears, as one that is not called to a duty. When I come again I will demand from you a strict account, for I have left with you the jewel of my life!"

The boy whom Providence, as the Lady of Avenel thought, had thus strangely placed under her care, was at once established a favorite and became the object of those affectionate feelings that had previously found no object on which to expend themselves. To teach him reading and writing, to attend to his childish comforts, to watch his boyish sports, became her favorite amusement.

When Sir Halbert Glendinning, who had been sent on a secret mission into the Low Countries by the Regent Murray, returned and heard that his wife had a page, he asked of her:

"When did you aspire to the dignity of a page, and who is the boy?"

"I did but jest when I called him my page," said the lady. "He is in sooth a little orphan whom we saved from perishing in the lake, and whom I have since kept out of charity."

"My dear Mary," said the knight, "I neither blame your relieving this boy nor your kindness to him. Make of this youth what you will, but remember he is your charge, not mine. Remember he hath limbs to do man's service, a soul and a tongue to worship God; breed him, therefore, to be true to his country and to Heaven, and dispose of him as you list. It is your own matter."

This decided the fate of Roland Græme, who was thenceforward little noticed by the master of Avenel, but was indulged and favored by its mistress. But it followed, from his quality as my lady's favorite, that Roland was viewed with little goodwill by the followers of the knight, many of whom, of the same age, were subjected to the rigorous discipline of a feudal retainer. Under such circumstances the character of young Roland developed: he became bold, peremptory, decisive, and overbearing; generous if neither withstood nor contradicted; vehement and passionate if censured or opposed. Mr. Warden, the chaplain, took a deep dislike to him, and did not hesitate to set him down as a vessel of wrath, while Roland evinced a marked dislike, and even contempt, for him. This attitude of Mr. Warden's had the effect of recommending Roland to Sir Halbert's brother, Edward, who, under the conventual name of Father Ambrose, was one of the few monks that had been permitted to remain, with Abbot Eustatius, in the cloisters at Kennaquhair. Father Ambrose, a rare visitor at the Castle of Avenel, was observed at such times to pay particular attention to young Græme, who seemed to return it with an unusual depth of feeling.

When Roland was seventeen years old he had an altercation with Adam Woodcock, the falconer of Avenel, a jolly Englishman who loved a flagon, but was jealous and conceited of his skill. Roland drew his dirk on the falconer, and the result was his dismissal from the service of the Lady of Avenel. But when she offered him a purse of gold, he said:

"Forgive me, lady, and let me go hence with the consciousness that I have not been degraded to the point of accepting alms. May God evermore bless you, but the gold I cannot take. I am able of body, and do not lack friends so wholly as you may think; and the time may come when I may show myself more thankful than by mere words."

He dropped on his knees, kissed her hand, and hastily left the room. The next morning he departed from the castle. His first thought was to go to the Abbey of Kennaquhair to ask counsel of Father Ambrose, and to this end he went to the cell of St. Cuthbert, to seek shelter for the night with the monk there. But, to his surprise, he found the door unhinged, the windows broken, and the crucifix thrown down. While he was trying to set up the heavy cross, someone spoke behind him:

"Well done, thou good and faithful servant! Thus would I again meet the child of my love—the hope of my aged eyes."

Roland turned and saw the tall form of Magdalen Græme. He threw himself at her feet, and she raised and embraced him, but with a gravity amounting almost to sternness.

"Thou hast kept thy secret and mine own amongst thine enemies. I wept when I parted from thee—less for thy death than for thy spiritual danger. But thou hast been faithful—down, and praise saints and angels for the grace they have done thee, in preserving thee from the leprous plague that cleaves to the house in which thou wert nurtured! Thou hast relinquished the service of the Lady of Avenel?"

"I have been dismissed from it, my mother, as if I were the meanest of the train."

"It is the better, my child," she replied; "thy mind will be the more hardened to undertake that which must be performed."

"Let it be nothing, then, against the Lady of Avenel. I have experienced her favor, and I will neither injure nor betray her."

"Of that hereafter, my son," she replied; "but learn this, that it is not for thee to capitulate in thy duty, and to say this will I do, and that will I leave undone. Thou must hence, Roland, but not till morning. Till then, sleep thou—the disinherited orphan—son of an ill-fated mother—sleep thou! I go to pray in the chapel beside thee."

While Roland obeyed, he felt the yoke. "Have I relinquished hawk and hound," he thought, "to become the pupil of her pleasure, as if I were still a child? This may not be, and must not be. I will know her purpose ere it is proposed to me to aid it."

But when in the morning he asked, "Whither do we go, and what is the object of our journey?" she gazed at him with surprise, if not with displeasure.

"To what purpose such a question? Is it not enough that I lead the way? Hast thou lived with heretics till thou hast learned to install the vanity of thine own private judgment in place of due honor and obedience?"

Alarmed at her vehement agitation, Roland said: "I will not forsake you, mother—I will abide with you. I will protect—I will live for you and die for you."

"One word, my son, were worth all of these; say only, 'I will obey you.'"

"Doubt it not, mother," he replied, "I will, and that with all my heart."

After breaking their fast in the morning, the two set out on their journey, Magdalen Græme leading the way with an active step beyond her years. Roland followed, pensive and anxious, for she spoke little on the way. About noon they reached a mansion on the border of a straggling village, where Magdalen Græme was welcomed by an elderly woman who embraced her and called her sister. After the two had whispered together a while, the mistress of the mansion, looking at Roland with some interest, said:

"This, then, is the child of thine unhappy daughter, Sister Magdalen; and him, the only shoot from your ancient tree, you are willing to devote to the good cause?"

"Yes, by the rood," replied Magdalen, "to the good cause I devote him, flesh and fell, sinew and limb, body and soul!"

"Thou art a happy woman, Sister Magdalen, that thou canst bind such a victim to the horns of the altar." And the speaker continued to look at Roland with a mournful aspect of compassion.

"Where is thy daughter Catherine?" asked Magdalen.

"In the parlor, but—" and the two resumed their whispering. Then aloud: "But he shall see Catherine, since you, sister, judge it safe and meet. Follow us, youth," she added, and led the way from the apartment.

These were the only words the matron had addressed to Roland, who, reflecting that he had now two tutoresses instead of one, obeyed them in silence. "It shall not long continue thus," he thought. "I will not be all my life the slave of a woman's whistle."

They entered a low room in which was seated a girl apparently not much past sixteen, with soft and brilliant eyes. Roland observed that she had a beautiful form, shown to great advantage by the close jacket and petticoat of a foreign fashion, the last not quite long enough to conceal a very pretty foot. While the youth and the maiden were exchanging stolen glances, the matrons continued their whispering. At last Magdalen Græme said aloud:

"It must be so, my dear sister; let us go to the balcony to finish our conversation. And do you," she added, addressing Roland and the girl, "become acquainted with each other."

Catherine blushed and bent her beautiful eyes upon her work, but in a few moments, glancing up at the embarrassed young man who sat uneasily dangling his cap, burst into a merry fit of laughter. Roland, feeling that an air of offended dignity would be misplaced, even if she were laughing at him, asked how it was her pleasure that he should begin.

"That," she said, "you must yourself discover."

"Suppose," said Roland, "we should begin as in a tale-book, by asking each other's name and history."

"It is well imagined," she said, "and shows an acute judgment. Do you begin, and I will listen. Unfold your name and history."

"I am called Roland Græme, and that old woman is my grandmother."

"And your tutoress? Who were your parents?"

"They are both dead."

"But you *had* parents, I presume?"

"I suppose so," said Roland, "but I never have been able to learn much of their history. My father was a Scottish knight,

who died in his stirrups; my mother was a Græme of Heathergill in the Debatable Land."

Roland then told his history, how he had served the Lady of Avenel, and how he had been dismissed from her service, after which he asked a similar report from his fair interlocutor.

"My history is the counterpart of your own," she replied. "I am called Catherine Seyton, and I also am an orphan."

"And Dame Bridget is your grandmother?"

"Worse by twenty degrees," she answered, with a lively expression; "Dame Bridget is my maiden aunt."

"Alas!" said Roland, "that you have such a tale to tell! And what horror comes next?"

"Your own history, exactly. I was taken upon trial for service, but our mistress broke up house, or had her house broke up, and I am now a free woman."

"Thank Heaven for that! But who was this mistress of yours?"

"Our blessed Saint Catherine of Sienna. This was her nunnery, with twelve nuns and an abbess. My aunt was the abbess, till the heretics turned all adrift."

Their conversation was interrupted by the return of Magdalen and the mother-abbess.

"Have you spoken together, my children?" asked the former. "Have you become known to each other as fellow-travelers on the same dark and dubious road, whom chance hath brought together?"

"Your grandson so admires the journey you propose that he is for setting out instantly," replied Catherine, who seldom could suppress a jest.

"This is to be too forward, Roland, as yesterday you were too slack. But have you, my children, so perused each other's countenances that, when you meet, in whatever disguise the times may impose upon you, you may recognize each in the other the secret agent of the mighty work in which you are to be leagued? Look at each other, learn to distinguish by the step, the sound of the voice, the glance of the eye, the partner whom Heaven hath sent to aid in working its will."

When each had answered satisfactorily, Magdalen Græme said: "Join hands, then, my children—"

"Nay, my good sister, you forget," interrupted the Abbess, "Catherine is the betrothed bride of Heaven; these intimacies cannot be."

"It is in the cause of Heaven that I command them to embrace," said Magdalen.

The Abbess was about to renew her protest when Catherine escaped from the apartment and disappointed the grandson as much as the old matron.

Roland next followed his grandmother to Kennaquhair, where Edward Glendinning had just been elected Abbot of St. Mary's in place of Abbot Eustatius, lately deceased. They were just in time to witness the ceremony of conducting to the high altar the new Superior, once a splendid spectacle, but now only a shadow—a gathering of seven or eight old men, bent and shaken, as much by grief and fear as by age, to install a chief of ruins. Ambrosius, as the new Abbot was called, stood on the broken steps of the high altar, barefooted and holding his pastoral staff; but no vassals came, as in the olden time, to offer homage and tribute, and no bishop assisted at the solemnity. Mass was hastily said, and the priest faltered as he spoke the service, for without were heard dissonant sounds and the shouts of a rabble fast approaching. Presently the doors were burst open, and amid the sound of bagpipes, trumpets, and cymbals, a throng burst in escorting the Abbot of Unreason, a stout fellow wearing a leather miter, whose form was stuffed out with a supplemental paunch. They marched up the aisle until the two abbots confronted each other, when Abbot Ambrose tried in vain to address them.

Meanwhile the wrath of Magdalen Græme had risen to the uttermost, and at last broke loose.

"Scoffers," she cried, "and men of Belial—blasphemous heretics and truculent tyrants—"

Abbot Ambrosius endeavored to suppress her, and the Abbot of Unreason suggested the mill-dam as a cure for her tongue. He extended his hand to seize her, while his followers shouted: "A doom—a doom!" when Roland Græme, seeing her in danger, struck his poniard into the body of the sham abbot, who fell to the pavement.

A shout of vengeance went up, and Roland might have rued

his recklessness, if the Abbot, supposed to be mortally wounded, had not sprung to his feet, shouting: "A miracle, a miracle, my masters! And I charge you that you touch no one without my command."

The entrance of a knight in full armor, followed by several men-at-arms, who commanded all to forbear their mummery, put an end to the rioting. His visor was up, and all recognized Sir Halbert Glendinning.

"How now, sir knave," said the knight, as he recognized in the Abbot of Unreason, who had laid aside his disguise, Adam Woodcock, his falconer, "hast thou dared to come here and disturb the house my brother was dwelling in?"

"It was even for that reason, craving your honor's pardon, that I came hither; for, I thought, I may stand his honor's brother in some stead, supposing things fall out roughly at the kirk of Saint Mary's."

"Thou art but a cogging knave," said Sir Halbert, "but carry thy roisterers elsewhere—to the ale-house, if they list."

Just then his eye detected Roland Græme, and he called: "Come hither, young springald, and tell me whether you have your mistress's license to be absent from the castle, or to dishonor my livery by mingling in such a May-game."

"Sir Halbert Glendinning," answered Roland, "I have obtained the permission, or rather the commands, of your lady to dispose of my time hereafter according to my own pleasure. I wear your livery only until I can obtain clothes that bear no such badge of servitude."

"How am I to understand this, young man?" asked Sir Halbert. "Speak plainly. What hast thou done to occasion thy dismissal?"

Adam Woodcock interposed and told the story of their foolish quarrel in a way so favorable to Roland that Sir Halbert took him into his own service, with the full approbation of Magdalen Græme.

"Twice," said she to Abbot Ambrosius, "hath Roland Græme been thus drawn into the household of Avenel by those who now hold the title. Let them look to the issue."

To Roland's surprise, Sir Halbert sent him, in charge of Adam Woodcock, with whom he was now very friendly, to Edin-

burgh, with orders to deliver him to the Regent at Holyrood. Adam found him a difficult charge, for hardly had they reached the Canongate of Edinburgh when he sprang from his horse to take part in a fray between the Leslies and the Seytons, giving his sword to the latter because they were losing ground, and turning the tide of battle. Soon afterward he again left him to chase a lady in whom he thought he recognized Catherine Seyton. She fled like a doe, but Roland ran like a staghound, and, seeing her enter the door of a mansion, followed her without hesitation.

"What mischief brought you hither?" said Catherine.

"Fly, or you are a dead man; or, stay—they come—say you came to ask for Lord Seyton."

She made her escape as six or seven young gentlemen entered.

"Who dare intrude on us in our own mansion?" said one.

"Cut him to pieces," said another; "he is a follower of the ennobled clown Glendinning, who takes the style of Avenel—now a pillager of the Church. Secure the door. He must answer for this insolence."

"Stay, young men," said Lord Seyton, entering; "let me look at this youth. By Heaven, he is the one who so gallantly came to my assistance!" And taking Roland by the hand, he thanked him for his prompt aid and for coming to inquire after his hurt, which he declared was slight, and ended by taking from his bonnet a gold medal and chain, asking him to wear it for his sake.

"See how short time it takes to win a chain of gold," he said gaily, as he joined Adam Woodcock.

"Now, God forbid that thou hast either stolen it or reft it by violence," said the falconer; "for otherwise I wot not how the devil thou couldst compass it."

"Set thy heart at rest; what is fairly won and freely given is neither reft nor stolen."

Arrived at Holyrood, Roland soon had an audience of the Regent Murray, to whom he delivered a packet from Sir Halbert Glendinning, and in a few days he was sent, in charge of Lord Lindesay, to Lochleven Castle, where he was assigned a place in the household of Queen Mary. It then became clear to him that this situation, to which he was now promoted by the influence of the Regent, was the very one that had been destined to him by his grandmother; and it was no less clear

that these two persons—one the enemy, the other the enthusiastic votary of the Catholic religion—asked and expected of him very different services. It required also little reflection to foresee that these contradictory claims on his service might place him in a situation where his honor as well as his life would be endangered.

"I will see this beautiful and unfortunate Mary Stuart," he said, "of whom we have heard so much, and then there will be time enough to determine whether I shall be kingsman or queensman." But when he was once brought into contact with her that question was speedily settled, and he soon became her devoted adherent.

Roland found himself the only male attendant of the Queen, who was allowed, in addition, but two ladies—Mary Fleming and Catherine Seyton. He attended his mistress in this lonely isle many months, during which he won her confidence, and eventually succeeded in effecting her escape, with the aid of Abbot Ambrosius, who, in the disguise of a man-at-arms, had entered the service of the Lady of Lochleven.

During this time Roland won also the love of Catherine Seyton; but when the royal party reached Niddrie Castle, the seat of Lord Seyton, he was rudely treated by Henry Seyton, Catherine's brother, who haughtily replied, when the Queen bade him give his hand to Roland, that he need not infer from it that the daughter of a Seyton could be aught to him beyond what she was to every churl's blood in Scotland.

As he said this, Magdalen Græme came out of a recess in the oratory, where they were, and said:

"And of what clay, then, are these Seytons molded, that the blood of the Græmes may not aspire to mingle with theirs? Know, proud boy, that when I call this youth my daughter's child I affirm his descent from Malise, Earl of Strathern, called Malise with the Bright Brand; and I trow the blood of your house springs from no higher source."

"Good mother," said Seyton, "methinks your sanctity should make you superior to these worldly vanities. It seems, too, to have rendered you oblivious of the fact that to be of gentle descent the father's name and lineage must be as well qualified as the mother's."

"And if I say he comes of the blood of Avenel by the father's side," replied Magdalen, "name I not blood as richly colored as thine own?"

"Of Avenel!" said the Queen; "is he of Avenel?"

"Ay, gracious Princess, and the last male heir of that ancient house. Julian Avenel was his father, who fell in battle against the Southron."

"I have heard the tale of sorrow," said the Queen. "Henry Seyton, he is thine equal in blood and birth."

"Hardly so," said Seyton, "even were he legitimate; but I have heard that Julian Avenel was a false knight, and his leman a frail and credulous maiden."

"Now, by Heaven, thou liest!" said Roland Græme, with his hand on his sword. The entrance of Lord Seyton, however, prevented violence; and Queen Mary, calling to Henry, said: "Henry, give thy hand upon the instant to Roland Avenel, for so he must now be called."

"It is his," said Henry, giving it with some appearance of courtesy, but he whispered at the same time: "For all this thou hast not my sister's."

The battle of Langside destroyed Queen Mary's last hope of regaining the crown of Scotland, and in it fell many of her most faithful adherents, among them Henry Seyton. Roland Avenel, whose spirit continued unbroken, advised further resistance; but the heart of Mary made no response, and she soon adopted the fatal resolution of the retreat to England. This course was wholly disapproved of by many of her friends, including Abbot Ambrosius, who said to Roland:

"It is madness and ruin. Better commit herself to the savage Highlanders than to the faith of Elizabeth. A woman to a rival woman—a presumptive successor to the keeping of a jealous and childless queen!"

Through the intercession of Sir Halbert Glendinning, the Regent extended pardon to Roland and his brother, on condition of their remaining a time under his wardship. Roland's legitimacy was proved, and he and Catherine Seyton were united, for, as acknowledged heir of the ancient barony of Avenel, her family could no longer make objections.

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